~~Thos Sedgwick [illegible]~~

~~Mendip Lodge~~

John Teesdale.

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THE

FIFTH VOLUME

Ed. OF Eyles.

LETTERS

Writ by a

Turkish Spy,

Who liv'd Five and Forty YEARS undiscover'd at

PARIS:

Giving an impartial ACCOUNT to the *Divan* at *Constantinople* of the most remarkable Transactions of *Europe*: And discovering several *Intrigues* and *Secrets* of the *Christian Courts*, (especially of that of *France*) continued from the Year 1637, to the Year 1682.

Written Originally in Arabick. *First Translated into* Italian, *afterwards into* French, *and now into* English.

The TENTH EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for *G. Strahan, W. Mears, S. Ballard, F. Clay, J. Stag, D. Browne, B. Motte, R. Williamson, J. Clarke, A. Wilde, J. Brotherton, J. Hazard, W. Meadows, T. Cox, W. Hinchliffe, W. Bickerton, T. Astley, S. Austen, L. Gilliver,* and *R. Willock.* 1734.

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TO THE

READER.

PREFACES, methinks, are ſo much like the *Printed Bills* paſted upon the *Booths* in *Bartholomew-Fair*, to give an Account of the Entertainment you are to expect within; that were it not in pure Compliance to Cuſtom, one would forſwear writing any. But the World is Humorous, and muſt be ſerv'd according to its own Faſhion. Every Thing's

damn'd that is not *a-la-mode*. And he that publiſhes a *Book*, without civilly accoſting the *Reader* at the Beginning, is thought to intrench upon good Manners.

To prevent all theſe Inconveniences, 'tis thought fit once more to ſay a Word or Two, not in praiſe of this *Volume* of *Letters*, (e'en let it take its Fortune as the other *Four* have done) but by Way of *Apology* for ſome Things which may ſeem liable to Cenſure.

Some perhaps will be offended at the Zeal which appears in this *Arabian*, when he writes in Honour of the *Mahometan Faith*. Others will as much wonder at his Looſeneſs and Indifference, his Doubtfulneſs of all Things: For in ſome of his *Letters* he appears a great *Sceptick*, and confeſſes himſelf ſo.

Theſe Gentlemen ought to conſider, that his Style and Sentiments are ſuited to the *Quality* of the *Perſon* to whom he writes. To his intimate

timate Friends he unboſoms himſelf with abundance of Frankneſs; But when he addreſſes to the *Mufti*, or other *Grandees* of the *Porte*, he is Cautious and Reſery'd.

It may be ſuppos'd that he underſtood himſelf very well, or elſe he was not fit for that *Employment* in *Paris*. And without doubt, having had his Education in the *Seraglio*, as he profeſſes, he was no Stranger to the *Punctilio*'s of Addreſs uſed in the *Turkiſh Court*. It was his Policy and Intereſt to appear a very devout *Mahometan*, when he wrote to the *Miniſters* of *State*: And 'tis poſſible he was ſo in reality, or at leaſt perſuaded himſelf ſo at certain Seaſons. And yet this hinders not, but he might at other Times take the Liberty to deſcant on ſome Abſurdities in their *Doctrines* and *Practice*, when he wrote to his Familiars, and was minded to converſe with Freedom.

If in some Points he seems to give Credit to the *Arabian Writers*, who have treated of *Egypt* and its *Antiquities*; in others, he shews himself a Man not over-fond of *Fables* and *Romances*.

However, let his *Opinions* be what they will, and his *Sentiments* never so *extravagant* in Matters of *Speculation* and *Controversy*, so long as his *Morals* are sound and good, there's no Occasion to be captious. We need not fear that any *Christian*, or any Man of Sense will be proselyted by his Letters, to a *Religion* which he himself, tho' professing it, yet so often doubts of, and ridicules.

He speaks very honourably of *CHRIST*, and impartially of *Christians*, accusing their *Vices* rather than their *Doctrines*, and appearing all along a moderate Man in his Sentiments of *Religion*, and a Friend to *Virtue* and *Reason*. If he discovers some Failings, in being too melancholy; consider, that he was a Mortal like

like other Men. However, *Reader*, admire his untainted Loyalty, and imitate it.

You will find in this *Volume* true *History*, with Variety of solid Remarks; and not a few Secrets of Cardinal *Mazarini* and *Oliver Cromwell* Uncabinetted: Particularly, that famous *Intrigue* carried on by Colonel *Spintelet* and his Confederates, to save *Ostend* from being surpriz'd by the *French* in the Year 1658, and to bubble two of the ablest *Statesmen* in *Europe*.

After all, assure thyself, that the next *Volume* will contain more Illustrious Relations than any that has gone before: Where you will hear of an End put to the War between *France* and *Spain*, after it had lasted Five and twenty Years; and the Marriage of *Lewis* XIV. with the *Spanish Infanta*; as also of an universal Peace in *Christendom*: The Restoration of *Charles* the Second to his Crown and Kingdoms, after

twelve Years Exile in Foreign Countries, and twelve several Revolutions of Government here at Home. With many other memorable and important Events and Transactions in the World: As the dreadful *Earthquake* which overturned Part of the *Pyrenean* Mountains; the more destructive *Plague* which swept away almost a Hundred thousand People in *London*; and the deplorable *Fire* which consumed the greatest Part of that famous City, in the Space of three Days.

You will there also find an Account of the Death of that great Minister of State, Cardinal *Mazarini*: Of the Duke of *Orleance*, Uncle to the *French* King: Of the Dutchess of *Savoy*: Of *Carolus Josephus*, the Emperor's Brother: Of the Duke of *Vendosme*: Of the Queen-Mother of *France*, and of *Philip* IV. King of *Spain*, with other Persons of Princely Quality.

For this *Arabian* was careful to transmit

transmit to the *Ottoman Porte* Intelligence of all Things which were most remarkable in *Europe*. And that his Letters might not seem tedious, he intermix'd moral Reflections, with some Maxims of Policy, Essays of Reason, and now and then a Touch of Philosophy: And if we may guess at the Cause of his more abounding in these Kind of Miscellany Discourses after the Year 1659, than he did before: It seems probable, that a General Peace about that Time being establish'd in *Europe*, he had little else to write, but his Observations on the several States and Courts of Christian Princes, the different Manners, Customs and Laws of People; the Councils and Intrigues of Statesmen: With such other Matters as occurred worthy of Notice.

If either in this *Volume*, or in those that are to come, he seems in any of his Letters to alter his Opinion, and contradict his former Sentiments; re-

member 'tis no more than what the greateſt Writers have done, who have lived to Old Age, as this Agent did. No Body is ignorant of St. *Auguſtine's Retractions*, and *Cornelius Agrippa's Vanity of Sciences:* Wherein thoſe two great Authors run counter to all they had writ before. And 'twere eaſy to produce a hundred Inſtances beſides.

In a Word, *Reader*, take in good Part the Tranſlator's Pains, who renders Things as he found 'em, without altering or corrupting the Senſe of his Copy. *Farewell.*

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LETTERS

LETTERS

Writ by a

SPY *at PARIS.*

VOL. V.

BOOK I.

LETTER I.

Mahmut *the* Arabian, *and vileſt of the* Grand Seignior's *Slaves, to the myſterious* Eſad, *Arbitrator of* doubtful *Problems*, Prince *of the* Muſti's.

WHEN I firſt came to *Paris*, my *Inſtructions* were not ſo full and Particular, as to direct me in all Emergencies. A great many Things were left to my own Conduct and Prudence, both in *civil* and *religious* Matters. So that if I have made any falſe Steps, I hope 'twill be excuſa-

ble; in regard 'tis not so much my Fault as that of the *Ministers* who reside at the *August Port*. I have often address'd to them, desiring supplemental Rules and Cautions in some peculiar Cases which I propos'd: But they have been very sparing of their Counsels. 'Tis true, indeed, about five Years ago I received some particular Orders from the Vizir *Azem*, and the *Kaimacham*, as also from thy *Sanctity*: Wherein I was commanded to write with all Freedom to the *Grandees*. This, with the other Directions, has been of great use to me. It has arm'd me with fresh Courage, and remov'd the melancholy Apprehensions I had of some Men's Revenge, whose Vices I reprov'd. Praise be to God, *King* of the *Day* of *Judgment*, I have accus'd no Man wrongfully. Yet I was full of Fears, even in the Performance of my Duty; Knowing, that Mortals generally love to have their Faults conceal'd, and pursue those with Malice who discover or apprehend them. But now all my Fears in that Kind are vanished. Yet I have Scruples of another Nature, which none but the *infallible Guide* of the *Faithful* can disperse.

Ever since I have resided here, I have been precise in observing all the *Precepts* of our *holy Law*, so far as consisted with the Security and Success of my *Commission*. For I have been forc'd to leap over many Lies and false Oaths to conceal myself. I have likewise done abundance of other irregular Things to promote the Cause I am ingag'd in, for all which thou hast vouchsafed me a *Dispensation*. There remains one Thing in which thy Advice is necessary.

I have been hitherto punctual in keeping the *Fast* of *Ramezan*, at the Time appointed to all *Musfulmans*; which, thou knowest, falls earlier by eleven Days every Year than it did the Year before. So that in the space of four and thirty Years, it passes

passes through all the four *Seasons*. Now this successive Variation of the *Great Fast*, causing it sometimes to fall at the very Times of the most solemn *Festivals* among the *Nazarenes*, such as that which they call their *Christmas*, which is a Feast of thirteen Days; I fear, lest I may be taken Notice of should I, by celebrating the *Ramezan* at those Times, contradict the universal Practice of all the *Franks*, and start Suspicions in those with whom I converse, to my Disadvantage and Ruin.

To thee, therefore, who art the *wisest* of the *Wise*, I fly for Counsel in this Exigency, beseeching thee to dictate plainly what I am to do.

I know that the Sick, or Wounded, or Travellers, are dispens'd with, if they violate the *sacred Moon*. At which time the *Gates* of *Paradise* are open'd, and invisible Favours are done to the devout Observers of this *Precept*: Whilst the *Avenues* of *Hell* are barricado'd, and all the *Devils* chain'd up from appearing Abroad, or doing any Mischief in the World. I say, I am not ignorant of the *Indulgence* which is given to Men under such Circumstances; provided they satisfy they *Law*, by keeping the *Fast* at some other Season, more agreeable to their Health, or other Necessities. And thus far I could have silenc'd the Alarms of my own Conscience, without molesting thee: Knowing, that a *Mussulman* is always allow'd this Liberty in a *foreign* Country, much more in a *Region* of *Infidels*.

But that which I aim at, is to be inform'd, Whether to put the better Disguise on my self, and more efficaciously to prosecute the Interest of the *Grand Seignior*, I may not always celebrate this *Fast*, at the precise Time that the *Christians* keep their *Lent*? For then I should pass unsuspected, and no Man would take me for any other than a *Christian* and a *Catholick*. Nay, my Manner of daily Fasting at that Time, would raise me a considerable Credit

among the *Christians* that know me. They would cry me up for a *Saint*, or a very *holy Man*. For the *Fast* of the *Christians* is a *Feast* in comparison with the *rigorous Abstinence* of the *Mussulmans*. Those indeed refrain all Sorts of *Flesh*, but they load their Tables with Variety of *Fish*, and other Dainties; neither have they Patience to tarry for their Repast beyond the Mid-Day. Whereas the *Mussulmans* taste of nothing during the *Ramezan*, till the *Sun* is gone down, and the *Stars* appear. No, not even in the parching *Desarts* of *Arabia*, where Men are ready to perish of Thirst; yet no Man will extend his Hand to the Water-pot to refresh himself in those unspeakable Agonies, 'till the Shadow of the *Earth* is advanced into the *higher Region* of the *Air*, and has banish'd the least Glimmerings of the *Sun*. When, therefore, the *Franks* shall see me fast after this austere Fashion in their *Lent*, they will say, I am a very mortify'd Man, and a devout *Catholick*: For they judge altogether by the Outside. So if any Danger should threaten me, I should find Friends among the *Zealots*, and the *Indifferent* would not appear my Enemies: But the *Wicked*, whose black Guilt has render'd 'em a Terror to themselves, as well as an Abomination to others, would stand in Fear of me. Thus, on all Hands, a Way would be open for me to escape a Discovery of the *Secrets* committed to my Charge.

'Twould be much more to my Satisfaction, if I could with Safety celebrate this *Fast* in the very *Moon* wherein the *Alcoran* was brought down from *Heaven*, as all good *Mussulmans* generally do: But I am taught not to betray, or so much as hazard the *Affairs* of my *great Master* for a mere *Nicety* or *Punctilio* of *Religion*. GOD is the *Merciful* of the *Merciful*, and 'tis his *Will* that the *Empire* of the *true Faithful* should be extended where ever the *Moon* or the *Sun* shine on *Earth*.

Great

Great *Oracle* of the *Muſſulmans*, *Doctor* of *Faith* and *Verity*, it is in thy Power to confirm or ſhake my Reſolution in this Point: For from thy *Sentence* there is no *Appeal*.

Paris, *5th of the 7th Moon*, *of the Year* 1654.

LETTER II.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, *a* Jew *at* Vienna.

THOU informeſt me, that the King of the *Romans* is dead, and that divers *Prodigies* happen'd about the Time of his expiring. Whilſt others report, That the *German Emperor* himſelf died the 9th of the laſt *Moon*. However I ſhall tranſmit thy Advice to the *Shining Porte*; not truſting to the uncertain Intelligence of Fame.

Kings and *Emperors* muſt reſign up their Breath, as well as other Mortals. 'Tis a Tribute we all owe to *Nature*, who will be paid one Time or other. Neither has ſhe ever exempted any from the *common Lot*, ſave *Enoch*, *Elias*, and *Jeſus* the *Son* of *Mary*. Theſe were *holy Prophets*, perfect *Saints*, and void of *Original Sin*, and therefore received an Indulgence: Tho' thoſe of your *Nation*, and the *Chriſtians* believe, that the laſt of theſe three died on a *Croſs*.

As for all others, they have either been diſſolv'd by Sickneſs, or ſnatch'd away by ſudden Death: Some by an *inviſible Dart* from *Heaven*; others by the ruder Hand of Mortals like themſelves; Millions by the Sword and Spear, and ten Millions by the ſwifter and more unavoidable Stroke of the Arrow and Bullet: Whilſt not a few have receiv'd their

Death from the very *Elements* which supported their *Life*. An unruly *Fire* has crumbled some into their first *Atoms*, and mingled their Ashes with those of their Houses and Beds of Repose: Whilst *Water*, a contrary *Principle*, has quench'd the *vital* Flame in others. There is but *one Way* to enter into this *Life*; but the *Gates* of *Death*, and the *Invisible State* are without *Number*: And the greatest *Monarch* may as well fall by the Prick of a Thorn, as by the Edge of a Sword. Every Time I swallow my Meat, I remember the Fate of him that was choak'd by a *Grain* of *Pepper*; and that of *Anacreon* the *Poet*, who was strangled by the *Stone* of a *Raisin*.

Yet I am not solicitous in chooſing or avoiding *particular* Deaths, knowing that no human Counsel can prevent the *Decrees* of *Destiny*. It rather pleases me to think (such is my Ambition) that by whatsoever Method I am sent to the *Grave*, there I shall be equal to the *Alexanders*, *Cæsars*, *Timurlengs*, and the greatest Mortals. For there is no Distinction of *Noble* and *Vulgar* in that *Region* of *Anarchy*, where all Ranks are level'd in the Dust: As *Diogenes* told *Alexander* the *Great*; when the *Monarch* beholding that *Philosoper* in a *Charnel-House*, his Eyes attentively fix'd on the Bones of the *Dead* which lay in heaps, ask'd him, What he was doing? To whom *Diogenes* reply'd, *I am looking for thy Father* Philip's *Bones, but cannot distinguish them from those of his* Slaves. Some such Thought as this might, perhaps, first occasion the Custom of writing *Epitaphs* on the *Sepulchres* of eminent Persons. Among which I have read some made by the Entombed themselves, whilst they were on this Side the *Grave*, and for their singular Fancy were thought worthy to be recorded by *Historians*. Such as this,

I Sab-

I Sabbas *of* Milan, *by Blood a* Castilian, *Friar and Knight of* Jerusalem, *wish a happy Resurrection to my Ashes. While I was alive among Mortals, a Little satisfy'd me. Now I am dead and alone in my Grave, I am content with Less. I neither knew myself what I was; nor do thou enquire. Traveller, whoever thou art, if thou be Pious pray for me, and pass on. Farewel, and live mindful of Death. Living I provided this Epitaph, knowing I must die.*

The Birth and Life of Mortals are nothing but Toil and Death.

Such another was that of *Heliodorus*, a *Moor*, who caus'd himself to be bury'd near to the *Pillars* of *Hercules*, with this *Inscription* on his *Tomb*.

I Heliodorous, *a mad* Carthaginian, *have commanded by my last Will and Testament, that I should be interr'd here in this farthest Angle of the World; to make Experiment, whether any Man, more mad than myself, would travel thus far to visit my Sepulchre.*

But that which *Semiramis* caus'd to be inscrib'd on her *Tomb*, was a perfect *Satire* on the *Living*. It was this.

I Semiramis, *whilst living, never was in need of Money; yet was always compassionate to the Poor. Now I'm dead, my* Grave *is my Treasury. If any of Royal Race be in want, let him open this Dormitory, and he shall find a Supply.*

When *Darius* conquer'd *Babylon*, and was told of this *Epitaph*; stung with Avarice, he caus'd the *Sepulchre* to be open'd in his own Presence. But instead of Money, they only found a *Tablet* of *Brass*, with these Words engraven on it.

My Epitaph is a Riddle. This is the Interpretation. I never was Covetous; *only such as are poor, these I pity; and* have *therefore* provided *this Lesson as a Treasure for the Man who for Lucre shall presume to* violate *my Tomb.*

If thou wilt rob the Living, *forbear to plunder the* Dead; *lest they bring thee to Shame, as I have done.*

Thou tellest me, that the *Emperor* seems not to be much griev'd for the Death of his Son, the *Roman* King. Perhaps his Sorrow is so great, that it cannot find a Vent. Violent and uncommon Passions are apt to smother within the Heart, whilst only smaller Griefs break forth into Tears.

It was a memorable Saying of a certain King of *Egypt*, who was overcome by *Cambyſes* the *Perſian* Monarch, and taken Captive with all his Children; when the cruel Conqueror, to ſport himſelf in the Miſery of his royal Priſoners, and inſult o'er the vanquiſh'd *Egyptians*, firſt cauſed the Daughter of the *Captive King* to be employ'd in the meaneſt Offices with the common *Slaves*, before her Father's Face: Then his *Son* to be bridled and curbed like a Horſe, with a vaſt Burthen ty'd on his Back. At both which diſmal Spectacles, the poor *Egyptian* Monarch ſhed not one Tear: But when he ſaw one that had formerly been his Servant, reduc'd to great Poverty, he wept bitterly. *Cambyſes* asking him the Reaſon, why he ſeem'd ſo inſenſible of his Childrens Calamity, and yet was touch'd with ſo tender a Grief for the Misfortune of a Stranger? He anſwer'd, "Son "of *Cyrus*, the Deſolation of my Family afflicts me "with ſo profound a Sorrow, that no Tears can ex- "preſs it: But my Compaſſion to this diſtreſs'd Ser- "vant, being not ſo violent, eaſily breaks forth in "Tears.

Nathan, I wiſh thee neither extreme Joy, nor Grief, for they are both hurtful to the Heart.

Paris, *1ſt of the 8th Moon, of the Year* 1654.

LETTER III.

To Mahummed Hodgia, Venerable Eremite *of the* Cave, *replete with* Wonders.

WHEN I contemplate thy Life so full of Innocence, and void of the very Shadow of Vice, I am like a *Serpent* rouz'd from his Sleep by a Breeze of cooler Wind, or the Noise of a Traveller on the Road: My *Soul* starts; and unfolding all the drowzy Curls of Sensuality, stretches itself at full length: Surpriz'd and asham'd of its own Lethargy, it swiftly retires into any dark Corner, to cover itself from the Light of its own Faculties, and from the brighter Reflections of thy Spirit, which penetrate like the Beams of the Sun.

I do not presently curse my self, the Hour of my Nativity, my Friends that have flatter'd me into an erroneous Belief of my own Vertue, or my Enemies that have provok'd me, and by various Trains entangled me in the Paths of Vice. Such *Malediction* only becomes the Mouth of a *Jew*, or a *Libertine*: For we arrive at Perfection, not by cursing the *Evil*, but by imitating the *Good*.

I rather bless the Hour of *Conjunction*, the *Influence* of my *better Stars*, and the *Constellations* of a more *propitious Horoscope*, the Moment when I had the Honour to touch the Sand before thy Feet with my Lips in that *Sanctuary* of *Holiness*. O thou *Patron* of good Intentions; sincere Reformer of human Errors; refulgent Pattern of the Pious; Glory of the Wise; most Excellent of the Excellent; *Phœnix* of the Age!

Praise

Praise be to God, the *First* and the *Last:* Peace to the *Angels* who stand round his *Throne* and to the *Prophets* who rejoice in his *Presence.* An universal *Jubilee* to all the Inhabitants of *Paradise:* And eternal Felicity to the *Saint* of the *Desart* on Earth, whose *Soul* is expanded wide as the *Firmament.*

I am ravished, and full of *Ecstasies,* because there is not found thy Equal on this Side the Clouds. When thou shalt be crop'd from the Earth, the Mirror of Mortals, the Flower of human Nature is gone. The Trees of the *Wilderness* will lament thy Death, by whose Presence they flourish'd, and brought forth their Fruit in due Season. At thy Departure, the Grass of the Field will fade and whither, conscious that thy Merits drew down the Rain and Dew of *Heaven,* to render *Arabia* fertile in Herbage.

The Beasts will languish for want of Pasture, and Men will bewail the Dearth of the Land; knowing that the *Life* of the *Just* causes the *Ground* to produce a *plenteous Harvest.*

But no Mourning will be like that of *Mahmut,* who can boast of thy particular Friendship; and in losing thee, will be as if he were depriv'd of the Light of the *Sun,* or the Morning Air, or the Benefit of Fire and Water: For so thy Favours are refreshing as the *Elements,* without which we cannot live.

Therefore as oft as I turn my Face to the City, sanctified by the *Birth* of our *holy Prophet,* I send up my Vows to *Heaven* for thy long Life; beseeching God, for the universal Good of *Nature,* to continue the Man on Earth, the *Vestment* of whose *Soul* is composed of *Rays* darted from all the *fortunate Stars.*

Tell me, O thou *Holiest* of the *holy ones* in the *East*; *favourite* of the *Angels*; secret Friend of the *Eternal, Envoy Extraordinary* from the *Omnipotent*;

Agent, incognito, for the *Court* of *Heaven*! Tell me by what *Chart* I shall steer my Course through this *Life*, uncertain as the Sea, and tossed with as many Tempests. I find in myself manifest Inclinations to Virtue, and whatsoever is Good; Yet I still mistake the Methods of attaining my End. I would fain be perfectly Pious, Just and Wise; but know not how to compass my Design. One Event or other still frustrates my Labour: Either a Friend or an Enemy, a Relation or a Stranger, Casualties without, or my Passions within, stop me in the Beginning, or the Midst of a glorious Career, the Race which cannot be run without noble Agonies.

Then I take Breath; and rouzing myself with fresh Vigours, I chearfully address to the Combat, which crowns the *Victor* with *Immortality*. My Courage is great, my Resolution fix'd, at the first setting out: I gain Ground on a sudden; the *Wheels* of my *Chariot* are, for a Time, like those of the *Sun*, whose momentary Advances are not perceiv'd by *Mortals*. But before I get half Way to the *Meridian*, some unskilful *Phaeton*, an erroneous Thought, or a giddy Passion, overthrows me Either old Habits, or new Temptations, hinder me from gaining the Prize in the *Olympicks* of *Virtue*.

Thus, often foil'd, I retire with Shame and Weakness; And finding no Redress within, I fly to thee; who art created a *Director* of the *World*.

'Twill be an Offence to make Repetitions, and ask Counsel again: I will henceforth endeavour to follow thy *Example*, which is certainly the most *correct Rule* of a *religious Life*. But then I cannot serve the *Grand Seignior* in this *Post*. Resolve my Doubts Is it lawful for me to abandon my Duty, and retire into a *Desart?* If not, I will erect a *Solitude* in the midst of this populous City, and build an *Hermitage* in my own Heart. If I cannot arrive at the *Perfection* I am at, I will at least endeavour to be as

Good

Good as I can. There is a *religious* Dexterity, by which a Man may, in the midſt of *worldly* Buſineſs, make to himſelf *Paths* of *Innocence*, and walk free from the *general Contagion* of *Mortals*. If I cannot perform any *eminent Good*, I will take Care to abſtain from *enormous Evils:* Neither will I commit the *Leaſt*, without a *good Intention*; which, I am aſſur'd by the *Mufti*, ſometimes ſanctifies a *bad Action*. If I *lye*, or *forſwear* myſelf, it ſhall be to ſerve my *great Maſter*. If I diſemble my *Religion*, and counterfeit a *Chriſtian*, I will propoſe to my ſelf the greater Advantage of the *Muſſulman Faith*: Thus ſome higher End ſhall always direct my Intention and Performances.

But if thou wilt tell me after all, that this is not the Way to *Paradiſe*, I will forſake all worldly Intereſt, wherein I find ſo many Entanglements, and take up my Reſidence in ſome humble Cave, or Cleft of a Rock, or Hollow of a Tree; where I will ſpend the reſt of my Days in contemplating the *firſt Eſſence*, and all that flows from it. I will bid a final Adieu to this *perfidious Age*, to the vain *Generation* of *Mortals* that live in it, to whoſe Converſe I ſhall have Reaſon to prefer that of the *Beaſts*, who are far more innocent, and leſs debauch'd than *Men*. Even *Lions* and *Tygers*, in the utmoſt Fury of their Hunger, abſtain from preying on thoſe of their own *Kind*. *Man* is the only *Cannibal* who devours his Brother, and greedily ſwallows down the Blood of him who bears the ſame *Image* as himſelf.

I ſpeak not of the ancient *Scythians*, *Maſſagetes*; or *Tartars*; nor of the more modern *Salvages* in *America*, who ſtuffed their greedy Paunches with human Fleſh. Their *Barbariſm* has crept, by *Tranſmigration*, into the moſt civiliz'd *Empires* and *States*; and is not the leſs cruel, becauſe it has changed its *Form*.

Nor

Nor do I tax the more excuſable *Epicuriſm* of thoſe, who ranſack all the *Elements* for Dainties; whoſe Tables are loaded with the ſlaughter'd Carcaſſes of *Birds*, *Beaſts*, and *Fiſhes*; their Houſes polluted with an extravagant Profuſion of the *Blood* of thoſe *Creatures*, which the *eternal Mind* form'd to live, and enjoy the Fruits of the Earth, as well as ourſelves.

But I accuſe the Oppreſſors of Men, thoſe *Cannibals* in diſguiſe, whoſe very *Bread* is mingled with the *Marrow* of the *Poor*; and their greater Delicacies are *Raggo's*, compounded of the *Blood* of *Widows* and *Orphans*; Whilſt they ſtarve and ruin whole Families, to ſupport a needleſs Grandeur, a momentary Pomp, which vaniſhes almoſt as ſoon as it appears.

Yet theſe Men think to pacify *Heaven*, by building magnificent *Temples* and *Oratories*; by entailing their *Eſtates* to *Convents* and *Hoſpitals*: As if the *Omnipotent* were to be brib'd; or took Pleaſure in *Gifts*, which are but the *Fruits* of *Robbery* and *Injuſtice*. Can the *Sacrifices* of *Infidels* be more acceptable, becauſe they are made on *Altars* of *Gold*? Or even the *Prayers* of *Muſſulmans*, in that they are breath'd out in *Moſques*, built of the fineſt Marble, cruſted over with precious Stones, and adorned with Carpets, and Hangings of the richeſt *Tiſſues* and *Brocades*? The ancient *Pagans* can inſtruct us better.

Thou wilt not think me tedious if I relate a Paſſage which juſt comes into my Mind, of a certain great Man in *Aſia*: who poſſeſs'd vaſt Herds of Cattle, and was accuſtomed to make magnificent *Oblations* to the *Gods*. This *Grandee* once made a *Pilgrimage* to *Delphos*, famous in thoſe Days for the *Oracle* of *Apollo*. He carried with him a hundred *Bulls* whoſe *Horns* were enchas'd in *Gold*, being ſpurred on with extraordinary *Devotion*, and deſign-

ing

ing to do a singular Honour to the *God*. When he arrived at the Place, puffed up with his costly Presents, and the Flatteries of his Attendants; he boldly approach'd the *Temple*, thinking no Man on Earth more worthy of the *God*'s Friendship than himself; demanding of the *Pythoness* (for so they call'd the Woman, who perform'd the *Office* of *Priesthood* there) Who, among all Mortals, made the most acceptable *Sacrifices*, and departed with the greatest Blessing from the *Oracle*? (for he presumed the Preheminence would be granted to himself.) When she answer'd, *That one* Clearches *of* Methydrium, *was the most devout and dear to the* Gods *of all Men.*

Astonish'd above measure, at this unexpected Reply, the vain Bigot resolved to find out this Man, and learn of him what Method he took to please the *Divinity*. He hastens therefore to *Methydrium*: And when he first came within View of it, he despised the Meanness of the Place, judging it impossible, That one Man, or all the Town, could be able to present the *Gods* with more magnificent *Oblations* than he. Having found out *Clearchus*, he asked him, What *Sacrifices* he used to make to *Apollo*? To whom *Clearchus* replied, "I am a poor Man, and "when I go to *Delphos*, I carry neither Silver nor "Gold, but only a Basket of Fruits, the best that "my *Farm* affords, which I freely offer to the "*Powers* which govern *All Things*, and from "whom I receive whatsoever I enjoy. Moreover, "I keep the appointed *holy Days*; and my poorer "Neighbours go chearful from my Table. I never *kill'd* any Thing: Nor have I done to *another* "that which I would not have done to *myself*. I "pray to *Jupiter* every Morning before the Sun "arises, and at Night when he goes down. I keep "myself and my Cottage clean. In all Things "else I live like the *Beasts*, that is, according to "*Nature*.

Thou

Thou wilt perceive by this, O pious *Eremit*, that *Simplicity* and *Innocence* are the most acceptable *Sacrifices* to the *supremely Merciful*: And, that the most *High God* takes no Pleasure in the *Smoak* of *Burnt-Offerings*, or the *pompous Addresses* of the *Great*; but only in the pure Flames of a devout Heart; the Integrity of a just Man, void of Deceit and Guile.

Thou, *illustrious Mahummed*, art the Person in whom these Things are verify'd. May GOD shelter thee with his *Mercies*, to the *Hour* of *Transmigration*, and beyond the *last Flight* of *Time*.

Paris, *1st of the 8th Moon, of the Year* 1654.

LETTER IV

To the Kaimacham.

THERE are two Actions which take up all the Discourse at present. One is the Siege of *Stenay*, a strong Town in *Flanders*, before which the *French* Army is newly laid down. The other is the investing of *Arras* by the *Spaniards*.

'Tis the Presence of many illustrious Personages, that renders both these Sieges considerable. In the *French* Camp are present, the *King*, Cardinal *Mazarini*, and all the *Grandees* of the *Court*. In the *Spanish* are Arch-Duke *Leopold*, the Prince of *Conde*, *Francis* Duke of *Lorrain*, with others of Prime Quality.

They are very vigorous on both Sides, in pressing and defending these two Places; as if the *Fate* of both *Kingdoms* were now at Stake. In my Opinion *France* runs the greatest Hazard: For if the *Spaniards*

ziards should prove successful in what, 'tis said, they have resolv'd upon, that is, the Relief of *Stenay*; if they should give Battle, and get the Victory, a Way would be open for them to penetrate into the Bowels of *France*. And 'tis thought many Towns in this *Kingdom* would open their Gates to them, whilst the Prince of *Conde* is at the Head of their Army, who does all Things in the Name of the *French* King: Even his *Rebellion* itself is masqu'd under the specious Title, *Of taking up Arms to rescue the captive King from the Hands of* Mazarini *and his Adherents*. A pretty Way of seducing the People from their Obedience. The *Partisans*, and indeed all the *French*, are divided into Cabals and Parties; some espousing the *Prince* of *Conde*'s Interest, whilst others manifest an incorruptible Loyalty to their *Sovereign*. I approve the Morals of the Latter, yet privately rejoice at the *Treasons* of the Former, wishing their *intestine* Quarrels may continue till the *Day* of the *Earthquake*.

Eliachim the *Jew* follows the *Court*, which rather ought now to be called the *Camp*. His private Affairs call him that Way: from him I receive frequent Advice of the most important Matters in that *Theatre* of *War*. He informs me that the King of *France*'s Presence in the Siege of *Stenay*, inspires his Soldiers with more than ordinary Vigour: and that he shews daily Proofs of an extraordinary Courage. He was one whole Night on Horseback, Giving Orders and directing his *Engineers*. Next Morning he sends a Summons to the *Governor*; who made a stout Reply, being resolved to hold out to the last Extremity; and therefore sallyed out of the Town with a Party of resolute Men, who kill'd near four Thousand of the Besiegers.

But alas, these *Infidels* are only stout, whilst well fed: Not knowing what it is to endure the Rigours

of

of Famine, and other intollerable Hardships. In all the *Western Histories*, they cannot match the Bravery of a *Garrison* in the impregnable Fortress of *Merdin*, famous in our *Annals* for sustaining a *Seven Years* Seige, where the mighty *Timurleng* lay before it with his *invincible* Army. That Scourge of *Heaven*, to terrify the Besieg'd, and give 'em an Earnest of his Resolution, caus'd all the old Trees round about this Place to be cut down, and young ones to be planted in far greater Numbers: Declaring at the same time, "That he would not raise the Siege, till those Trees "should be mature enough to bear Fruit: When that Time came, he sent a *Present* of the *Fruits* to the *Governor* of the *Garrison*; as likewise of *Mutton* with this Message, "That he took Pity on so brave a Man, "fearing least he should starve for want of Necessaries.

As soon as the *Governor* had receiv'd these *Presents*, turning to the Messenger he said, "Go tell thy "Master, I thank him for his Present of Fruits: But, "for the Flesh, we shall have no Occasion, so long as "our Ews afford us Milk enough to sustain the whole "Garrison. And that thy Master may be assur'd we "are not in want of That, I will send him a Present "of Cheeses made of the same. Accordingly he commanded four *Cheeses* to be deliver'd to the Messenger; which, when *Timurleng* saw, and had heard the Words of the Governor, he despair'd of reducing that Place, though he had laid before it *seven Years*, wanting only *two Moons*. But had he understood what Sort of *Cheeses* these were, he would, no doubt, have changed his Resolution: For, it seems, they were made of the *Milk* of *Bitches*, and were the very last Sustenance the *Garrison* had, except the *Flesh* it self of those *unclean Animals*.

Believe me, sage *Minister*, such Examples of Patience and Fortitude, are very rare. And this was the more remarkable, in that it was the first Place,

to where

where that invincible *General*'s Hand met with a Repulse.

Paris, *1st of the 8th Moon, of the Year* 1654.

LETTER V.

To Dgnet Oglou.

THIS is the *Anniversary Day* of my *Nativity*; which I celebrate not, as others do, on such an Occasion, with *Mirth* and *Revelling*, with *Musick* and *Songs*. My *Chamber* is not perfum'd with the *Incense* of *Arabia*, nor with any extraordinary *Odours*; Neither is it adorn'd with *Flowers*, *Lawrel* or the *Branches* of *green Trees*. I am not at the Expence of *costly Oils*, to burn in a Multitude of *Lamps*, and make joyful Illuminations, as at a *Feast*. Such pompous Vanity I leave to those who, perhaps, have more Reason to be merry in this *Life*, than the thoughtful and pensive *Mahmut* can find out.

On the other Side, I spend not this Day in extreme and fruitless *Mourning*: But retaining an Indifference of Mind, I consecrate it to the *Service* of my *Reason* and *Contemplation*; which are the only Things considerable in mortal Man.

From the Minute that I first awak'd this Morning, I have been pondering on *my self*, and *humane Nature*. I suffered my anxious Thoughts to start back beyond the *Hour* of my *Birth*, reflecting on the *Imprisonment* I suffer'd in my *Mother's Womb*, which yet I cannot in the least remember. And this is the Case of all Men. We know not how we came into this open *World* of *Light*, from that Region of *Darkness*; nor that ever we were so shut up, but as we

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are told by our *Parents*; and common Experience confirms us, that this is the *Lot* of all *Mortals*. How then shall we be able to discover what *State* we were in before our *Conception*? whether we were in the Rank of *Things* which have *Existence*, or whether we were not hid in the *Womb* of *Nothing*? I tell thee, this Thought has fill'd me with great Inquietudes I am restless to know my own *Original*. I would fain be inform'd, if that which they call the *Soul*, be a *Substance* distinct from the *Body*, or only the *finer Part* of *Matter*, a *Quintessence* of the *Elements*. If it be *distinct*, as I have Reason to believe, 'twould be a singular Happiness, to be satisfied where it was, before united to this *Machine* of *Flesh* and *Bones*; and whether that *Union* be *voluntary* or *forc'd*: For I must profess my self to be altogether in the Dark, as to these Scrutinies. Sometimes I join with the *Platonists*, and conclude all *human Souls* to be *Particles* of the *divine Nature*, *Beams* of the *eternal Sun*; And that though our *Light* be now obscur'd and veil'd under this Cloud of *earthly Matter*; yet we have formerly shin'd with an undiminish'd Splendor, when only embody'd in the clearer Air, or more refin'd Substance of the Sky. Perhaps, think I, for some Errors committed in that *superior State*, we are sent down into these *Bodies* as into *Prisons* for our *Punishment*. Then I am vex'd at the *fatal Dulness* of my *Memory*, that retains no *Idea* of my *past Condition*.

At other times (for, like all *Mortals*, I am subject to Change) I embrace the *Doctrines* of *Pythagoras*, which thou knowest are generally entertain'd all over the East: And believing the *Transmigration* of *Souls* from one living Creature to another, I cannot be certain but that I have been an *Elephant*, a *Camel*, or a *Horse*, or perhaps some more *contemptible Animal*; and for ought I know, I have undergone all the various Kinds of *Metamorphosis* that ever *Ovid* mention'd.

How-

However, be it how it will, I see no Grounds to make any extravagant Solemnity on the Account of my being born to what I am now, that is, a *Man*; For I think we are the only *Spectacle* of *Folly* and *Misery* among all the *Creatures* of God.

We boast of *Arts* and *Sciences*; yet the wisest of Mortals are always most sensible, *That they know nothing*. One Man builds a stately House, a Place of Repose and Refuge for himself and his *Family*; another comes and pulls it down, demolishing the only standing *Monument* of his Brother's *Prudence*, or rather of his *Folly*, who perhaps consumed the greatest Part of his *Estate* in that costly *Fabrick*: Whereas among all his *Sciences*; had he but learn'd to Know Himself, an humble convenient *Cottage* would have serv'd his *Necessities*, during this *short Life*, and so he might have avoided the *Stroke* of *Envy*.

I tell thee, my Friend, I cannot build *Altars* to *Fortune*, nor adore the *external Pageantry* of the *Rich* and *Great*. I equally hate to be flatter'd my self, as those who invite their Friends to solemnize their *Birth-Day*.

Yet in thus contemning *external Honour*, I do the greatest Reverence to myself, whilst I preserve my *Reason* free from being violated or prophan'd by *foolish Customs*.

Paris, 1st *of the* 8th *Moon*,
of the Year 1654.

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LETTER VI.

To the Selectar Aga, *or* Sword-bearer, *to the* Grand Seignior.

SOmetimes we seem to be asleep here in this City for want of News. But of late we have been rouz'd by Post upon Post: Some bringing Intelligence of the Surrender of *Stenay* to the *French* King; others of the Revolt of *Barcelona* from the *Spaniards*. But that which is of freshest Date, and for which all the Streets of *Paris* are this Night illuminated with Bonefires, is the Relief of *Arras*, where the *French* have obtain'd a glorious Victory. The Number of the Dead is not yet known, but said to be very great, And 'tis certain the Victors have taken above Seven Thousand Prisoners, sixty Cannon, five thousand Waggons, an equal Number of Horses, with all the Plate and rich Furniture of the Prince of *Conde*, Arch-Duke *Leopold*, *Francis* of *Lorrain*, and the other *Grandees* of the *Spanish* Army. In fine, the *French* are Masters of the Town, and of the Field, and all *Flanders* appears now too little to hold 'em.

These continual Successes redound much to the Establishment of Cardinal *Mazarini*, who now seems above the Stroke of Misfortune or Malice. Yet no Man can call himself Happy till the Hour of his Death, which alone releases us from all human Miseries.

Some Days ago, I received a Letter from *Nathan Ben Saddi*, which informs me of the Death of the *Roman* King, and of several Prodigies which were seen before, and about the Time of his Departure.

When he was first taken sick, there arose a violent Tempest of Wind, which blew down the Cross from

from one of their *Churches*. After this, follow'd a terrible Earthquake that ſhook the whole City, threatning to remove its Foundations. Moreover, an old *Eagle*, a Domeſtick of the *Imperial Palace*, and that had liv'd there many Years, took Wing the Day before the *King*'s Sickneſs, and flew quite away. Then the Bells of the *Imperial* Chapel rung thrice, of their own Accord, in the Space of twelve Hours, Thus far the *Jews* aſſure me is true. There are additional Reports of ſtrange Apparitions that were ſeen about *Vienna* during the Sickneſs of this *Prince*, as of a *Funeral Proceſſion* after Midnight, through the Courts of the *Palace*; and of a Show'r of warm Blood that fell at Noon-day in the Streets of that City. But theſe I have only from the Mouth of common Fame, which, thou knoweſt does not always ſpeak Truth.

I deſire thee and all the *Miniſters*, to make Diſtinction between thoſe Paſſages which I aſcertain, and the doubtful Relations of the Multitude. In theſe Caſes, Men are prone to *Superſtition*, and love to be the Authors of portentous News. But thou may'ſt believe what the *Jew* relates; for he never affects to be fabulous.

'Twould tempt one to ask, What ſtrange hidden *Power* produces thoſe unuſual Signs? Whether we Mortals are under the Cuſtody of *Inviſible Beings*, who teach the *Elements* and other *Creatures* to utter the *future Events* of *Fate*? Or, whether all theſe Things which appear ſo ſtrange and ſurprizing, be not mere Caſualties; Accidents of *Nature* happening of courſe, and only made remarkable by their timing; Who knows, but that the voluntary Ringing of the Bells, might proceed from the Motion of the Tower where they hung, during the Earthquake? Or, why need we wonder, that a *Croſs*, or a *Creſcent* ſhould be blown down from the Top of a high *Minaret*, by a violent Tempeſt of Wind?

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These Things appear to me as natural, as for the Rain to lodge all the Corn in the Fields; or for a Storm to tear up Trees by the Roots, overturn Houses, and commit a Thousand other Violences. Neither do I perceive any Thing worth Admiration in the Flight of the *Eagle*. Perhaps some *Royal* Caprice sprung in the Head of that *King* of *Birds*, which he ne'er felt before. There's nothing of Prodigy in all this, but only because it happen'd at such a critical Juncture. Had it been at another Time, no Body, perhaps, would have taken notice of it, any more than they do of Earthquakes at *Naples*, which are common in that Country, where the Earth is very hollow, being made so by Veins of continual burning *Sulphur*. They have felt several in that *Kingdom* within these two *Moons*, as also at *Rome*; but no great Hurt has been done.

Nathan informs me also, That the *Venetian* Ambassador at *Vienna*, has distributed great Sums of Money, in Token of his Joy, for the late Victory that *Republick* obtained against the *Mussulmans*. This appears to me a real Prodigy, That the *Ottomans* who who are invincible by Land, yet still come off with Loss at Sea.

Queen *Christiana* of *Sweden* is expected here e'er long She came to *Antwerp* in the Habit of a Man, which occasions variety of Censures. The *French* call her, the *Learned Amazon*, she being well vers'd in many *Languages* and *Sciences*. They extol her Virtues and Perfections, stiling her the *Phœnix* of this Age. All the Western *Nazarenes* are devout Admirers of Women: And one of their famous *Sages*, whom they call *Henry Cornelius Agrippa*, wrote a select *Treatise* in Praise of that Sex; wherein he endeavours to prove, That they are more excellent and noble Creatures than Men. But he would find few Proselytes in the *East*.

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'Tis certain, there have been very famous Women in all Ages, and it would be Envy in Men to deny them their due Praise. Such was *Dido*, Queen of *Carthage*, the *Roman Lucretia*, the *Sybils*, *Theana*, *Pythagoras*'s Wife, with his Daughter *Dama*, *Sappho* the *Poetess*, with innumerable others, both of *East* and *West*, renown'd for their Vertue, Learning, or Valour in the Wars. But it does not follow, that they therefore surpass Men.

Let us keep the Rank in which GOD and *Nature* have placed us, without being churlish or effeminate. And this is the best Way to get and retain the Esteem of that nice Sex, who hate a Clown, and despise a Coward.

Paris, *30th of the 8th Moon*,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER VII.

To Pesteli Hali, *his Brother*, Master *of the* Customs *at* Constantinople.

THOU art he to whom I can unmask: With others I converse (like our Women in *Turkey*) under a Veil When I write to the *Grandees* of the *Porte*, 'tis necessary for me to dissemble many Things; and to feign some, that I may be credited in others, and not be suspected in all. But with thee I use no Artifice or Disguise: Thou hast a kind of natural Right to my secret Thoughts, beyond the Claim of a Brother. I owe thee an entire Confidence on the Score of Friendship; and I seem to wrong my self when I conceal my Sentiments from thee. For, besides the Tie of *Blood*, we were Partners together in the Adventures of Youth; and

the mutual good Offices that pass'd between us, fastened our Affections with stronger Bands than those of our Birth. Nor were we so unhappy as to suffer the little youthful Emulations, which are common between Sons of the same Mother, to stifle the more solid and generous Efforts of real Love. Our Friendship grew up with our Years, cemented by Interest as well as Affection; and I esteem *Pestili*, but my self in another Figure. If thou hast the same Regard to me, I am happy. Let us continue to cherish this noble Passion: The least Coldness or Reserve now would appear to me more hateful than a Divorce, more terrible than Death.

'Tis but reasonable, that among the many Services our *Great Master* claims at our Hands, we should employ some of our Time and Care on ourselves. We owe the *Sultan* much, but both He and We owe *Nature* more, without whose Bounty and Providence, We had never had the Honour, nor he the Profit of our being in his Debt. He is more deeply engag'd in *Fortune's* Tally than We; but in the Accompts of *Nature* we are all equal. She is the universal Creditor of Mankind. We are indebted to Her for all we have; yet, methinks, nothing so much enhances our Score, as the ill Menage of Time. In that we still run in Arrears, whilst the hasty Minutes post forward, never to be revok'd; and yet we neither lay hold on 'em in their Flight, nor so much as imprint on any of them, the least transient Mark of Vertue and Wisdom. Thus our Lives slide away without Profit, till the last Sand tells us, *We are Bankrupts*; *Nature will not trust us with a Moment longer.*

'Tis Time therefore, dear Brother, for thee and me to look about us; and since, 'tis impossible for us to make a full Payment, let us at least compound with *Nature*, and getting an *Acquittance* for what is past and irrecoverable, let us be sure to cancel the re-

remaining Part of the Score, by a wise Improvement of every Minute.

Think not that *Mahmut* is persuading thee to turn *Dervise*, or to bestow all thy Time in *Prayers*. Such rigorous Devotion is not consistent with the Life of a Man in thy *Station*. But permit me, dear *Pesteli*, to counsel thee not to build *Altars* to *Fortune*, and consecrate all thy vacant Hours to her Service. I am told, thou art grown a great *Gamester*, not only at the polemick Traverses of *Chess*, but also at Plays of Hazards: The former of the two is the most Innocent, yet 'tis too Intricate and Puzzling, deserves the Name of Business rather than of Recreation: It commits a Rape on the Mind, whilst it requires as much Attention and Abstractedness of Thought, as would deserve to trace out the Conduct of a Battle or a Siege. But the latter have a far worse Influence on our Passions, by exciting us to immoderate Desire, Hope, Joy, and Grief for mere Trifles, the uncertain Products of *Chance*. Therefore are they forbidden by our *Holy Prophet*. And, 'tis not to be number'd among the Commendations of a *Mussulman*, to be dextrous at managing the *Cards* and *Dice*.

When thou art dispos'd to unbend thy Mind, I would rather counsel thee to use some healthful Exercise; such as may ventilate thy melancholy Blood. Our Fathers were won't at such Times to divert themselves with Bows and Arrows, Hunting, Wrestling, and the like manly Pastimes; thus, making their private Recreations subservient to the Publick, whilst they sported themselves into the Discipline of War, and inur'd their Bodies to Labour even at those Hours when their Minds sought Rest

What! tho' *Claudius Cæsar* devoted himself to Gaming with *Dice*, and wrote a *Book* in Praise of his Folly. What! tho' *Domitian* the *Emperor*, and *Theodorick*, *King* of the *Goths*, spent whole Nights and

Days in this unprofitable Play? Thou hast not read or heard of such Examples among the renowned Sons of *Ottoman*. Our Glorious *Sultans* were never vacant to these Fooleries. And if they had, their Practices cannot justify a Subject's Imitation. Neither wouldst thou be so in Love with Gaming, didst thou consider what unhappy Destinies have commonly attended the Votaries of *Fortune*. Whole Estates have been squander'd away at *Dice* in a Night, Families ruin'd, and the Gamester himself imprisoned in the Morning. He that Yesterday was Master of great Possessions, and a Companion for *Princes*, by the Effects of this accursed Vanity, has bereav'd himself of All, and is to Day become the Scorn of Beggars.

The *Chinese* are so bewitch'd with Love of Gaming, that when they have lost all their Stakes, they pawn themselves, their Wives and Children; which if the Fortune of the *Dice* turn against them, become all Bond-slaves to the Winner. Here is a *Dervise* in this City of the Order of the *Jesuits*, who lately came from *China*. Among other learned Men, I sometimes converse with him. He relates many pretty Passages of that People, but one is Tragical, whereof he himself was an Eye-Witness

He says, That in the *Province* of *Queintong*, a certain *Nobleman* who had serv'd in the Wars, and acquir'd great Fame and Honour, was envied by one of his Neighbours who likewise had been a Captain, and much in favour at the *Court*. Their Emulations carried 'em to many ill Offices, and at last to open Defiance. The *Emperor* being made sensible of the Hatred that was between these two Officers, and being unwilling their Fury should precipitate them to the Ruin of each other became himself an *Arbitrator* of their *Quarrel*; laying his Commands on 'em, to embrace and eat together, which is an assured Token of Reconciliation and Friendship in that Country.

Country. They obey'd the Will of their *Sovereign*. But sitting up late one Night at *Dice*, it was the *Captain*'s ill Fortune to lose all he had to the *Nobleman*. Mad at his unlucky Chance, and in Hopes to retrieve his Loss, he sends for his Wife and three young Sons, who with himself he pawn'd to the *Nobleman* for a considerable Sum of Money, and fell afresh to play: But Fate was his Enemy; he lost All. Whereupon in Despair he stabs his Wife and three Children, and lastly falls on his own Sword; glorying, that he and his Family should thus Escape a hated Captivity to his old Enemy.

Tell me, dear *Pesteli*, hadst thou seen this *Tragedy*, would it not have made thee resolve against Gaming during thy Life? Assuredly, our *Holy Prophet* frowns from his *Paradise* on those who violate his *Laws*. He knew our Passions, and which were the most dangerous; therefore he prohibited such Things as are most likely to betray us to Violence, and an incurable Disorder. If thou wilt acquit thy self a good *Mussulman*, thou must not leap over these Prohibitions, accounting them small and indifferent Trifles. Remember the saying of the *Holy Doctor*, and *Leader* of the *Mussulman* Armies, the chaste *Osman*, *A little Spark will set a whole City on Fire*. And the *Roman Satyrist* has observ'd, *That no Man becomes wicked all at once*. Think then with thyself 'tis for this Reason the *Messenger* of God has forbid Gaming to the *true Faithful*, not as a Thing in it self naturally Evil, but only morally, so as it is a Step to the greatest Vices. For whilst we captivate ourselves to Chance, we lose our Authority over our Passions. We stand or fall at the uncertain Cast of the *Dice*. We are Slaves to the feebleſt Wishes; which if they succeed not, we grow Furious, Profligate and Impious. Banishing all Prudence, Temperance and Justice, we become Impudent, and fit for the blackest Crimes.

Take not in ill Part the wholsome Admonition of a Brother, who manifests his Love in thus reproving thee without Flattery. Use the same Freedom when thou hearest I am guilty of any *unnecessary* Vice: For the *publick Service* turns some *Vices* into *Virtues*.

Paris, 14th of the 10th Moon, of the Year, 1654.

LETTER VIII.

To the Reis Effendi *Principal Secretary of the* Ottoman Empire.

I Believe thou hast a Mind to try my Temper, to make an Experiment upon me, and see whether I'm Proof against thy Anger: Else, why should *Kenan Bassa*'s Business be reviv'd again, after it had been bury'd above these four Years? I examine not what mighty Interest thou hast in that *Officer*, that thou afresh espousest his old Quarrel, as if 'twere thy own. Thy Affairs are best known to thyself. But let me tell thee, 'twill not redound much to thy Credit to be found Partial. I honour thee with all the Devoir that is due to a *Minister* in thy *Station*, and with something more; For the Esteem a Man has for his Friend, is singular and beyond Ceremonies: But still he owes some Regard to himself. Self-preservation is rooted in the Center of our Nature; and few will be knowingly Complaisant to their Ruin. I am puzzled what to think, or how to write, thy last Letter has put me into such a Hurly-burly. A thousand Imaginations, like Whirlwinds, tear up my most solid Thoughts by the Roots I'm in as wild a Condition as a Man in an Earthquake, leaping this Way and that Way, yet knows not where to fix his Foot in Safety.

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If I persevere in calling thee Friend, perhaps, thou wilt accuse me of Presumption. If I change my Stile, and suppose thee under another Character, Ingratitude will be laid to my Charge. To vindicate my Actions, will be interpreted Obstinacy; and to own myself in the Fault, will be counted Weakness: Nay, all the World will call me Fool in condemning myself for Things whereof I never was Guilty. What shall I do in this Case? I am naturally Thoughtful and Melancholy. The Words that spring from Resentment, cleave fast to my Mind, and breed a thousand Inferences. My busy Apprehension extracts Menaces out of the most artificial Expressions. I look on myself, as mark'd out for a *Sacrifice* one time or other. The *Will* of *Destiny* be done, early or late: I will not go out of my Road to avoid it: Since it is but ill Husbandry of Time, to borrow it from the ineffable Joys of *Paradise*, to multiply a few Days or Years of a miserable Life on *Earth*.

As for the *Treasurer* and the rest of my *Accusers*, let them know, that I will persevere in doing my Duty to the *Grand Seignior*, without warping to the Right-hand, or to the Left, for Fear or Favour.

But if my *Private Agency* in these *Parts* meets with Rubs and Checks for want of Money, let the Blame rest on those whose *Charge* is to supply me with what is necessary for a Man in my *Station:* For henceforward, *Mahmut* will be reproach'd no more for demanding his *Pension*.

Think not 'tis an easy Thing for a Man to be always a Counterfeit, and never to have his Mind unbent; to act two contrary Parts at the same Time, to be True and False; a *Mussulman* and Servant of the *Grand Seignior* in Reality; a *Christian* and *Subject* of *France* in Appearance. My Soul is perpetually stretched upon the Rack of watchful Thoughts and busy Invention, lest by some improvident Word or Deed,

my Disguise should fall off, and I appear in my naked Colours.

'Tis but Reason, therefore, that whilst this vast Sollicitude takes up all my Faculties, the Care of my Substance should rest on those who employ me. Let not the *Ministers* of the *benign Port* be peevish at me without a Cause: For I imprecate, serene *Grandee*, that GOD would split my Soul into Ten thousand immortal Splinters, if ever I betray my Trust. But needless Suspicion would tempt a Man to Treachery.

Paris, *14th of the 10th Moon. of the Year* 1654.

LETTER IX.

To the Venerable Mufti.

THE *Pope* has been sick for a considerable time, and 'tis now strongly reported, he is dead. They talk of an *Express* that is come to the *Chancellor* of *France*, to certify him of it, and to consult about the next *Election*. But this is not credited here; being only look'd upon as a *Roman* or *Spanish* Artifice, to sound the Inclinations of this *Court* beforehand, that so they may be able to countermine the *French* Interest, when the *Pope* shall really die. And 'tis not expected he should live long, being of a great Age, and worn out with Cares and Sickness.

'Tis certain he has made his *Will*, wherein two Millions of Gold are given to the *Treasury*, founded by his *Predecessors*, to serve the *Church* in its extreme Necessities. But 'tis a Thousand to One if some future *Pontiff*, succeeding in that *Chair*, do not, in his unerring Judgment, interpret his own personal Occasions, or those of his Nephews, to be the extreme

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Neceſſities of the *Church*; and then, all this huge Maſs of Wealth is infallibly gone.

He has likewiſe bequeath'd large Legacies to his *Siſter in law*, whom they call *Donna Olympia*, and to others of his Relations and Creatures. And 'tis thought, this *Lady* will more than doubly pay herſelf having the Management of all his Affairs. Indeed during his Reign, it may be ſaid, the whole *Roman Church* was govern'd by a Woman: For this *Prelate* would never do any thing without her Advice.

She was born of an obſcure *Family*, but is of a high Spirit, ambitious of *Rule* and a Perſon of great Abilities: Extremely Covetous and Subtle; turning and winding all Events to her own Profit. All *Preferments* were at her Diſpoſal: She ſold *Biſhopricks*, *Abbies*, and other *Eccleſiaſtical Dignities* at her own Rates, and to whom ſhe pleas'd In fine, whoſoever had any Buſineſs with the *Pope*, made their Addreſſes to her. By which means ſhe has heap'd together a prodigious Treaſure, and is eſteem'd the richeſt *Lady* in *Europe*. 'Tis thought ſhe would have ſold even the *Pope* and *Rome* itſelf, the *Capital* Seat of the *Chriſtian Empire*, rather than refus'd a proportionate Offer of Gold, could ſhe have met with a Chapman to her Mind. This would have been a *Merchandiſe* fit for the *Grand Seignior*, were it not reſerv'd as a *Prize* for the Victorious Arms deſtin'd to conquer all Things.

The *French* ſeem mightily concern'd for the Tragedies acted in *Poland* by the *Muſcovites* 'Tis affirm'd that they have taken the Town of *Vitebſko* by Storm (putting Men, Women and Children to the Sword) with divers others Cities and Places of Strength: And that they have laid in Aſhes all the Towns and Villages round about *Smolensko*; ſo that there is nothing to be ſeen but Ruin and Deſolation for above a hundred Miles round that City; which alſo is now cloſely beſieg'd by the Forces of the *Czar*.

If these *Northern Infidels* go on, and make such bloody Work wherever they come, they will in a short Time, over-run and dispeople all *Europe*. But 'tis to be hoped the *Tartars*, who are lately enter'd into a League with *Poland*, will put a stop to the cruel Victories of the *Muscovites*, and chastise the Treason of the *Cossacks*, who join with them contrary to their *Faith* given to the King of *Poland*.

They say, four *Grandees* of *Tartary* are arrived as *Hostages* at *Warsaw*, and as many *Lords* of *Poland* are sent on the same Errand to the *Court* of the *Cham*; who, as a farther Evidence of his Integrity, has releas'd all the *Polish* Captives in his Dominions, and sent the *Ambassadors* of the *Cossacks* home, without their Noses and Ears, as a Mark of his irreconcileable Indignation at their Infidelity.

In the mean while, I am extremely afflicted to hear of our continual Losses by Sea. They say here, that above six thousand *Mussulmans* were killed in the late Fight in the *Hellespont*; and that we have lost sixteen Gallies, besides Ships of *War*. That *Element* one would conclude, is fatal to the *Ottoman Empire*. Neither have we had much better Success by Land this Campaign. Yet *Chusaein* the *Vizier Azem*, and *General* in *Candia*, has perform'd very Heroick Things. To speak impartially, and give due Honour to our Enemies, the *Malteses*, *Venetians* and *French*, have not been wanting in any Point of Bravery. Which also redounds to the greater Honour of the *Mussulmans*, in that they draw their Sword against the Flower of *Christendom*, and not against *Owls* and *Pigmies*. Such are the *Persians*, when we encounter 'em; for either they dare not endure the Lustre and stand the Brunt of our invincible Arms; or if they do, they sink under the first Shock.

When I name those Hereticks, I spit on the Ground in Detestation of their Errors: For they are worse than the *Zindick* and *Giafers*, I have more Charity for

for a *Christian* or a *Jew*, than I have for these Vermin of the Land. In fine, I wish they were extirpated from the Earth; and that they may after this Life, be either metamorphos'd into *Hogs*, which Creature thou knowest, is an Abomination to all good Men and Angels (and they already resemble it in their Uncleanness) or else that they may become the Asses of the *Jews* in *Hell*, to carry ther Burthens for a thousand Ages.

Paris, *17th of the 11th Moon, of the Year* 1654.

LETTER X.

To Pesteli-Hali, *his Brother*, Master *of the* Grand Seignior's Custom.

THE God of our *Fathers* grant thee as much Joy every Minute of thy Life, as I feel at this Instant. Wilt thou know the Occasion of this unusual Transport? I hardly believe myself, when I tell thee of an Adventure, the most surprizing that ever happened to me since my Arrival in this City. And perhaps thou wilt think I romance in relating it: But assure thyself, that of a Truth *Ouconiche* our Mother is at this Time in *Paris*, with our Cousin *Ismuf*.

May a thousand soft Passions thrill thy Heart, when thou readest this News, as they did mine, when at my Chamber Door I first saw and knew the Face of her that bare me, after I had given her over for Dead long ago; for I had heard no Tidings of her these eleven Years. Good God! so strange and unexpected a Sight, had almost dismantled my *Senses*, those Out-works of the *Soul*. For a while I stood still, astonish'd and trembling with Ecstasie. It was not presently satisfy'd, whether I beheld a

Mortal or the *Ghoſt* of one: For they ſay theſe appear in the ſame Forms as they bore when alive. Neither Age nor Travel, with all other Infirmities and Croſſes of human Life, had ſo alter'd her Complexion, but that I eaſily diſcern'd manifeſt Features, Lineaments and Air of my Mother. I conclude therefore, it muſt be *She*, or her *Apparition*, if there be any ſuch Things.

Theſe were my firſt Thoughts, in that Waking Trance: But her Voice and Addreſs ſoon put me out of Doubt; when impatient to ſee me ſtand like one Thunder-ſtruck, ſhe ran to me with open Arms and Tears of Joy in her Eyes, crying out with a Tone and Affection peculiar to Women, *Art thou alive, my Son* Mahmut? *Do theſe Eyes ſee thee, or am I in a Dream?*

For my Part I was as much upon the Rapture as ſhe, and hardly knew how to deport myſelf, or what to ſay or do. Yet the Fear I was in, leaſt ſome body in the Houſe ſhould over hear us, and make ill Conſequences of this Paſſionate Interview, taught me a Leſſon of Moderation and Prudence. Wherefore I beckon'd to her to ſuppreſs her Paſſions, and converſe by *Signs*, as the Cuſtom is at the *Myſterious Porte*. Thoſe ſilent Expreſſions of our mutual Love, Joy, and Admiration, were not leſs ſignificant, becauſe not cloath'd in Words. Thou knoweſt there's Eloquence enough in this mute Language. And I was jealous of Words, leſt ſome inquiſitive Soul might underſtand us, though we convers'd in *Arabick*.

After our firſt Endearments and Tenderneſſes were over, in which my Couſin *Iſouf* alſo had his Share, (for we were all reciprocally overjoy'd to ſee one another in this Neſt of *Infidels*) I began to conſult the Safty of us all Three, in providing convenient Lodgings for my Mother and Kinſman. In order to this we made a Viſit to *Eliachim* the *Jew*, who entertain'd us at a Banquet, after the Faſhion of the

Eaſt.

East. We advised with that honest *Hebrew* about our Affairs, I having made frequent and sufficient Proof of his Fidelity and Friendship. In fine he took them both into his House, under the Notion of *Greeks*, his Acquaintance; judging this the securest Way to prevent any Discovery, or even the least Suspicion of our Circumstances. They have continued there these five Days, and their Character has not been question'd by any. I visit 'em daily, and we pass away many Hours in recounting the different Adventures of our Lives, in discourfing of our Friends in *Arabia*, *Greece*, and other *Parts* of the *World*, and in concerting the best Methods to serve one another, till Death shall divide us from ourselves, as well as from our Friends, and rank us in the List of *Invisible Beings*, whose State and Quality we know not.

Well, but all this while, I believe thou art impatient to know what Motive of their own, or Turn of Fortune, drove them into so remote a *Region* as *France*, a *Country* inhabited by none but *Infidels*? Shall I tell thee in a Word? 'Twas Love, on her Part, and the Desire of Novelty, on his.

Our Kinsman *Isouf*, from his Childhood, felt powerful Inclinations to travel: Which encreas'd with his Years, and were much heighten'd by his converse with *Greeks*, *Armenians*, *Franks*, and some *Mussulmans* at *Constantinople*, who had seen many Foreign Countries, both in the *East* and *West*.

The Relations they made of the Curiosities they had seen, and of their own Adventures, fir'd his youthful Blood, and he form'd a Resolution to depart with the first Convenience from *Constantinople*, and visit all the *Regions* in the *World*, if his Life and Health would hold out. I formerly acquainted thee, that he survey'd the greatest Part of *Asia*: Since which he set forth again; and having finished his Travels in that *Quarter* of the *World*, he bent his Course for *Africk*; where he visited *Egypt*, *Barbary*

bary, the *Empire* of *Morocco* and *Fez*; with that of the *Æthiopians*, and many other *Regions* under the *Torrid Zone*, too tedious for me at this time to mention particularly, becauſe I write in haſte. Hereafter I ſhall give thee a more particular Account of his Obſervations, &c. Wherein thou wilt find, that *Iſouf* has not altogether loſt his Time.

At length having ſatisfy'd himſelf with whatſoever he thought worthy to be ſeen and known in that *Southern Tract*, he parted from *Fez* with a Deſign to ſee *Europe*. Some *Bills* of *Exchange* cauſed him to take *Grand Caire* in his Way, where he encounter'd my Mother. She perceiving, that he would take Shipping directly for *France*, reſolv'd to lay hold on ſo favourable an Opportunity of ſeeing me once more before ſhe dyed. Wherefore imparting her Deſign to him, *Iſouf* offer'd her his utmoſt Service. And having ſettled her Affairs at *Caire*, and pack'd up her Money, Jewels and other Neceſſaries, they took the Road of *Scanderoon*, where they ſoon arriv'd; and putting themſelves into the Habit of *Greeks*, *Iſouf* alſo ſpeaking pretty well that *Language*, and the *Lingua Franca*, they bargain'd with the Maſter of a Veſſel then lying in the Harbour, and bound for *Marſeilles*. He took them on board, and under the Protection and Favour of *Heaven*, they arriv'd ſafe at *Marſeilles*, and are now in this City.

Yet amidſt all the Pleaſure I conceive in the Preſence of ſo near a Relation as a Mother, I am not without ſome Qualms of Fear, leaſt ſome unfortunate Occurrence ſhould diſcover her to be no *Chriſtian*: For then, the Iſſue might prove dangerous both to her and me.

As for *Iſouf*, he deſigns to tarry no longer in *Paris*, than to inform himſelf of what is moſt remarkable in this City, and to ſatisfy the other Ends of a Traveller. From hence, after he has viſited the chiefeſt Cities in *France*, he talks of Travelling into

into *Flanders*, *Holland*, *Germany*, *Swedeland*, and the other *Kingdoms* of *Europe*. But for *Spain* or *Portugal* he has no Thought; either out of Fear of the *Inquisition*, which is very severe in those Countries; or out of an Aversion to the People who expell'd the *Moors*, of which he relates very Tragical Stories, which they told him during his Residence at *Morocco* and *Fez*. In a Word, he gives this Character of a *Spaniard*, that he is a *Mungrel*, between a *Man* and a *Devil*. He likes the Company of the *French*, in Regard they converse with a natural and unreserv'd Freedom, which becomes them very well. But he has spoke with none but Travellers yet, who have been otherwise employed, than in studying the artificial Disguise of *Courtiers*. If he sojourns the Space of three *Moons* in this *Kingdom*, he will find some of the *French* as affected in their Way, as other People: He will encounter with a new Sort of *Frenchman* in every *Province*. For *France* is a mere *Gallimaufry*, made up of the Fragments and Remnants of other *Nations*. They differ also in their *Language*, as well as in their *Manners*, one from another. So that the Inhabitants of *Gascoigne* and *Bretagne* can hardly be understood by those of *Paris* and *Blois*, with the adjacent *Parts*. The *Western* People are not curious in preserving the Dialect of their Fathers, but every *Age* introduces a Change in their *Speech*: Neither are they diligent in retaining their *Genealogies*. Whereas in the *East*, thou knowest the *Languages* remain uncorrupted, the same now as they were two thousand Years ago, or from the *Confusion* of *Babel*. The same Care we *Arabians*, have of our *Tribes* and *Families*.

Son of my Mother, when thou readest the two enclos'd, and shalt see the very Hand-writing of the dear *Ouçomichi*, and *Isouf* our Kinsman, let thy Heart be like the Valley of *Amoim*, fragrant as a Grove of Spices;

Spices: For then thy Eyes will convince thee, that what I write is Truth.

Paris, *22d of the 12th Moon, of the Year* 1654.

LETTER XI.

To Adonai *a* Jew, *Prisoner in the* Tower *of* Nona *at* Rome.

THIS comes to thee by the Hand of a trusty Friend: Give entire Credence to his Instructions. To say I'm sorry to hear of thy Misfortune, would but faintly express my Passion: 'Tis not easily describ'd in Words: I am as melancholy as an *Antelope*, when the *Sun*'s in Conjunction with *Saturn*. This is a sad sort of a Beast, that will neither eat, drink, nor sleep, during that dull Aspect.

In GOD's Name, how cam'st thou to be so free with thy Tongue among the *Romans?* Or, what tempted thee to meddle with their *Religion* and *Laws*? Was it not enough, that Thou, and all the *Jews* in that City, had Liberty to frequent your *Synagogues*, and there curse the *Christians* in antiquated *Hebrew*? Must you needs rail at 'em in plain *Italian* too? And that over your Cups, when Men ought to be good natur'd to all the World? Of what Import is it to you, whether they be *Idolaters* or no, so long as they give you leave to adore *One* GOD, *Creator* of the *Worlds*? Or, what signifies it, if they are guilty of Ten thousand Injustices and Follies among themselves, whilst you live quietly under their Protection and Government? *Adonai*, I am asham'd of the Immorality of those of thy Nation. I blush for your Ingratitude, Pride, and Malice. Surely, if the *Nazarenes* did really believe what they profess, they would

would sacrifice you all to the *Ghost* of their *Messias*, whom they say you *Crucify'd*. They would not leave a *Jew* living in *Christendom*, but do their utmost to exterminate you from the Earth. I speak not this as my Wish; but only to upbraid your Impertinence and Vanity, in thus foolishly provoking those, with whose Permission it is, that you live and enjoy the *Elements*.

The Prophet *Moses*, your *Lawgiver*, left you another Rule, a Lesson of Civility, when he said, *Ye shall not blaspheme the Gods of the People*. Had thou and thy Companions obey'd this *Precept*, ye might have been at Liberty: But 'tis bad falling into the Hands of the *Inquisition*. However, I am glad to hear, that you are not transported to the *Castle* of St *Angelo*; that would have been a tragical Remove at this Juncture. But now, as I'm inform'd, not one of you is in Danger: For they say, that all the Prisoners in *Rome* are by Custom released upon the Death of the *Pope*, except those who are in that fatal *Fortress*. And 'tis generally supposed the good old *Caliph* is no long liv'd Man. For they never use to remove the Prisoners designed for Death, 'till the *Physicians* are past all hopes of the *holy Father*'s Life.

However, in regard there is no Certainty in human Affairs, but a perpetual Change and Circulation of Events; least some unhappy turn of Fortune should either now continue thy Restraint, or hereafter bereave thee of thy Liberty, I send thee here enclos'd, a *Receipt* of a *chymical Liquor*, which may be of some Service to thee in all the strongest Prison on Earth. 'Twas reveal'd to me by my Mother, who learn'd it of an *Egyptian* Artist at *Caire*. Despise it not, because it comes from a Woman's Hand: For I have made an Experiment of it, and find it effectual. 'Twill render Iron as brittle as Glass. 'Tis more powerful than the Water of the River *Styx*, which no

no Vessel could hold, but the Hoof of a *Mule*. After an Hours Application, thou may'st make the thickest Bars, Chains and Bolts fly in a thousand Pieces, as if they were made of *Porcelain*.

Thou wilt not wonder at this, when thou consider'st the innumerable strange *Inventions* of Men prying into the *Secrets* of *Nature*, and fortunate in their Searches. Above all, *Chymistry* has brought to Light the greatest Prodigies of *Art* and *Knowledge*. This mysterious *Science*, was the peculiar Boast of the primitive *Egyptians*, from whence all other *Nations* learn'd it. And had not *Moses* himself been instructed from his Youth in all the *Learning* of *Egypt*, perhaps he would have been at a Loss, when he calcin'd the *golden Calf*, and gave the Dust to the *Israelites* to be mix'd in their Drink, as the only Expiation of their *Idolatry*. Doubtless, this *Secret*, among others, was transmitted down to those Times, from *Philemon* the good *Priest* who was in the Number of them who escap'd the *Flood* in *Noah*'s *Ark*, and whose Grandson *Masar* was the first *King* in *Egypt* after the *Deluge*.

Philemon, the better to establish the State of his *Offspring*, reveal'd to them many hidden Things: taught them the *Hieroglyphicks* of the *Dgebel Pharan*, or the *Pyramids*, with all the Mysteries of the *Talismans*, and the *chymical* Preparations of *Moncatam*; the forcible Waters and Essences, Powders and other Ingredients, by which they made Marble as pliable as Wax or Clay. These Things he had learn'd of those who perish'd in the *Flood*: He retain'd the *Wisdom* of the *Ancients*, his Coevals and Predecessors: leaving the Rudiments of so profound a Knowledge to his Posterity, as an invaluable Treasure, of which they could never be robb'd. Thus *Science* became hereditary to the *Coptites*, who bear that Name from *Coptim*, the Son of *Masar*, the first *King* of *Egypt*, since the *Rainbow* appear'd in the Clouds. And

'twas

'twas from one of that Race, my Mother learn'd that admirable *Secret*.

Truſt not to Words, but try the Experiment. The *Receipt* will give thee all neceſſary Directions: Yet I counſel thee not to be big with it, like him who having found out the Art of making Glaſs malleable, or fit to be beat by the Hammer into any Shape or Figure, as the Silver-ſmiths work their Metal, muſt needs go and diſcover his *Secret* to the *Prince*, expecting a great Reward: When on the contrary he loſt his Head on the Spot; the *Prince* thinking it great Injuſtice, that ſo many thouſand People as got their Bread by making of common Glaſſes, ſhould be all ruined, to promote one Man's Profit and Advantage.

In fine, uſe this *Secret* to ſerve thyſelf, or the *Cauſe* thou art ingaged in: But truſt it not to another, unleſs on the ſame equal Terms as I commit it to thee, wherein the greater Hazard is thine in divulging it.

Paris, *15th of the 1ſt Moon, of the Year* 1655.

LETTER XII.

To Mehemet, *once an* Eunuch Page *in the* Seraglio, *but now an* Exile *in* Egypt, *at* Grand Caire.

WHEN I firſt heard of thy Baniſhment from the *Imperial Palace* and City, think not that I was ſad, or entertain'd the uſual Sentiments of a Friend, on ſuch Occaſions. No, I tell thee on the contrary, I rejoic'd, (yet not with the Joy of an Enemy) at that ſeeming Misfortune, as knowing it has

has deliver'd thee from a real One, in which, according to my Presages, all the Attendance of thy *Mistress*, the old Queen, were soon after involv'd.

Thou art oblig'd to *Bacchus*, for that fortunate Calamity; which tho' it for a while eclipse thy Honour, yet was the only Means to save thy Life.

When I formerly sent thee an Account of my Imprisonment here, and how I was regal'd by my *Keeper* at a *Banquet* of *Wine*; when in that Letter I play'd the Advocate for the Juice of the *Grape*, I little thought that thou would'st ever make an Experiment of that Bug-bear Liquor. Though I know 'tis common, even in the *Seraglio*, to drink *Wine* privately, and chase away Melancholly, the constant Familiar of Restraint and Servitude, with generous Compotations.

I am no Stranger to the counterfeit Sickness of those, who, for the Sake of this stolen Mirth, put themselves into the *Infirmary*, that they may there carouse with Freedom, and drink Healths to the *Grand Seignior* without suspicion.

Were it not for the convenient Situation of that Apartment, and the Favour of the *Bostangi's*, no *Wine* could find admittance into the *Seraglio*, save what is for the *Grand Seignior's* Use. But now his *Slaves* drink it as merrily as *he:* And I am not sorry that thou art one of the Number. 'Tis a groundless Superstition to refuse the Gift of Divine Liberality, and deny ourselves the Use of that *Plant*, which was made to cheer the Hearts of *Mortals*. Nay, our *holy Traditions* themselves, and all our *Doctors* tacitly own, that the *Vine* is allowable, and that it was sav'd among the rest of the *Vegetables*, by *Noah* in the *Ark:* And that *holy Prophet* curs'd the *Devil* for stealing it away. Perhaps the Story will not be unpleasant to thee.

When GOD commanded *Noah*, with his Companions, to descend out of the *Ark* in Peace, they built them

them Houſes, and began to exerciſe *Husbandry*: They ſow'd *Corn*, and the Seed of other *Vegetables*: They planted alſo all ſorts of Trees; but when they came to look for the *Vine* it could not be found. Then it was told *Noah* by the *Angel*, that the *Devil* had ſtol'n it away, as having ſome Right to it. Wherefore *Noah* cited the *Devil* to appear before the *Angel* in the Name of God, to anſwer his Theft. The *Angel* gave Judgment, that the *Vine* ſhould be divided between 'em into *three* Parts, whereof the *Devil* ſhould have *Two*, and *Noah One*; to which both Parties conſented: Whereby it is evident, that Man has ſome ſhare in the Juice of the *Grape*. For this was the Deciſion of *Gabriel*, That when *Two Thirds* of the Liquor of this Fruit ſhould be evaporated away in boiling over the Fire, the Remainder ſhould be lawful for *Noah* and his *Poſterity* to drink. And thou knoweſt, we *Muſſulmans* generally obey this *Law* in preparing our *Wine*.

Let the *Devil* therefore, in the Name of God, have his ſhare in his tempting Fruit, and then there can be no Injuſtice in enjoying our own Part. For when that which inebriates is ſeparated by Fire from the reſt, this Liquor becomes pure, holy, and bleſſed. This is the Sentence of the *Ancients*, the immediate Auditors of the *Meſſenger* of God, as is to be ſeen in the *Manuſcripts* they left behind them; which, tho' they are rare and difficult to be met with, yet ſuch as diligently ſeek Wiſdom ſhall not loſe their Labour. *Abu Becre Eb'n Mahumet* has taken great Pains to collect the *Memoirs* of *Antiquity*. He was a learned *Doctor* among my Countrymen of the Houſe of *Sulph*, (may he reſt under the *Umbrella*'s of *Paradiſe*.) From him I had this Relation.

But tell me, my dear *Mehemet*, if thou knoweſt, how cam'ſt thou to be the only Man that had the good Fortune to be ſentenc'd to this happy Diſgrace? Or, if thou art ignorant, I will tell thee. For it ſeems

the

the Reſt of the Company in that Night's Revel were diſcover'd as well as thou, yet eſcap'd all Cenſure. It looks, as if they were deſignedly reſerv'd for Victims, to a more inexorable Revenge. And the Event juſtifies this Conjecture; ſince within the Circuit of the *Moon*, not only they, but all the ſurviving Creatures of the *Sultana Kioſem*, were ſtrangled.

Therefore again, I pronounce thee Happy, and doubly Bleſs'd in being an *Exile*, ſince thereby thou haſt eſcap'd the Hands of the *Executioner*, and art now living in *Egypt*; the moſt fortunate *Region* on Earth. Aſcribe this to thy *propitious Deſtiny*, and to the Favour of *Solyman Kyzlir Aga:* who foreſeeing the Slaughter that would be made of that old *Queen*'s Servants, took this Opportunity to accuſe thee to the *Grand Seignior*, that ſo he might ſave thy Life: For, 'twas at his Interceſſion, thou wert baniſh'd into this happy *Province*, which is call'd the *Nurſe* of all *Nations*. Improve thy *Exile* to the beſt Advantage, and from this *Nurſe*, ſuck the *Milk* of *Science* with which ſhe has formerly nouriſhed the whole Earth Be grateful alſo to thy *Deliverer*; for he is a truſty Friend, and unchangeable, where he once places his Affection. He had a particular Kindneſs for thee. From him I received the News of thy Eſcape; for that is the proper Name of thy Baniſhment. Pour forth devout *Oraiſons* for his Health and Happineſs, ſince thou art in a *Land*, where the *Prayers* of *Muſſulmans* are as effectually heard at ſome particular *Places*, as if they were utter'd at the *Tomb* of the *Prophet*.

I counſel thee to viſit the *Priſon* of *Joſeph*, which is in the *Dungeon* of the *Caſtle* of *Caire*. This is a Place of great *Devotion* among the *Faithful*, and has been ſo in all Ages, ſince the Death of that *Patriarch*. *Moſes* the *Prophet*, of whom 'tis ſaid, *that he died in the Embraces of* GOD, made his *Prayers* in this Place; and ſo did *Aaron* his Brother, when they perform'd

thoſe

those *Miracles* in *Egypt*. *Jesus* the Son of *Mary* visited this Place, both he and his Mother (on whom are center'd the Smiles of the *Creator*:) They there perform'd their *Devotions*, when they fled from the Persecution of *Herod*. So did the *Prophets* and *Apostles*, as many as were in *Egypt*, with all true *Believers*. Nay, some of the *Infidels* themselves, having heard of the Renown of this *Sanctuary*, made their *Addresses* to *Heaven* there, in Time of great Distress. For here *Prayers* are infallibly heard, especially if they be said after the *Sun* has travers'd the *Meridian*; when the *wicked Dæmons* are asleep, who walk abroad till Noon, doing all the Mischief they can.

My Friend, when I think of the *Region* where thou art, I can hardly forbear envying thee 'Tis a *Land* of *Prodigies* and *Miracles*. It is the Support of Men, and the *Granary* of the *World*: Those who inhabit it, are full of Complacency and Joy; and those who abandon it, burn with a perpetual Desire to return. Its *Rivers* are clear, and the *Waters* sweet and rich as *Wine*; the Eye of God is upon it, who causes the *Nile* to flow at its accustom'd *Season*; whence the Land is made fertil beyond all the *Provinces* on Earth: This *Nile* is one of the *Rivers* which God caused to descend from the *Springs* of *Paradise*, on the *Wings* of *Gabriel*; and has hid the Place of its Descent, among the inaccessible Heights of Mountains.

There are many strange Things related of the *Land* of *Alphiom*, and how it was first manur'd by *Joseph*, being before his Time but a *Fen* or *Marsh*. The Story also of *Hagar*, the Mother of all the *Ismaelites*, is not unpleasant; thou wilt find it in the *Chronicles* of the *Egypt*: For she was an *Egyptian*, of the *Family* of the *Coptites*; and was bestowed on *Sarah* the Wife of our Father *Ibrahim*, by *Charoba*, the *King* of *Egypt*'s Daughter. After she was dismiss'd from her *Lady*, she travell'd to *Mecca*; from whence they sent a *Dispatch* to the *King* of *Egypt*, to acquaint him with her

her Affairs, and with the Birth of her Son *Ismael*, imploring his Assistance, in regard she was in a *Land* barren of all Things. Then the *King* of *Egypt* caus'd a *Canal* to be cut from the *Nile*, at the Foot of the *Eastern* Mountains of *Egypt*, to the *Red Sea*; and sent Vessels laden with Corn, Fruits, and all manner of necessary Provisions to *Hagar*.

If thou addressest to the Feet of the *Doctors*, the venerable Prelates of *Coire*, they will inform thee of more strange Things than these. It is a noble Exercise, to contemplate the *Kingdoms* of the *Heavens*, and the *Earth*; to search into their Wonders and Prodigies; to trace the Footsteps of *antient Nations*, and the *Traditions* which know no *Origin*.

Mehemet, I am an *Exile* as well as thou: Let us continue our former Friendship in this State, and do one another all the good Offices we can. As for the Misfortunes of human Life, Let us bear them with an equal Mind; for they will soon have an End, as well as we ourselves.

May GOD who in the Time of *Gog* and *Magog* took up from the *Earth* the great *Alcoran*, and the *Sheets* of *Science*; the *black Stone*, and the *Shrine* of *Moses*, with the *Five Rivers*, have thee in his holy Protection and Custody, at the Hour of *Evil*, and at all Times.

Paris, *26th of the 1st Moon, of the Year* 1655.

LETTER XIII.

To Kerker Hassan Bassa.

THOU may'st report it to the *Divan* for a certain Truth, That the *chief Mufti* of the *Christians* is dead: Which puts all the *Courts* in *Europe* upon new Strains of Policy.

He

He was call'd *Innocent* X. after his Assumption to the *Papacy:* For his true Name was *Pamphilio*. But some say it has been a Custom for the *Popes* to change their Names, even since a certain *Priest* was lifted to that *Dignity*, which was call'd *Bocca de Porco*, or *Hog's Face*. He, asham'd of this Ignominious Name, as soon as he sate in the Chair of *Peter*, assum'd the Name of *Sergius*. Yet all his *Successors* have not observ'd that Rule.

These *Popes* have an Authority greater than our *principal Mufti:* For they are obey'd by *Kings* and *Emperors*. And being esteem'd little less than *Gods* on *Earth*, they are solemnly ador'd on the Day of their *Coronation*, by all the *Cardinals*, *Princes*, *Prelates*, and foreign *Ambassadors* at that Time in *Rome*. And for that End they are seated on the Altar, which the *Nazarenes* call, *The Tabernacle* and *Habitation* of their God.

If I mistake not in my Observation, these *Roman Caliphs* aspire at a Sovereignty over all *Kings* and *Princes*; They would make that which they call the *Hierarchy*, a superlative independent *Monarchy*, to which all the *Governments* in the World should pay *Homage*, and be subject.

This puts me in mind of a certain *Preacher* at *Naples*, who some Years ago, when *Adonai* the *Jew* was in that City, and happen'd to be present in the *Church*, having made a very elaborate Speech to persuade the People, that the *Priests* were superior to *Kings*; at length he broke out into this passionate Exclamation: "O ye Princes of *Christendom*, ye are *Pharoahs*, "and we Priests are your Gods. O ye *Pharoahs*, obey "your Gods. Ye can only command the Creature, but "we make the Creator himself come down on the Altars, "at our Pleasure." This Relation I had from the *Jew*, in his *Travels* through *Italy*. And it is asserted by some of their *Doctors*, "That the Pope has not only "Power to excommunicate the greatest *Prince* on

" Earth, but also to pull a Saint out of Paradise, and " send him to Hell.

If they could persuade the *Nazarene Princes* and *People* to believe they have such an *Exorbitant Power*, perhaps in Time they might reduce them to as blind a *Superstition* as the antient Kings of *Egypt* were guilty of, who were so besotted to their *Priests*, that when he whom they call the *Cater*, or *Master* of the *Celestial Influences*, commanded the King to kill himself, for that it was the Will of *Heaven*; the poor bigotted *Monarch* durst not dispute the Orders he had receiv'd, but in simple Obedience became his own Murtherer.

Those *Egyptian Priests* indeed were *Masters* of great *Science*, profound *Astrologers*, excellent *Mathematicians*, and perfectly skill'd in the *Secrets* of *Natural Magick*. They perform'd Things transcending the more common and obvious Works of *Nature*: By which it was easy to strike a Terror into the Hearts of ignorant Mortals. But as for these *Nazarene Priests*, all that they can boast of is, that they have read the *Histories* of former Times, and are able to discourse in *Philosophy* and other *Sciences*, without having the Power to work any *Prodigies*: Unless thou wilt count it one, to keep so many warlike *Nations* in a servile Awe of their Authority, with the bare Pretence of turning a *Piece* of *Bread* into a GOD

Yet for all this, there are many poor *Prelates*, and other *Ecclesiasticks*, who are invested with empty Titles, having little or no *Revenues*: Among which the Poverty of some is so remarkable as to become a *Proverb*. Thus 'tis common in the Mouths of the the *Romans* to say, *The Pope's Mule fares better than the Bishop of* Orvietto.

Illustrious *Bassa*, live thou in the Faith of a *Mussulman*, and the Favour of the *Grand Seignior*;

for

for in that State thou may'st despise the greatest of these *Ecclesiastick Infidels*.

Paris, 13th of the 2d Moon,
of the Year 1655.

LETTER XIV.

To the Kaimacham.

I Believe the *Secretary* of the *Nazarene* Affairs takes me to be a *Conjurer*, and thinks that I can divine of all the Changes and Alterations that happen at the *Porte*; or that I have some *magical* Glass, which represents to me the continued *Series* of remote Events, with all the Transactions of the *Imperial* Court, Camp and City: Or else he would not be so late in his *Dispatches*, and send me such imperfect News. I am forc'd many Times to address my Letters by Guess; not knowing whether the Person to whom I write be in the same *Station* he was a while ago; or whether he be among the *Living*, or the *Dead*: Whether I should direct my *Dispatches* to *Constantinople*, or to the *Elisian Shades*.

My Intelligence of the *Mussulman* Affairs is many times more owing to the *French* Merchants who trade in the *Levant*; or to the *Expresses* which come from *Ambassadors* residing at *Constantinople*, than to that *Secretary*, whose Care it ought to be, that I should be timely inform'd of whatever happens in the *Osman Empire*.

Surely *Kisur Dramelec* has some Design upon me, in being always thus tardy and negligent. I scarce hear from him once in half a Year; whereas he is commanded by *his Superiors*, as well as *mine*, to write to me every *Moon*: And then he sends me such a lame Account of Things, such Fragments

and Scraps of News, that his Letters need a *Comment*, to make 'em intelligible.

About four Years ago I modestly tax'd him with this Neglect, when I had reason to do it in my own Vindication to *Mirezim Aluph*, *Bassa*. But *Kisur* heard of it, and was very angry. He sent me a Letter full of Invectives, which I answer'd with a Kind of Indifference, mixing Raillery with my juster Resentments. How that work'd on him I know not; but his Reservedness ever since, makes me conclude he studies Revenge; and that he takes this Method to accomplish it, by keeping me as much in Ignorance, as he dares, of the Changes and other important Occurrences at the *mysterious Porte*. He knows it would be a Crime little less than Capital, not to write to me at all: Such a wilful Contumacy would straight proclaim him a *Traytor*; since, among the other Instructions which were given him with his Commission, this Charge was none of the least, That he should send frequent Intelligence to all the *Grand Seignior's Agents*, whether publick or private, in the Courts of *Nazarene Princes*. He is sensible, that such a a manifest Contempt of *supreme Authority*, would absolutely ruin him. Therefore he goes more subtilly to work; for he writes, indeed, but very seldom: And then, with cunning Artifice, either quite conceals, or at least disguises the most considerable Transactions, only filling up his Letters with trifling Stories, and impertinent Relations, nothing to my Purpose: Thinking by this Means to bring upon me the Displeasure of the *Grandees*, through the Mistakes I may commit for Want of better Advertisement.

Be it how it will, I am strangely at a Loss sometimes what to think, or how to write to my *Superiors*, or what Sort of Conduct I should use in this Place, amidst so many various Reports as are continually spread abroad in *Europe* concerning the Affairs

fairs of the *Seraglio*, the *shining City*, and other parts of this *Ottoman Empire*: Whilst this *Kisur* still delays to ascertain me of any Thing.

I have been wholly a Stranger, 'till within these few Days, to the Fate of the *Captain Bassa*, who was strangled about a Year ago, for his Cowardise and ill Conduct against the *Venetians*. Neither knew I any Thing of the Adventure and Flight of his Sons. I was equally ignorant of the Succession of the *Bassa* of *Buda* in this important *Command*; and of many other Changes both by *Land* and *Sea*.

So at present here are a thousand Rumours stirring about one Thing or other in the *East*. Some say, that *Chusaein Bassa* is strangled, and that the *Captain Bassa* is made *Vizier Azem* in his stead. Others report, That this *first Minister* was only depos'd from that *supreme Dignity*, the *Seals* being taken from him; but that, nevertheless, he still continues to be *General* of the *Sultan*'s Forces in *Candia*. A third Sort affirm, that he intended to turn *Christian*, holding a secret Correspondence with the *Patriarch* of *Jerusalem*, by whose means, and a general Revolt of the *Greeks*, *Armenians*, and other *Christians*, under the *Grand Seignior*'s Jurisdiction, he sought to betray the *Ottoman Blood*, and exalt himself to the *Empire*.

I am not willing to believe, that such monstrous Perfidy could enter into the Heart of that illustrious *Hero*; yet know not how to contradict it, for Want of true Advice.

It is reported also, That *Seignior Apello*, the *Venetian Bailo*, or *Resident* at the *Happy Porte*, has kill'd himself with a Ponyard; being driven to despair by his long Confinement, and the cruel Usage he had received from the *Mussulmans*. God knows whether it be true or no. It would be much to my Satisfaction to have a particular Account of all these Things, and of whatsoever else occurs worthy of Notice. For

how can I discharge my Trust, whilst I am thus kept in the Dark.

They talk here of a violent *Plague* that rages in *Muscovy*, and that above 200,000 People have died of it in the City of *Muscow* only, besides Millions that have been swept away in the Provinces of that vast *Empire*. Those that really know not *themselves*, nor are acquainted with their own *Nature*, will yet pretend to penetrate into the *Councils* of the *Omnipotent*, and pronounce this as a *Judgment* on the *Muscovites*, for the Cruelties they have committed in *Poland*. Doubtless, the Methods of *Fate* are *inscrutable*.

In the mean while we are plagued here with a Crew of *Vagabonds*, whom they call *Gypsies*, or *Egyptians*: For they pretend to be descended from that Place. They swarm up and down the Country like *Caterpillars*, devouring the Fruits of the Earth. They boast of a profound Skill in *Palmistry*, *Physiognomy*, and other *Sciences*, cheating People of their Money, under the Notion of telling them their *Fortunes*. No Body knows from whence they come, or whither they go; for they are as uncertain as the Wind; a nasty Generation, and the very Burthen of the Land. If any Creatures be obliged to them, 'tis the *Mice* and *Rats*, with whom they seem to be in League: For they kill and eat all the *Cats* they seize on.

Illustrious *Minister*, I pray *Heaven* defend thee from all Sorts of *Plagues* and *Vermin*, but especially from *Monsters* in *human Shape*.

Paris, 26*th of the* 2*d Moon*,
of the Year 1655.

LET-

LETTER XV.

To the same.

AS I am alive, these *Gypsies* have enchanted me; I cannot put 'em out of my Mind. And perhaps it will neither be impertinent nor troublesome to give thee a farther Information of them.

There are several Opinions concerning the *Original* of these *Vagrants*, and they have been thought worthy to be inserted into *Histories*. Some say, they came out of *Tartary*, or *Scythia*, and that they first appear'd in these Parts about the Year 1417, of the *Christians Hegira*. At which time they enter'd into *Saxony* in Troops, having the Passport of *Sigismund*, King of *Hungaria*, and Son of *Charles* IV. They had also the Recommendations of divers other Princes, who look'd upon them as *holy Persons*, or *Prophets*. For they pretended, that they were commanded by GOD to travel over the whole Earth, and not to have either Houses or Lands in their own Possession: And that this was enjoin'd 'em as a *Penance* to expiate the Sins of their *Ancestors*; who inhabiting *Egypt* in the Days of *Jesus* the Son of *Mary*, the Christian *Messias*, refus'd to entertain that *Holy Prophet* and his *Mother*, when they fled from the Persecution of *Herod*.

Others are of Opinion, that they came first out of *Persia*, and are of the *Race* of those who adore the Fire: Being forc'd, once in seven Years, to make *Decimations* of their *People*, and send away many *Caravans*, to seek their Fortune in foreign Countries, *Persia* not being able to sustain their numerous *Progeny*.

A third Sort affirm, That they are the *Posterity* of the *ten Jewish Tribes*, that were carried away Captives by *Salmanassar*, King of *Assyria*. No Body

knows for certain what they are, or from whence. They are of swarthy Complexions, wrapt up in Mantles of Cotton or Wool. They speak seven *Languages*; profess three *Sciences*; obey one King or General, who always travel with 'em. The *Italians* call 'em *Cingari*, from a Word in their *Language* which signifies a Kind of *Water-Fowl*, that hath no certain Nest, but is forc'd every Night to seek a new Lodging: For so these *Gypsies* rove from Place to Place. The *Germans* call them *Zingener*, from the Word *Zindel*, which is the constant Appellative of the King of these *Ramblers*; as *Pharaoh* was of old among the *Egyptians*, and *Cæsar* among the *Romans*. In many Things they resemble the *Torlakins* and *Faquirs* of the *East*; boasting of extraordinary Illuminations, and a constant Familiarity with God: Tho' some learned Men among the *Nazarenes* esteem 'em no better than a Crew of Cheats and Hypocrites: Even as they do those *Oriental Santones*; who they say, under the Masque of an uncommon Holiness, commit a thousand Villanies.

GOD best knows what Judgment is to be made either of the *one* or the *other*. But these *Egyptians*, as they call them, whether they are really such or no, have no great Marks of *Sanctity*, in that they are very *unclean*. They seldom or never wash themselves, but like the Swine, wallow in all manner of Filthiness, eating prohibited Meats, and having their Women in Common, which are the two Sources of all *Impurity*.

As to the *Faquirs* of the *East*, they are strict Observers of the Law of Abstinence and Cleanness; whether they be *Mussulmans*, or the *Gentiles* of *India*: And if in other Matters they may be found faulty, 'tis very rare: And then they exceed not the *Character* of *Humanity*, which thou know'st is by *Nature* prone to Error, and subject to a thousand Frailties and Oversights. We are all Men, and GOD does not

expect

expect our Conduct to be that of *Angels*. His Repose is in himself; and if he takes any Complacency in the Things of the World, 'tis in beholding every Thing according to its *Nature* The exquisite Form, and Symmetry of a *Bee*, a *Spider*, or a *Pismire*, with the inimitable Architecture of the two former, and the admirable Providence of the latter, may, for ought we know, afford him as much Delight as the most celebrated Beauty, Strength, Science, and Performances of Men. For his Power and Wisdom are equally manifest in all Things. Every Creature is perfect in its Kind, only a *wicked Man* is a *Blot* in the *Universe*.

Would'st thou know what the *Western Nazarenes* are most busy about at this Time? 'Tis the *Election* of a new *Pope*. He is to be chosen by the *College* of *Cardinals*, who are *Princes* of the *Roman Church*. They are all shut up in a Place which they call the *Conclave*. This is a certain *Gallery* in the *Palace* of the *Vatican* at *Rome*, where every *Cardinal* has his *Cell*, or *Apartment* by himself, having only two Servants to attend him. The *Conclave* is surrounded by the *Roman Militia*, to prevent all Intercouse by Letters or other Ways, between those without, and those within. The very Dishes which are serv'd up at the Tables of the *Cardinals* are narrowly searched, lest any Letters should be convey'd in them. The last Posts from *Rome* assure us, that there were no less than 66 *Cardinals* thus shut up, when they left that City. And there they must remain Night and Day, without taking the fresh Air, or seeing any Body, 'till they have agreed in their *Election*. There are two *Physicians*, a *Surgeon*, and an *Apothecary*, shut up with 'em to serve 'em in Case of Sickness.

One of the *Conclave* is the *Cardinal de Retz*, who escaped out of his Prison in this *Kingdom* and fled to *Rome* for *Protection*. From whence he sent a Letter to the *Archbishops*, and other *Prelates* of

France, which being pronounced a *Seditious Libel* againſt the King and the *Government*, was, in the End of the laſt *Moon*, burnt publickly by the King's Order, and all Copies of it prohibited.

The King has alſo ſent private Inſtructions to the *Cardinals* of his Party at *Rome*, to keep a ſtrict Watch on the Conduct of *de Retz*, and to oppoſe him in all Things.

Here is nothing but Caballing and Intrigue among theſe *Infidels*: They are good at a Stratagem, and know better how to undermine one another, than to face their Enemies in the open Field: Which is a Character more ſuitable to Women than Men. Whereas thou knoweſt, our *Heroes* in the *Eaſt* know no other Way to Honour, Victory, and Empire, than by downright Bravery and Reſolution, ſubduing all Things by the Force of their Arms. But GOD, when he divided the Nations of the *Earth*, and ſeparated the Sons of *Noah*, aſſign'd to every one a different *Conſtellation*, according to whoſe *Influence* the *Genius* of each People is diſpoſed. They all obey the *Dictates* of their *particular Stars*, and the *Orders* of *Eternal Deſtiny*.

Therefore, ſage *Miniſter*, ſince *Mars* is the *Planet* of the Sons of *Iſmael*, and the *Aſcendant* of the *Ottoman Empire*, there is no Need that we ſhould turn *Apoſtates* from the Star of our *better Fortune*, to court the *Glances* of *Mercury*, who is only the *Guardian* of *Knaves* and *Cheats*.

Paris, *26th of the 2d Moon, of the Year* 1655.

The End of the FIRST BOOK.

LET-

LETTERS

Writ by a

SPY *at PARIS.*

VOL. V.

BOOK II.

LETTER I.

To Cara Hali, Phyſician *to the* Grand Seignior.

FOrmerly I could have writ to thee with as much Freedom as I could to *Egri Boinou*, (on whom reſt the Favours of God;) or as I can now to *Gnet Oglou*, to my Brother *Peſteli Hali*, or to any of my familiar Friends. But when I conſider the eminent *Station* thou poſſeſſeſt, in that the Health and Life of the *Mighty Emperor* is now committed to thy Skill and Care, I am many times at a Stand how to addreſs myſelf. Methinks thou art tinctur'd with the *Majeſty* of that *Perſonage*, whoſe Hand thou ſo often haſt the Honour to touch, when required to diſcover by the Beating of of his *Pulſe*, the interior Maladies which afflict his *Royal Soul*. Yet I know thou ſtill retaineſt thy Hu-

manity, and will not despise those whom thou hast once thought worthy of Friendship.

Suffer me then to converse with a *philosophick* Freedom; that is, in an Address void of Formalities and Reserves.

I know it is of no Import, whether *Mahmut* be sick or well, provided the *Grand Seignior* be serv'd. What signify the languishing Pains, or more acute Agonies of a Slave, so long as he is able to carry on his *Master*'s Interest? We are not born for our selves only, but by the very Condition of our *Nature*, are obliged to consecrate our Lives to the Service of *others*. 'Tis a reciprocal Debt, from which no Mortal is free. Every Man owes something to his Relations, more to his Friends, but most of all to the Publick.

Therefore I make no Complaints of my Lot, nor murmur at the Will of Destiny. I accuse not the *Stars* of my *Nativity*, nor tax them with unkindly *Aspects*: But am contented with my Fortune, be it good or bad, and resign'd to the Pleasure of *Heaven*.

As *Nature* has fram'd my body infirm and weak, subject to a thousand Maladies; so is my Mind also harrass'd with Distempers which have no Number. But above all, I labour under a Kind of *intellectual Fever*, a perpetual Thirst of Knowledge, which all the Books and Converse in the World cannot satisfy. There is no End of my Doubts and Scruples. Every Thing appears to me as ambiguous as the *Answers* of the *Delphick Oracle*: Nay, I am a perfect Riddle to myself.

Tell me, dear *Hali*, how I should cure this *Dropsy* of the Mind, and I will not trouble thee with the inconsiderable Diseases of my *Body*. I have a high Opinion of you *Physicians*: And shall put more Confidence in thy Advice, than in the *Sefta* of the *Mufti*. Conceal not thy Art from *Mahmut*, who admires thee with a Respect equal to that which he

pays

pays to the Memoirs of *Avicen*, *Al Raza*, *Helal*, and the rest of those excellent *Physicians*, mentioned in our *Arabian Histories*.

And now these Ornaments of our *Nation* are come into my Mind, permit them to divert me from saying or thinking any more of myself at present: For it will be better to turn the Discourse to such illustrious Themes. At worst, it will be but an innocent Digression.

In perusing the Lines of those famous Men, I meet with some Passages which are very delightful. Perhaps thou hast seen the same. Yet 'twill do thee no hurt, to call them again to thy Remembrance.

I have read in a certain *Manuscript*, pen'd by *Ibrahim* the Son of *Helah*, a renowned *Physician* at *Bagdat*, this *Memoir* of his Father. 'On a certain Day, 'says he, that my Father had administred Phy-'sick to the *Emperor Tuzan*, for which he was pre-'sented with a Royal *Vest*, rewarded with Five 'Thousand *Piastres*, and by the *Emperor*'s Com-'mand was carried through the Streets in State; I 'observ'd that he was pensive amidst all those Ho-'nours, and troubled in Mind, when I thought he 'had greatest Reason to rejoice. Therefore I said 'to him, "My Father, how came it to pass, that you "are thus dejected at a Time when all the World ex-"pects to see you dissolv'd in Pleasure? *He answer'd*, "Son, he that has bestow'd these Honours on me is a "Fool, and does things prepostrously without Reason, "And therefore I cannot rejoice at these untimely Fa-"vours he has shewed me, being sensible they are not "the Effects of his Judgment, but of his Ignorance. "I gave him a Cathartick Potion which worked so "strongly with him, that it excoriated his Bowels and "brought forth Blood. So that I was forc'd to use a "different Method, both to remove his Distemper, and "stop the violent Flux. In the mean while, he igno-"rantly believing, that the voiding of so much Blood,

"pro-

" procur'd him the present Ease and Health he feels, " therefore order'd these Honours to be done me which " thou seest. Now that which saddens me is my Fear, " lest some time or other he may thro' his Ignorance " commit as great an Error on the contrary Side, and " suspect that I have done him an Injury, when there " is no Ground for it, and so put me to Death."

Tell me, my Friend, had not this *Physician* Reason for his Behaviour and Words? He was a Man of great Abilities, accomplished with divers *Sciences*, and in high Esteem with the *Princes* and *Nobles* of *Arabia*.

It were worth thy Pains to peruse frequently the Life of *Avicen*, written by himself, wherein thou wilt behold the Methods he us'd to acquire a profound Skill in the Sciences: How he was at first puzzled in the *Metaphysicks*, and was almost driven to Despair, till a Dream unfolded to him whatsoever was difficult. When he was at a Loss in any Disquisition, he us'd to frequent the *Mosques*, and pour fourth devout and fervent *Oraisons* to the *Source* of *Intellectual Light*, till the Thing was manifested to him. He sate up late at Nights, having a Lamp perpetually burning in his Chamber, applying himself attentively to Books and Contemplation. This was his Course, till he was consummate in all the *Liberal Sciences*, which was in the eighteenth Year of his Age.

But of all the *Physicians* whose Names adorn our *History*, none seems comparable to *Thabet Eb'n Abrahim*, for his Skill in exactly indicating the Causes of a *Distemper* by the different *Measures* of the *Pulse*. *Abul Pharai*, his *Contemporary* and Friend, writes thus of him; 'On a certain Day, says he, when I was 'with *Thabet Eb'n Abrahim* of *Harrain*, in the House 'of *Abu Mohammed* the *Vizir*, *Abu Adalla Ebn'l* 'Hejai the *Poet* being there also, reach'd forth his 'Hand to *Thabet*, desiring him to feel his *Pulse*.

'To

' To whom the *Physician* forthwith reply'd, " Thou
" has us'd a gross Diet, and been intemperate in eating
" sour Milk with Veal." The other answering, that *it*
' *was true*, and all the Company admiring; *Abu'l*
' *Abbas* the *Astrologer* also reach'd forth his Hand.
' But when *Thabet* had felt his Pulse, "Thou, *said he*,
" hast committed an Excess in taking too much of cold
" Things; for, as I judge, thou hast eat about eleven
" Pomegranates." Immediately *Abu'l Abbas* cried out,
" This is a Prophet certainly, and more than a Phy-
" sician, for he speaks the Truth to a Tittle." Every
' Body was astonish'd at his wondrous Knowledge,
' and I more than all the rest. Wherefore when I had
' him alone, I said, " My dear *Thabet*, The Study
" of Physick is common to us both; therefore hide
" nothing from me, but discover freely by what Art
" you were able to tell, that the *Poet* eat sour Milk
" with Veal, and not as with Beef or Mutton; and
" that the Astrologer eat no more nor less than eleven
" Pomegranates. *He answer'd*, My Mind suggested
" this to me, and prompted my Tongue to utter it.
' Then I desir'd him to shew me the *Scheme* of his
' *Nativity*: which he did at his own House. And
' considering it attentively, I observ'd, That the Pla-
' net *Jupiter* was *Lord* of the *Horoscope*. Then I said
' to him, " 'Tis this speaks, my dear Friend, not
" you, so often as you make these fortunate Conje-
" ctures. Thus far *Abul Pharai*.

GOD knows whether the *Stars* have any such *Influ-
ence* on Men in their Birth, or no. I am not very
credulous in this Point. Nor can the Authority of
the *Ancients*, or the Character of the *Persian* and
Chaldean Magi captivate my Mind in an implicit
Faith of Things so liable to Doubt. Who knows
what the *Stars* are made of, or for what Ends they
are created? Yet I must own, that some Men seem
to be born with inherent Faculties, which others
can never acquire with all the Art and Industry in
the

the World. One Man is of a *poetick* Constitution; Another is *genially* inclin'd to *Physick*; A Third excels in *Mechanicks*: Every Man has his peculiar Gift. And yet, perhaps, all this while, the *Stars* have nothing to do in the Matter. However, if there be any Truth in *Astrology*, the *Persians*, *Chaldæans*, *Arabians* and *Indians*, seem to be the only Men of all *Nations*, constellated to understand this *Science* perfectly. One knows not what to think, amidst so many Appearances of Truth and Falshood. Nor can our Thoughts be of any great Import, be it how it will in these *speculative* Matters. At the *Day* of *Judgment*, we shall not be ask'd, what Proficiency we have made in *Logick*, *Metaphysicks*, *Astronomy*, or any other *Science*; but, whether we have lived according to our *Nature*, as Men endued with *Morality* and *Reason*. In that Hour it will more avail us, that we have thrown a Handful of Flower in Charity to a Nest of contemptible *Pismires*, than that we could muster all the *Hosts* of *Heaven*, and call every *Star* by its proper Name. For then the *Constellations* themselves shall disappear; the *Sun* and *Moon* shall give no more Light, and all the *Frame* of *Nature* shall vanish: But our good and bad Works shall remain for ever, recorded in the *Archives* of *Eternity*.

If from this Manner of Writing thou shalt conjecture I am melancholy, and wilt also reveal the *Causes* and Remedy of this *Distemper*, thou shalt be more to me than a Thousand *Avicen's*, *Halal's*, *Thabet's*, or all the *Physicians* and *Astrologers* of the *East*. For these Kind of Thoughts are mournful as the *Shadow of Death*.

Paris, 23*d of the* 4*th Moon*,
of the Year 1655.

LET-

LETTER II.

To Asis, Bassa.

I Know not whether thou wilt praise or condemn the *Sentence*, which the *Elector* of *Saxony* pronounced not long ago on a poor Fellow for killing a *Deer*. Yet, because there is something very singular in it, I will relate the whole Passage, as I receiv'd it from *Nathan Ben Saddi*, the *Jew* at *Vienna*.

In the *Moon* of *Chouval*, a certain Citizen of *Wirtemberg* was accused before the *Elector*, for hunting in his Forest, and killing one of his *Deer*. The *Duke*, in a rage, commanded him to be set upon a *Stag*, his Hands chaind to the Horns, and his Feet under the Belly of the Beast; ordering that the *Stag* with this Burthen should be let loose to run whither he would. The poor frightened *Stag* not being accustom'd to such a Load, and terrified with the ratling of the Chains, ran away full speed over Hills and Dales, through Thickets of Briars and Thorns, never stopping till he had measur'd above three and thirty *German* Leagues; and then tir'd with so vast a Race, he fell down. At which instant, a *Caravan* was coming by that Place out of *Silesia*.

The poor Wretch on the Back of the *Stag*, almost dead with the Pains he had undergone, in so continu'd and violent a Motion, being also surely bruised, and his Flesh torn and mangled by the Boughs of Trees, as the *Stag* rushed through thick Woods, cry'd aloud to the *Caravan*, begging that some of them would in Mercy dispatch him out of his Torments. But they, either for fear of the *Duke*'s Displeasure, or for other Reasons, refused him this Kindness. So that after the *Stag* had rested a while, and recover'd new Spirits, he began a fresh Career; and

and never ceas'd running, till he arrived at a certain *Monastery* or *Convent* of *Religious*, where he beat against the Gate with his Horns, till some of the *Dervises* open'd it, and let him in. They astonish-ed to see a Man thus pinion'd to a *Stag*, his Face, Arms, Legs, and all his Body covered with Blood, and himself ready to expire, immediately brought him *Cordials* and other Refreshments, whilst some were employed in loosing his Chains. But being in-form'd by his own Mouth how he came into this Condition, they began to think of turning him loose again, for fear of the *Duke*'s Anger. However, suf-fering themselves to be overcome by the Importunity of the miserable Man, and relying on their *Eccles-iastick* Privileges, (for here in the *West* the *Convents* are generally allowed *Sanctuaries* for all Sorts of Of-fenders) they took him into their Protection: But he expir'd that Night.

It is hard to determine, whether the *Duke*, or these *Dervises*, were in the Right or Wrong: The *French* who of late have by a Fashion learn'd to grow ob-durate, justify the Proceedings of this *Prince*; say-ing, that Pity is a Passion fit only for Women, Chil-dren and Fools. They esteem it a Mark of a great Spirit, a Mind capable of *Empire*, not to be moved with the Sighs or Tears of the Miserable; but to frown or laugh at the Misfortunes of others. This, they say, is the only Method to harden Men for War, Conquests and Plunder; where the Victors are to cut their Way to Honour and Riches through the Hearts of the vanquished, to quench the ardent Thirst of Glory with human Blood, and to celebrate their Triumphs only in the midst of horrid Massacres and Funerals.

'Tis true, these Principles and Actions are allow-able in *Men* of the *Sword*, when they fight the Bat-tles of their *King* and *Country* in Heat of Blood. But Clemency and Compassion are Virtues becoming the

the greatest *Prince*, or most valiant *General*, when their Enemies are reduced by the Fortune of War to kiss the Dust of their Feet, and beg for Mercy: Or, when in Time of Peace, their *Subjects* fall into a Crime which may admit Indulgence. Certainly these *Western Infidels* have wrong Notions of Humanity, in asserting, That Cruelty is either a Sign of a noble Nature, or a Step to true Happiness: Since the most hard-hearted *Tyrant*, one time or other, will have need of Compassion himself; especially in Sickness and the Agonies of Death, which perhaps prove more tormenting to him, than to the Merciful and Generous It is recorded of *Al Hejai Eb'n Hesha'm* a famous *Arabian* Captain, that when in a *Malignant Fever* he call'd for Water to drink, and it was denv'd him by the *Physicians*, who had Care of his Health: "It is enough, said he, *Rueno'ddaula* once my "Lieutenant, to whom I forgave three Treasons, and "who died a natural Death, has refresh'd me at this "Minute with a Liquor unknown: Sure 'tis the "Wine of Paradise." And from that Moment he began to recover his Health, after which he lived many Years, often rehearsing this Passage amongst his familiar Friends to his last Day.

But the *Infidels* are either ignorant of these Examples, or if they know 'em, Pride will not suffer 'em to learn Morality and Justice. They are destined, the greatest Part, to be *incredulous* to the *Day* of *Judgment*. How many *Prophets* has God sent into all *Nations*, to teach them the right Way, and not the Way of such with whom he is displeased! yet they will not be converted; They look on the *Apostles* and *Messengers* of the *Eternal*, with the Eyes of *Swine*; they grunt under the Burthen of their Sensuality, and like those filthy Animals, return to their Mire again. Yet that *superlatively Merciful* winks at their Frailties, and visits them with his *Graces* every Morning. But they put their Fingers in their

Ears

Ears, and turn away in Disdain, as from a Beggar. They reject the *King* of all Things, as a Fugitive and Vagabond on Earth,

From that delectable *Essence*, the Odour of whose Sweetness is diffused through the *Elements*, and refreshes the Minds of the *True Faithful*, let us by continual Devotion and Vertue attract divine Tinctures, till our Hearts be all transform'd into *Incense*, and in this aromatick Pile, our *Souls* expire like the *Phœnix*, to revive again in the Joys of *Paradise*, in Amours which know no End.

Paris, *8th of the 5th Moon, of the Year* 1655.

LETTER III.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, *a* Jew *at* Vienna.

I Wonder at nothing: Much less at the extravagant Caprices of *Tyrants*. Methinks there appears no Novelty in modern Transactions: They are but a Repetition of ancient Practices, under new Forms. Of all the Events of this Age, not one has come to my Knowledge which gives me a Surprize. Yet I must confess, there is something very singular in the Punishment the *Duke* of *Saxony* inflicted, as thy Letter tells me, on a poor Deer-stealer. And, if it be just to put a Man to Death on such an Account, as the *Indians* hold, the *Duke* seems very ingenious and accurate, in the Choice he made of an *Executioner*.

The ancient *Romans* had a *Law* which they call'd *Lex Talionis*; which in all *Criminal* Cases appointed the Punishment to be in some Circumstances adequate to the Fault. And thou know'st, *Moses* your *Law-giver* left much the same *Statutes*: requiring the Loss of the Eye of him, who had put another

Man's

Man's out; a Tooth for a Tooth, an Arm for an Arm, and so proportionably of other Injuries. But this Prince seems to have made a Supplement, where these *Laws* appear'd short; and has shew'd a most exquisite Niceness of Revenge in the Destiny of the unfortunate Huntsman, to cause a *Stag* to be, in so peculiar a manner, the Instrument of his Death, who had villainously murder'd one of the same *Species*: doubtless, it was a *princely* Freak of Justice: And had it been done purely to avenge the Blood of the slaughter'd Beast, and not in Vindication of his own Right, I could not forbear to pronounce it a Frolick worthy of a *Hero*. But he himself is frequently guilty of the same Kind of Murther, as are most of the *great Men* in *Europe*; whose Tables are no other than the *Altars* of *Gluttony*, smoaking with Flesh and Blood, whilst *Hecatombs* of Animals are there sacrificed to voracious Appetites, the *Idols* of these *Western* People.

Methinks therefore, it had been more generous, and becoming a *Prince*, to pardon the poor Fellow a Theft, which perhaps was the only Method he had to preserve *Himself* and his *Family* from starving: And, for ought I know, he had as much Right, according to the *Law* of *Nature*, to kill a *Stag*, as the Owner has. But there is no Talk to be made of Right or Wrong, where Power over-rules all.

India is at present the only publick Theatre of Justice toward all living Creatures. There it is a capital Crime to shed the Blood of any Animal, and punish'd with Death no less than the Murther of a Man. The *Princes* and *Nobles* indeed inclose *Deer*, and other innocent Creatures in Parks, not with a Design to prey upon them at their Pleasure, but to defend them from the Violence of others; whilst those happy Animals range and feed where they please within those Pales, free from Peril, and never fearing any other Death, save what they pay to *Nature*,

Nature, when they have ſpun out the acuſtomed Term of their Life. They alſo build Hoſpitals for a like purpoſe; and are at a great Charge every Year, to redeem a certain Number of Oxen and Cows from Slaughter: For they eſteem it a barbarous and inhuman Cruelty to murther thoſe Creatures which are the Nurſes of our Life.

The *Law* of *Moſes*, if I miſtake not, obliges all of thy Nation to certain ſpecific Tenderneſſes towards the dumb Animals. And *Eeſa* the *Prophet*, a Man of no obſcure Extract, but of a noted Race among the *Hebrews*, ſays, "He that killeth an Ox, is as if he ſlew "a Man; and he that ſacrificeth a Lamb, as if he "beheaded a Dog." And in another Place, the ſame *Prophet* ſays, in the Perſon of GOD, "To what pur- "poſe is the Multitude of your Sacrifices to me? I am "offended with the Smoak of your Burnt-offerings, and "nauſeated with the Smell of broil'd Fat. I take no "Delight in the Blood of Bulls, Lambs or Goats. Who "hath required thoſe Things at your Hands? Bring no "more vain Oblations, which my Soul hateth.

By theſe Expreſſions, one would think the *Prophet* brings in GOD, denying that ever he commanded any ſuch *Sacrifice* or Shedding of Blood, and proteſting againſt it as an Abomination. Where then is the Reputation of thoſe *Writings* which go under the Name of *Moſes*? For in them theſe bloody Victims are expreſly enjoin'd; GOD cannot be contradictory to himſelf. Doubtleſs, a great Part of the *true Law* which GOD gave to *Moſes* was loſt in the former *Captivities* of your *Nation*, when your Cities and Provinces were quite diſpeopled, your Fathers led away by the Victorious *Monarchs* of the *Eaſt*, and your choiceſt *Memoirs* aboliſhed. So that what remains now, is only a Collection of Fragments patch'd up by *Eſdras*, and other induſtrious *Scribes*, to which they give the ſpecious Title of the *Law* of *Moſes*, that ſo they might faſten the wavering Peo-

ple

ple in Obedience to something, though of their own deviſing.

Nathan, I do not go about to ſeduce thee; examine all Things. Believe me neither nor thy own *Rabbi's* but, truſt only thy Reaſon which will ſtand by thee at the *Day* of *Judgment*, when all Things elſe ſhall fail.

Paris, *8th of the 5th Moon, of the Year* 1655.

LETTER IV.

To Dgebe Nafir, Baſſa.

THeſe *Nazarenes*, like the *Followers* of the *Prophet*, are divided into innumerable *Sects*; and ſo 'tis in all *Religions*; Men cannot think alike; *Nature* itſelf delights in Variety. GOD has diverſify'd the *Faculties* of our *Souls*, as he has the *Conſtitutions* of our *Bodies*. The *Zealot* is ſubject to *Choler*, the *Bigot* to *Melancholy*, the *Libertine* is of a *ſanguine* Complexion; and as for the reſt, they are but ſo many walking, ſpeaking Lumps of *Phlegm*. This is the *phyſical* Diviſion of *Mortals*; under which are comprehended the various *Tempers* which reſult from the different Mixture of theſe four *Radical Principles*. And for this we muſt thank *Galen* and *Hippocrates*.

But if we conſult the *Aſtrologers*, they will aſſign as many different *Humours* and *Complexions* as there be *Stars* in the *Heaven*, at leaſt, as there be *Conſtellations*. They'll tell ye of the *Bull* and the *Bear*, and GOD knows what heavenly Stories. The *Dragon* ſhall ſpit Venom on one Man's *Nativity*, out of his Mouth; and give another a poiſonous Lick with his Tail. If we believe all they ſay, there is

not

not an Herb in the Field but has its particular *Star*, whose *Influence* causes it to grow and prosper; though *Moses* tells us, that the *Vegetables* appear'd on the Earth, even before the *Stars* themselves had their Existence in the *Heaven*.

But, whether there be any Truth in *Astrology*, or no, this is certain, that Men differ in their Sentiments of *Religion*, as they do in their Faces. The *Physiognomy* of *Faith* is infinitely various. One Man believes in *Moses*, another in *Jesus* the *Son* of *Mary*, a third in *Mahomet* our *Holy Law-giver*. Then these are subdivided into innumerable Parties. The *Jews* have seventy eminent *Religious Factions*. There are number'd Seventy and one *Sects* of *Christians*, and Seventy two of *Mussulmans*. These are all at odds about Words and *exterior Ceremonies*; so zealous for Charity and Peace, that they are in perpetual Wars for its sake, murthering one another in the Love of Love: And such stout Champions for the *Truth*, that they scruple not to tell ten thousand Lies in its Defence.

The Differences between the *Greek* and *Armenian Nazarenes*, the *Nestorians* and *Jacobites*, with other *Sects* of the *East*, are not unknown to the *Ministers* of the *Porte*. But perhaps thou art a Stranger to the new *Schisms* of the *West*

The most eminent *Division* of *Christendom* at this time, is into *Catholicks* and *Protestants*. The former obey the *Roman Mufti*, and boast of an uninterrupted *Series* of *Caliphs* from *Peter* the *Vicar* of the *Messias*, down to the present *Pope*. The latter are the *Followers* of *Luther* and *Calvin*, Men who pretended to certain *new Lights*, and claim'd a Right to reform the Errors of their *Fathers*, in Matters of Faith and Worship. God best knows who's in the Right or Wrong of these two *Parties*: But they have always been at Daggers-drawing in defence of their several *Tenets*; prosecuting and massacring

facring one another for *Conſcience-ſake*. Both Sides appeal to the *written Law*, to *apoſtolical Traditions*, to the *Teſtimony* of the Ancients, the Decrees of *Councils*, and the Practice of thoſe whom they call the *Primitive Church*. Yet neither Part will allow the other a ſufficient Judgment to interpret thoſe *Memoirs* of Antiquity, nor an authentick Power to decide Controverſies of this Nature. Thus their Diſputes are like to laſt till the *final Day* of Deciſion, when all human Quarrels ſhall be determin'd before the *Grand Tribunal*.

In the mean Time they take all Advantages to execute their Spight and Malice on each other, under the Notion of Juſtice and Piety. We are daily alarmed here with tragical Relations of horrid Murthers and Butcheries committed on the *Proteſtants* of *Piedmont*, and other Parts under the Duke of *Savoy*. Whilſt ſome ſay, that all theſe Reports are falſe, and the Sufferings of thoſe People are, according to Law, the due Puniſhment of their *rebellious* Actions.

It is not in my Power to adjuſt their Differences; nor is it material to a *Muſſulman*, which of them has the Law on their Side. Yet if I were inclin'd to take any Part, it ſhould be that of the Oppreſſed. Cruelty I abhor; and our holy Prophet has forbid Force to be us'd in Matters of Religion, ſince the Conſcience is reſponſible to none but God.

May that God, from whoſe Unity have ſprung all the different Eſſences in the World, and all the Variety in Nature, gives us Grace to love the whole Creation, and not to ſhed Blood, unleſs in the ſacred Combat.

Paris, 13*th of the* 6*th Moon*, *of the Year* 1655.

LETTER V.

To William Vosel, *a* Recluse *of* Austria.

I Had concluded thee dead, till thy Letter certify'd me to the contrary. So long a Silence between Friends, would put any Man upon the same Thoughts. Ten Years have slipt away between my last to thee, and thy Answer. I hope thou dost not measure *Time* after the Rate of the *Seven Sleepers*. Perhaps thou hast been enjoin'd a ten Years *Silence* and Abstinence from all manner of Conversation, by the *Superior* of thy *Convent*. Such Severities are not uncommon in *Religious Societies*, where the main Business is to acquire *Perfection*. The *Armenian Monasteries* are much more rigid, where, but for one extravagant Word, I have known a Man's Tongue lock'd up for the Space of two and twenty Years, under Pain of *Excommunication*; and then releas'd, only for the Sake of a most significant Jest put on the *Patriarch* in mute Signs. Wit will find a Way to vent itself, though it be at the Fingers Ends And, for ought I know, thou hast obliged the *Abbot* to take off thy *Censure* by the like Method. There was abundandane of *Satyr* in the Subsannation of the ancient *Romans*; and no less *Rhetorick* in the Shrug or Grimace of the modern *Italians*. The *Mimicks* of *Scaramouchi* are a perfect *Lampoon*; and *Harlequin* is *Burlesque* all over.

Thou know'st I always entertain thee with one frivolous Discourse or other to divert thy Melancholy; and thy own Letters give me Encouragement. They seem to be writ in a pleasant Humour. But, tell me, have I guess'd right at the Cause of so tedious a Reservedness, or no? Hast thou been forced all this while to speak with

thy

thy Hand, Feet, Nose; and the emphatic Motions of thy Head and Eyes? If it were so, I fancy thou wert excellent Company among thy grave phlegmatick Brethren, and in a fair Way to understand the Language of the *Beasts*, who by curvetting, creeping, leaping, frisking their Tails, and other Postures, express their various Passions, Desires, and Necessities, as intelligibly to those who are us'd to them, as we can do by the most elegant Addresses in Words.

But to be serious: If for the sake of *Vertue* this *Penance* be imposed on thee by him who presides over thy *Convent*, or thou hast voluntarily undertaken so difficult a Part of Self-denial on the Score of *Philosophy* or *Religion*, thou hast approv'd thyself wise and brave in not flinching. A Coward in religious Matters is as despicable as in the Engagements of the World. 'Tis honourable to face Temptations, and come off with Victory.

As for what thou desirest to know, concerning the *Sepulchre* of King *Childeric*, it is esteem'd a Piece of great *Antiquity*, in regard he was the fourth Monarch of *France*. He reign'd over the *Gauls* or *Franks* in the Year 458, *Severus* being Emperor of *Rome*, *Severinus* and *Degalaiphus*, Consuls. Yet in little more than three Years he was depos'd and banish'd by his Subjects, whilst *Ægidius*, a *Roman*, was crown'd in his stead. Neither did this Man please the People so well, but that after some Experience of his Oppression, Avarice and other Vices, they expell'd him also, and recall'd their lawful Sovereign. For *Ægidius* had vex'd them with unreasonable Taxes, fleecing them of many Millions, which he privately sent out of the *Kingdom*, disposing of this vast Treasure at *Rome*, and among his Friends in other Parts, as a Support against future Contingencies: For he look'd for some Back-blows of *Fate*. *Childeric* therefore being restor'd to

his *Crown*, enjoy'd it till his Death, which was in the Year 484. After whom succeeded in the Kingdom, *Clodovæus the Great*, who was the first *French* King that embrac'd *Christianity*.

The Time when *Childeric*'s Tomb was first discover'd, was about two Years ago, when the Cathedral of *Tournay* wanted Reparation. For as the *Labourers* were digging up the old *Charnel-House*, they encounter'd a long Stone; which giving 'em some Fatigue, they broke in Pieces, and found under it the entire *Skeleton* of a *Man* lying at length, with abundance of *Greek Medals* of *Gold*, and some other Curiosities of the same *Metal*, among which was a *Ring* with this *Motto*:

SIGILLUM CHILDERICI REGIS.

All these *Reliques* were at first possess'd by the *Canons* of that *Church*, where they were found: Of whom they were begg'd by the *Arch-Duke* of *Austria*, who has them in his Custody. Therefore those who told thee they are in the King of *France*'s Hands were misinform'd themselves, or design'd to abuse thee. For this cannot be suppos'd, during the present Wars between *France* and *Spain*: When they are more ready on both Sides to plunder one another, than to grant Civilities of this obliging Nature.

I perceive thou art grown a great *Antiquary*; and therefore, in token of my Esteem, I have sent thee a *Cabinet* of such *old Things* as I have scrap'd together in my Travels, and during my Residence in this City.

The *Agates* which you will find in the *uppermost* Drawer, may easily be dated by their Figures, which are all after the Fashion of *Gentile Rome*. As for the *Shells* in the *Second*, I leave them to thy own Judgment; only this I will say, that they

are

are not common. The *Third* contains a Miſcellany of ſeveral *Antiques*. The *Knives* were us'd by the antient *Romiſh Prieſts* in their *Sacrifices*. The *Weights* are at leaſt twelve hundred Years old, by the Parallels which I have ſeen in the *King's Library*. The *Rings* are alſo of the *Parthian* Make: And the *Arrow* to which they are faſten'd, retains its *oriental Venom* to this Hour; as thou wilt find by trying it on any *Animal* that deſerves it. But after all, the *lowermoſt* Drawer contains nothing but *Counterfeits*. For thoſe *Medals* are the Work of *Parmezan*, the fineſt Graver in the World. If thou knoweſt not his Character, I'll tell thee in a Word; he was famous for imitating ſo exactly the moſt antient *Medals*, that the *Tranſcripts* could not be diſcern'd, even by the moſt skilful *Artiſts*, from the *Originals*.

Accept theſe with the ſame good Will as I did, when they were preſented to me, and tell me wherein elſe I can gratify thy Wiſhes.

You *Monaſticks* are infinitely happy in the Advantages of Retirement and Tranquility. You are free from the Cares which moleſt other Mortals. The Bell rings you to *Prayers*, and to your *Repaſt*. You have nothing elſe to regard, but your *Contemplations* and *Studies*. Many great Lights have ſprung from your various *Orders*. And I'll tell thee, Father *William*, the World will be diſappointed if thou ſhould'ſt prove a *Dark-Lanthorn*, and only be wiſe for thy ſelf.

Paris, *25th of the 6th Moon, of the Year*, 1655.

LETTER VI.

To the most Illustrious and Invincible Vizir Azem, *at the* Porte.

BY the Sound which the Sun makes at his going down, I swear I was not mistaken in the *Idea* I had of thy Generosity. And the Dispatch with which thou hast honoured the *Slave Mahmut*, confirms me in a perfect Security of thy Favour and Protection.

I shall, with exquisite Diligence, obey thy Orders: But it cannot be attempted without vast Sums of Money. And if I may be thought worthy to give Advice to my *Superiors*, the most effectual Way to accomplish this, will be by sending one of the *principal Ministers* to this *Court*, with a splendid *Embassy*: for this young King expects very honourable Addresses from all that seek his more intimate Friendship: Therefore a *Chiaus* would be slighted on such an Occasion, and marr all the Design. I would counsel, That some Body be sent who perfectly understands the *Genius* of the *French*, and the particular Aims of Cardinal *Mazarini*.

Under the Protection of such a One, I should be able, without hazard of a Discovery, to act all that is necessary to carry on this Design with good Success. Here are abundance of needy *Courtiers*, on whom Gold will have a powerful Influence. But neither I in Person, nor any one whom I shall depute, can make such Tenders, unless there were here some known publick *Ambassador* from the *Grand Seignior*, to countenance the Business. For otherwise it will presently be whisper'd, that some *private Agent* lurks here *incognito*. They will start a thousand *Chimera*'s of Jealousy, and so I may run the Hazard of a *second* Imprisonment, when the *Cardinal*

dinal shall call to mind the Occasion of my *first*. All that I can then say of my being a *Moldavian*, will find no Credit; and 'twill be no less than a Miracle, if they do not expose me to a Scrutiny for the Mark of *Circumcision*; which if it be found, all is betray'd and ruin'd.

I do not value the Punishments they will inflict on me, nor the Loss of my Life: But I dread the more important Consequences of such a Discovery; the unmasking the *Secrets* of the *Grand Seignior* to *Infidels*.

These are the chief Reasons I have to offer in behalf of an honourable Embassy. As to the Person whom thou shalt think fit to employ in so glorious a Trust, I will not presume to add any Thing to what I have said already, that he be a Man of Experience in the *French* Affairs, well vers'd in the Knowledge of *Christian* Policy, the different Interests of the Courts of *Europe*, and one that exactly knows what Advantage to make of the new *Pope*. For after long Debates, the *Cardinals* have at last elected one, who has assum'd the Name of *Alexander* VII.

It is hard to judge at his first Accession to that *Sovereign Chair*, what Interest this *Prelate* will embrace, whether that of *France* or *Spain*: Or whether his Conduct will be *Neutral*, deporting himself with an equal Indifference to all the *Nazarene Princes*, whom he calls his *Sons*, endeavouring to compose their Quarrels, and unite their Forces against the *Mussulmans*. I tell thee, no Body can be yet assured, what the Temper of the *Roman Mufti* may prove, For it is usual for the aspiring *Cardinals* to promise many Things in hopes of the *Papacy* which they never perform, when they have once obtain'd the *uncontroulable* Command. *Dissimulation* is rank'd among the *principal* Virtues in the Court of *Rome*: And he that knows not how to

disguise his Affections, is not thought worthy of any important *Trust*. *Adonai* the *Jew* has lost his Liberty in that City for being defective in this courtly Accomplishment. It seems, he and some others of his *Nation*, raill'd too passionately and openly at the *Idolatry* of the *Romans*. Yet I expect daily to hear of his Relief; for I understand by a Letter from him, that he was excepted out of the Number of those whose *Condemnation* is *irrecoverable*.

I reproved him for his Immorality in reflecting on the *Establish'd Religion* of the *Country* where he resides But this kind of Arrogance is the peculiar Vice of the *Hebrews*. They despise all other People in the World: Whereas thou know'st, the impartial GOD respects not one Nation more than another; for they are all equally the Works of his Hands. And for ought we know, he tolerates the Variety of Religions that are extant in the World, with the same Indifference as he dispenses his common Blessings to such an infinite Number of Men of diverse Faces.

The Multiplicity in the Universe exalts the divine Unity, which is the Root of all. And if there be ten thousand Myriads of Worlds, they all sprang from one Cause, and there they end. For He is the First and Last of every Thing.

Paris, *2d of the 7th Moon*,
of the Year 1655.

LETTER VII.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, *a* Jew *at* Vienna.

THE *Egyptians* have a *Proverb*, That he who thinks and speaks of GOD only when he is melancholy, sacrifices to the *Planet Pharovis* or *Saturn*, and

and not to the most high and exalted King of *all Things*, who is the Fountain of Joy to Men and Angels.

I counsel thee not to list thyself in the Number of those who adore the Stars, by cherishing sad *Ideas* of the ever indulgent and merciful Divinity, Nor think thyself the less liable to this Censure, because it proceeds from a Nation which was once at Enmity with the Sons of *Jacob*. Despise not the Wisdom of that People, from whom even *Moses* your Law-giver learn'd all his, and from whom all Nations borrow'd Improvements of Learning, if they are not indebted to them for its first Rudiments.

By what I have said, thou wilt perceive that I consult thy Happiness, and would have thee chase away vain Fears and superstitious Thoughts, the mere Product of an ill-temper'd Spleen, which is the peculiar Malady of thy Nation. Let thy Heart, be always chearful; for God oves every Thing that he has made: The Universe overflows with his Bounty. Be not too Religious, nor strain the Faculties he has given thee for thy Support, and not for thy Bane.

I had rather hear from thee Matter of News, than these dismal Scruples about thy Soul. If thou art not willing to embrace the *Mussulman Faith*, in *God*'s Name, continue to observe the Law of *Moses*, and prosecute thy Affairs with Alacrity.

Thou hast been very slack of late in sending me Advices of what passes at *Vienna*, and other *Parts* of *Germany*. We have flying Reports here of the Death of *Eleanor* the *Empress*; and that on the same Day whereon she died, *Leopoldus Ignatius Josephus*, the *Emperor*'s Son was elected King of the *Romans*. I know not how to write to the *Ministers* of the *Porte*, till thou hast ascertain'd me of these Things. For God's sake, be speedy in thy *Dispatches*, and inform me what is done at the *Diet* of *Frankfort*. Rouse

up thyself, and banish superfluous Cares. Remember, that as there is but *One God*, so there is but *One Law*, but *One Thing* necessary to Men, that is, *To live according to Reason*. This is engraven in every Man's Heart, and there needs no *Comment* to explain it. Thou art a sufficient *Lawgiver*, *Rabbi*, *Doctor*, and *Interpreter* to thyself. Let not others amuse thee with *Fables*.

I will now acquaint thee with something of Certainty. The *French* have gain'd *Landrecies*, a strong Town in *Flanders*. It was surrendred to them on the 22*d* of this *Moon*; and the next Day all the Garrison march'd out, consisting of 1500 Men, besides 300 wounded.

The King is gone, upon this good News, to view and take care of his new Conquest. For this is not the only Town the *Spaniards* have lost: They talk of *Maubeuge*, *Bovines*, and *Conde*; all which, according to fresh Report, are in the Hands of the *French*. This young *Monarch* is strangely fortunate.

If thou canst inform me of such successful Campaigns among the People of the *North*, fail not to do it in Season; for we are not plac'd in these *Stations* to whistle to Sheep.

Paris, 29*th of the* 7*th Moon*,
of the Year 1655.

LETTER XIII.

To Mustapha Lulu Beamtulla, *a* Man *of the* Law.

I Would willingly be admitted into *Paradise*, as well as other *Mussulmans*. Neither would I think, speak, or do any Thing which might prejudice my Title, and baulk my Pretensions to eternal Happiness. This Desire is natural to all Men; and when I pro-

I profess it, thou may'st believe me without an Oath. Yet methinks, I would not go hoodwinked to *Heaven*, but would fain enjoy the Benefit of my Sense and Reason, in my Advances to that *Region* of *Bliss*.

I believe the *Alcoran* is the *Oracle* of GOD; and 'tis so firmly imprinted in my Memory, that I could repeat it *verbatim* from the Beginning to the End, without missing a *Verficle*. I give an entire Credence to the Doctrine of the Resurrection; being naturally desirous of *Immortality*: But I cannot entertain the gross Conceit, which the greatest Part of *Mussulmans* have of the *Resurrection*; that is, that our very *Dust* shall be rais'd again, and organis'd into a *Body*. The *Nazarenes* are of the same Opinion. But, methinks, there's no need of stretching and straining of *Nature*. Besides, this Opinion is inconsistent with other *fundamental Doctrines* of the *Mussulman Law*.

We are all taught to believe, that the *Souls* of *Just Men*, *Saints* and *Martyrs*, immediately on their Departure from the *Body*, ascend to *Paradise*. If so, then they either live there in an *unbodied Estate*, or they have *new Bodies* assign'd them by the same *Province* which gave them their *Old*. Be it which way it pleases GOD, it will appear a manifest Botch in the *Works* of the *Omnipotent*, and *Indecorum* in *Nature*, to make these Souls either cast off their *new Bodies* at the *Day* of *Judgment*, for the Sake of their *old Rotten Relicks*, after they have enjoy'd all the ravishing Delights of *Eden* for so many Ages; or to stand in need of any Bodies at all, after they have liv'd so long in a *separate* Condition. There's no Sense in it. Doubtless, this Opinion was first hatch'd by those who believ'd the Sleep of the Soul, and held that it was inseparable from the Body. For then they had no other Way to comfort themselves with any probable Hopes of a *surviving Immortality*, but by maintaining, that as the Soul slept with the Body in the *Grave*, so both Soul and Body should conjointly rise again at the Day of *Doom*.

Or perhaps this *Figure* of our *Resurrection* was inculcated to insinuate the Faith of an *immortal* State, into the duller Minds of those who were incapable of comprehending either the *Pre-existence* of *Souls*, their *Self-subsistence* after *Death*, or their *Translation* into other *Bodies*.

It seems to me much more easy to believe, according to the most obvious *Works* of *Nature*, that after our *Dissolution* here, we shall either assume some *Body* of *Air*, *Fire*, or other *Elemental* Supplement, or by magnetick *Transmigration* shall be united to some *Vegetable* or *Animal Embryo*, than to dream of recollecting all our scatter'd *Ashes* together, after so many Thousands of Years, wherein they have been disper's'd, perhaps thro' all the Ranges of the *Universe*.

Surely, our *holy Lawgiver*, and all the other *Prophets*, intended no other Thing by the *Doctrine* of the *Resurrection*, but only to convince the World, that the *Soul* was *Immortal*, and that consequently there would be a Reward of *Good* and *Bad* Works after this *Life*. We shall live for ever, old *Lawyer*: And what signifies it, whether we have the same *Bodies* or others, so long as we are happy in any State: And if we are metamorphis'd we cannot fail of our *specifick* Felicity, since every *Creature* is happy in his own *Essence*. Then let us be *Apes*, *Dromedaries*, *Camels*, or any Thing but *Hogs*, and we shall have Bliss enough. That *Creature* is the very *Emblem* of *Uncleanness*, and therefore its *Life* cannot be the Object of a *Mussulman's* Wish. Yet we know not the *Laws* of our *Change* or *Transmigration* from this *mortal* Life: For the *Soul*, according to *Pythagoras* and the *Ancients*, is capable of all *Forms*.

If thou wond'rest what has put me upon this Discourse, it is the Remembrance of what I have heard thee relate of the *Apparition* of *dead Men's Bones* in the *Cemetery* of *Grand Caire* in *Egypt*, at a certain Season

Season of the Year, when Multitudes of People by Custom flock thither to behold this wonderful *Scene* of a *Sham Resurrection*. I can give it no better Title, since in all probability 'tis only the Effect of some Artifice us'd by the *Christians*, to procure Money from the admiring Crowd. And I'm confirm'd in this Belief, by a Letter I receiv'd from *Mehemet* the *Exil'd Eunuch*, who now resides at *Caire*; and having been curious to observe this celebrated *Miracle*, among the other *Rarities* of this City, sent me such an Account of this Passage, as convinces me there's some *Cheat* in't.

He tells a great many other Things of the *Superstition* and *Ignorance* of the *Egyptians* as to the *Pyramids*, and the suppos'd *Spirits* which guard 'em. In all, he laments the Condition of Mortals, who have so far degenerated from themselves, and suffer'd their *Reason* to be debauch'd with *Fables*.

Sage *Mustapha*, thou art of the *Race* of those who have preserv'd *Science* and *Philosophy*. A *Halo* of *Light* invests thy Soul. Let no dark Opinion of God and his *Works* eclipse thy *Intellect*.

Paris, *20th of the 8th Moon*,
of the Year 1655.

LETTER VIII.

To Solyman Kuslir Aga, Prince *of the* Black Eunuchs.

THY *Dispatch* came in an happy Hour: Yet the Contents of it surpris'd me. 'Tis a strange Turn of Fortune, that the *Bassa* of *Aleppo*, after so many *Rebellions*, should become the *Sultan*'s Favourite, and be invested in the *highest Dignity* of the *Empire*. Yet, he knows, but this may be the

only

only effectual Course to reclaim him, and of an Enemy to render him a Friend: For Ambition is a Vice so nearly bordering on Virtue, so refin'd and subtle in Complexion, that when the Passion which cherishes it, is once gratified with its proper Object, it soon becomes a Virtue itself, and transforms a *Libertine* to a *Hadgi*, ranking a Man to Day among the most deserving *Heroes*, who but Yesterday was in the Number of the *Seditious*.

Therefore, I cannot but highly applaud the Counsel of those, who persuaded the *Grand Seignior* to this uncommon Choice of the *Vizet Azem*. The whole *Empire* has languished for want of a Man of Abilities in that *Supreme Station*, ever since the *Seal* was taken from the most illustrious *Chausaein Bassa* through the Malice of his Enemies. And in this Juncture, they could not have pitch'd on a Man more capable of the *Charge*, than this bold *Bassa*; who, besides his Experience in the Wars, both by Sea and Land, is look'd on as the stoutest Man in this Age. As for his former Crimes, they proceeded only from his Discontent and Thirst of Glory, which is now sufficiently allay'd by the Bounty of our *Sovereign*. The *Cause* therefore of his Extravagances being thus seasonably removed, the *Effect* will naturally cease.

But suffer me to ask thee; Do they not resent, at the *Seraglio*, his Approaches to that *Sanctuary* of *Mortals* with such a formidable Retinue? Thou tellest me, he is attended by forty thousand Men, an Equipage fit for a *Sovereign Monarch*. Perhaps, 'tis only the Effect of his *martial Genius*, and that he is willing to appear like a Soldier: Or, it may be he really suspected Danger, and that he was design'd for a Sacrifice, which made him come thus guarded to the Feet of his *Master*; that his Son might revenge his Death, by some desperate Attempt on *Constantinople*. Be it how it pleases GOD, it seems, the *Sultan*

wink'd

wink'd at all, and receiv'd him with such Marks of his Esteem and Affection, as are seldom vouchsafed to *Subjects*. I hope the Event will answer his Expectation. These new Methods of Clemency may prove more successful, than the severe Conduct of former Times. Men of great Souls are sooner subdu'd by Favour, than Force and Cruelty.

I am extremely oblig'd to thee for thy Instructions, which I shall exactly observe in writing to this *Supreme Minster*. Thou hast match'd my own Thoughts in this Advice: For knowing that *Bassa*'s Temper, it will be Policy, as well as Justice, frankly to own what I have writ against him, and not stuff my Letter with abject fawning Submissions, or sneaking Excuses; he's brave himself and will be pleas'd to see a Man resolute in his Duty.

However, let the Consequence be what it will, I must follow the Measures of my own Integrity. There is something so satisfactory in Truth, and an honest blunt Carriage, as far surpasses the little faint Pleasures of Artifice and Dissimulation. And I should be weary of my Life, were I forced to preserve it by such effeminate Tricks. Yet, I must confess, 'tis a vast Encouragement, to find thy Sentiments the same. What is this World, that we should be so fond of it? Or what is this Life of Mortals, that we need be so over-studious of prolonging the Respiration of that Breath, which may with as much Ease be all breath'd out at once, as by so many successive Millions of Moments; for Death properly possesses but an Instant of Time; no more does Life. Every Gasp renews the One, and the last commences and finishes the Other. As to Pleasure and Pain, we generally have an equal Share of 'em. And it appears to me an equal, if not a greater Happiness, at once to be freed for ever from the Latter, than by such an irksome Composition to protract the Enjoyment of the Former.

Brave

Brave *Solyman*, when I contemplate thy Virtue, it inſpires me with Courage againſt the vain Miſts of Fear, which the *Magick* of Opinion has rais'd before the Eyes of Mortals. I embrace thee with an extended Soul, and wiſh thee the two Extremes of Happineſs, Plenitude of Joys in this Life, and an immortal *Series* of Felicities in *Paradiſe*. Live for ever, thou generous Son of *Cham*.

Paris, 2*d of the* 9*th Moon*,
of the Year 1655.

LETTER IX.

To the moſt Illuſtrious Vizir Azem, *at the* Porte.

BY the Souls of all my *Progenitors*, I was glad to hear the News of thy Advance to this glorious *Height* of *Power*; Yet when thou wert *Baſſa* of *Aleppo*, and held Correſpondence with the *Venetians*, I accus'd thee to the *Divan*, doing thereby no ſmall Service to the *Ottoman Empire*: For which thou haſt now Reaſon in Honour to reward me; knowing that I prevented a great deal of Confuſion and Blood. It will not become the firſt Miniſter, to cheriſh private Revenges, or harbour ill Thoughts of a faithful Slave. In diſcovering thy Intrigues at that Time, I did but perform my Duty to the *Grand Seignior*, thy Lord and mine. Nay, for ought thou knoweſt, I was happily inſtrumental in ſaving thy Life, which might have been loſt in the Purſuit of thoſe hazardous Projects thou wert then engag'd in. Be it how it will, thou art now living, and inſtall'd in the moſt illuſtrious Charge of the *Empire*. And without Flattery I ſpeak it, a braver Man could

not

not have ascended to that *Dignity*. May God long continue thee in it, to the Joy and Advantage of all the *Mussulmans*,

All the World extol thy Valour and Boldness; especially the *Nazarenes*, among whom the *Bassa* of *Aleppo* is famous. They also highly commend thy Justice. And thou wilt find in the Register, that when I acquainted my *Superiors* of thy Revolt, I was not envious in concealing thy *Virtues*.

Therefore I beg of thee not to be partial in thy Resentments; but consider *Mahmut* as a faithful Slave, who will never transgress the Commands of the *Mysterious Bench*, nor suffer any sinister Motives to bias him, though 'twere in Favour of his own Brother. For, this is the severe Conduct that is expected of me by my *Superiors* and which thou thyself wilt require at my Hands.

But, I believe, thou needest not these Addresses to move thee to Generosity. Thy own native Justice will suggest to thee, that I rather merit a Reward than a Punishment for doing my Duty, though 'twere in accusing thyself.

Confiding therefore in thy Goodness, and my own Innocence, I shall not despair of that Protection and Favour from thee, which all thy *Predecessors* have afforded me, since my Arrival at this Place. Nay, I think thy Friendship and Esteem is rather due to me than a thousand *Sycophants* and *Flatterers*.

I will in this Confidence write freely to thee, as I have been commanded: and vent my *Thoughts*, without a timorous Reserve: For thou art the *just Judge* of the *Judges* among the *Faithful*.

There is no doubt, but thou hast heard of the Duke of *Lorrain*, a famous Warriour in these *Western* Parts, but now a *Prisoner* of *State* in *Spain*. I sent Intelligence last Year to *Mustapha Berber Aga*, of the Grounds and Circumstances of this *Prince*'s

Con-

Confinement, wherof thou can'ſt not be ignorant, For all my *Diſpatches* are made publick to the *Miniſters* of the *bleſſed Porte*.

The Brother of that *Duke* immediately ſucceeded him, by the King of *Spain*'s Orders, in the Command of the Army in *Flanders*; they call him *Duke Francis*. Every Body thought that he had conſented to the Impriſonment of his Brother, as being diſguſted at his Inconſtancy, Avarice, and other Vices. It was ſuppos'd alſo, that his own Ambition, and Thirſt of Honour, had corrupted the Fidelity and Love he ow'd to the Son of his Mother; as knowing that by his Fall, he himſelf ſhould riſe to the Dignity of General, which his Brother enjoy'd during his Liberty.

But now 'tis evident that this *Duke Francis* did all along diſſemble his Reſentments of his Brother's Calamity: for he is lately revolted from the King of *Spain*, and come over to the *French*, with five thouſand Horſe and Foot. He has openly declar'd, That he will never give Reſt to his Sword, till he has either procur'd his Brother's Releaſe, or deeply reveng'd the Injuries have been done him. He was receiv'd by the *French* King with all imaginable Endearment and Careſſes. The whole *Court* are emulous in ſtriving to excel one another in the Demonſtrations of their Civility and Reſpect to this *Prince*; and they have cull'd out the beſt Quarters for his Soldiers. This *Nation* is always hoſpitable to *Strangers*; more eſpecially to ſuch as court their Friendſhip after this extraordinary Way, who enter into their Intereſts, and engage in their Quarrels. Yet neither *France*, nor all the Kingdoms of *Europe*, togethar can match the Bounty of the *munificent Porte*, which pardons and receives, with open Embraces, her moſt implacable Enemies on their Submiſſions and Repentance.

Com-

Commander of the *Muſſulman Grandees*, thou art but a Man, and haſt not exceeded that Character in the worſt of thy Errors. Now thou art aſſum'd to a *Charge* which requires the Fidelity and Prudence of an *Angel*. If thou ſhalt reform the *State* and reſtore the *Muſſulman* Affairs to their true Luſtre, we ſhall have Reaſon to contemplate thy Life in ſome meaſure as a Parellel to that of *Craſſus*, who was pardon'd three *Treaſons* by *Cæſar*, and afterwards became the moſt loyal and ſerviceable Man in the *Roman Empire*.

Paris, *2d of the 9th Moon, of the Year* 1655.

LETTER XI.

To Mehemet, *an exil'd* Eunuch, *at* Caire *in* Egypt.

THOU telleſt me wonderful Things of *Egypt*, ſuch as almoſt ſurpaſs Credit. And I perceive thou thyſelf doſt not believe the Story of the *annual Reſurrection* of *Bones*, which is ſo much talk'd of by *Travellers*. My Couſin *Iouf* ridicul'd it with ſmart Reaſon, and was almoſt in Danger of his Life among the bigotted *Moors* and *Coptites*.

But I could hardly imagine there had ſtill remain'd in that *Region* (which has undergone ſo many Revolutions of Government) any Footſteps of the primitive *Egyptians*. Yet, it ſeems, the Prieſts of thoſe *early Ages* were particularly careful to tranſmit to Poſterity an exact *Hiſtory* of their *Kings*, with *Memoirs* of their *Actions*; the Building of the *Pyramids*; the Place of the *Statues*; the *magical Mirrour*; the *City* of the *black Eagle*; the *Caſtle* of *Demons*

Dæmons seated on the *Brow* of the *Mountain* of the *Moon*, the *Palace* of *Adamant*, with innumerable other Rarities.

I tell thee, my dear *Mebemet*, I know not how to believe all these *Romantick* Stories. It cramps my Reason to hear of a *Brazen Tree* with *Iron Branches* and *Versatile Hooks*, to catch *Liars* and *Cheats*, and there detain 'em till they should do right to those whom they had injur'd. Altogether as improbable is the Story of *Gabdafarouis*, the *Statue* set up by King *Gariac*.

Who can read of that *Monarch*'s being carried in the Air by *Eagles*, but may as well believe the *Romantick* Voyage of *Domingo Gonsales* to the *Moon*. If thou know'st not that Story, I'll tell thee in short, That this was a certain *Spaniard*, who in a Passage to the *Indies*, being by Shipwreck cast ashore on the *Island* of St. *Helena*, with a *Negro* his *Slave*, they were put to their Shifts so far as to divide that unpeopled and desolate *Island* between 'em out of pure Necessity, that they might both find Provision enough to keep 'em from starving (for it seems, there was great scarcity of every Thing that serv'd the Uses of Life.)

In this Condition, *Necessity*, the *Mother* of *Cunning Devices*, taught them to hold Correspondence with one another, though living at opposite Angles of the *Isle*, by the Help of certain wild *Swans*, which they took out of their Nests very young, and brought 'em up as they do *Pigeons* at *Babylon* and *Aleppo* to be *Letter-Carriers*.

Afterward, as the Story goes, *Domingo* trying several Experiments on his Birds, and finding all successful; at last, having got Four and Twenty of them together, and having brought 'em up to his Lure, he ventur'd his Carcass with 'em in the Air, fastening them together with Ropes and other Materials. But the extravagant Animals one Day took Wing, and carry'd their *Master* to the *Moon*; where he resided

resided a considerable Time; saw and convers'd with divers Inhabitants of that neighbouring *Globe*, visited the *Courts* of several *Lunar Princes*, and was kindly receiv'd by 'em all, even at the *Seraglio* of the *Chief Emperor*, or *Grand Seignior* himself. And having been presented with three *Stones* of matchless Virtue and other rich Gifts, he had his Audience of *Conge*, and came down to the Earth again, where he publish'd a *Journal* of his *Travels*, out of which I have extracted this short *Epitome*; not thinking it worth the while to trouble thee with the entire Relation of his ingenious Whimsies.

Doubtless, there is nothing so easy, as to invent new and unheard-of *Fables*, to amuse the credulous World, and captivate their Understandings. And I have told thee this, as a Parellel to those monstrous Figments of *Egypt*: Such as that of King *Gancam*'s being carry'd in a Pavilion on the Shoulders of *Spirits*: His *magical Tables*, and the rest of his glorious Whim-Whams. And that of the Queen *Borsa*, who sate on a *fiery Throne*, and liv'd in an *enchanted Castle*, whose Walls were full of Pipes, which convey'd to her the *Addresses* of all sorts of *Plaintiffs*, and her *Decree* and Decision of Controversies back again to them. Such another is that of *Bardesir*'s *silver Tower*, and his sitting before his People in the Clouds of *Heaven*: and *Bedoura*'s sending an *Angel* who made such a horrible roaring, that it caused an *Earthquake*.

Who can without laughing read the Story of the *Idol* of the *Test*, which distinguish'd between *Harlots* and *Virgins* by the Touch of their Hand? or of the *Spirits* which guard the *Pyramids*, one like a naked Woman, walking about in the open Air at Noon, and making Men run mad for Love of her; Another in the Form of an old Man with a Basket on his Head, and a Censer in his Hand? A third of a black Woman with a monstrous Child in her Arms?

There

There is no End of such *Fables*. Neither can any Man of Reason, stoop to so much Easiness as to regard 'em. And it is a Pleasure to me, when I consider thee as a Man actually *Satyrical* upon *Opinions* and *Traditions* repugnant to *Sense*.

Mehemet, whilst thou art in *Egypt*, remember that thou wert born in *Arabia*, where *Science* has flourish'd for these thousand Years.

Paris, 28*th of the* 9*th Moon*, *of the Year* 1655.

LETTER XII.

To Zornesan Mustapha, Bassa *of the* Sea.

I Will not pretend to Divination, nor flatter thee with Presages of better Fortune against the *Venetians*, during thy Command of the *Navy* than thy *Predecessors* have had; yet I believe thou hast more Honesty and Valour than some of them. And I congratulate thy Rise to this *Dignity*.

If my Intelligence be true, a more glorious *Fleet* has not sail'd out of the *Ottoman Harbours*, than appears now at Sea, under thy Command. May thy Success answer the Expectation of the *Mussulmans*. But I tell thee, thou hast need to look about thee; for thou wilt encounter a valiant and subtle Enemy.

These *Venetians* are not like the rest of the *Nazarenes*, superstitiously devoted to the Sentiments of their *Priests*. That kind of Bigottry chains up Mens Spirits, and renders them effeminate: It blinds 'em and robs 'em of their Sense and native Vigour. But these are bold, resolute People, fearing neither *Man* nor the *Devil*. They are also well vers'd in Stratagems, being as cunning as *Serpents*. In fine, *Venice* is a *Commonwealth* made up of Soldiers and Statesmen:

men: And thou can'ſt not expect, that the Sea makes 'em degenerate. Therefore look for hot Entertainment whenever thou engageſt thoſe *Aboriginal Tarpawlins*. I ſpeak not this to diſcourage thee, but to arm thee, with due Caution. Thou knoweſt the ſame God who made them, made thee, and all the Men in thy *Fleet*. Thou haſt alſo the Happineſs to ſerve the moſt victorious *Empire* in the *World*. Fear nothing therefore: But when thou looſeſt from the *Helleſpont*, with the *invincible Fleet*, adorned with *Enſigns* of high Renown the proſperous *Streamers* of *Mahomet*; when thou heareſt the All-cheering *Clarions* and *Timbrels* breathing the lofty Menaces, the vital Airs of War; then let thy noble Heart flouriſh with brave Thoughts, and brisk Reſolutions. Yet let not a falſe Aſſurance of Victory make thee raſh, and bereave thee of that Conduct, which is as neceſſary a Qualification in a *General* as Courage. Conſider that the Fortune of Battles is uncertain: Therefore do all Things with great Precaution. Truſt not to the Force of thy *Commiſſion*, in that thou fighteſt for the *Law* and *Honour* of the *Prophet*. But remember the *Proverb* of the *Ancients*, which ſays, *The Devil often carries the Standard of the living* God. There may be thoſe in thy *Fleet*, who are treacherous, and at the Devotion of the *Nazarenes*. For I hear, that both *Spahi's* and *Janiſaries* were very unwilling to embark themſelves; and God knows, how far the *Venetian* Gold may work on ſome of the *Officers*. Though their Reſentments ſeem'd to be appeas'd by the Bounty of our glorious *Sovereign*, yet the ſmalleſt Occaſion may renew their old Diſcontent again; and put 'em on more dangerous Tumults at Sea, than thoſe they were guilty of aſhore: Or at leaſt they will become more remiſs and cold in the Service of the *Grand Seignior*.

Be

Be it how it will, if the *Navy* has not good Success, the blame of all will be laid on thee. Pardon therefore the Freedom I take in advising thee, since 'tis an Argument of my Affection and Concern for thy Honour and Safety. And no Man can with Reason be offended at another for warning him of Dangers. In a Word, I wish thee the good Fortune of the *English*; who have lately taken an *Island* in the *West Indies* from the *Spaniard*: They call it *Jamaica*.

It seems the *King* of *Spain* had possess'd this *Isle*, from the Time of the first Conquests in *America*, where his Subjects had committed horrid Cruelties on the Natives; for which they are now punished by that new *Commonwealth*, who boast that they are established by GOD to reform or overturn all the *Kingdoms* of *Europe*.

Thou hast heard, I suppose, of *Oliver*, the *Sovereign* of that Nation. He appears like another *Gingiz Cham*, setting up for a *Prophet* and Founder of a new *Empire*. He has refus'd the *Title* of *King*, which was offer'd him by the *English States*, with all the *Ensigns* of *Royalty*. But he aims at a more sublime Character, laying the Foundation of his Hopes in a pretended Modesty, assuming only the *Stile* of *Protector*. They say, he talks of leading an Army to the Gates of *Rome*, and when he has subdued the *Pope*, that he will march or sail to *Constantinople*, and drive the *Grand Seignior* out of his *Seraglio*.

I tell thee, these are not Things to be contemn'd or laugh'd at. For this *Oliver* has the Fame of a Great and Invincible *General*. And I can assure thee, all the neighbouring *Kings* and *States* court his Friendship. In fine, he makes the most formidable Figure at present of any *Prince* in these *Western* Parts.

If

If it will divert thee at Sea, to hear of the Transactions by Land, know, that *Leopoldus Ignatius Josephus*, Son of the *German Emperor*, is elected *King* of the *Romans* in the Room of his deceas'd Brother. There's also a *Diet* assembled a *Frankfort*, wehre they have too many Discords and Quarrels of their own, to have Leisure to plot any Mischief against the *Empire* of *true Believers*. These *Infidels*, in their publick Councils, are like Women scolding away the Time that should be employ'd in Action.

There arrives daily a great deal of News out of *Sweden*, *Muscovy* and *Poland*. One *Post* informs us of a *Plague* raging at *Moscow*, and other Cities of that *Northern Tract*: Another alarms us with Intelligencies of Sieges and Plundering of Towns, Dispeopleing of Provinces, and a Deluge of Blood and Slaughter; For the *Swedes* espousing the Quarrel of the *Muscovites*, endeavour to make their own Game in *Poland*: Many Princes and great Men, with their Towns, Villages and Vassals, revolting daily from the unfortunate *Casimir*, and submitting to the *Swedish* Monarch.

And here in *France*, those that go not to the Wars make private Campaigns at Home. Here's nothing but Duelling and Murder among Men of the *Sword*; whilst the *Ecclesiasticks* are combating one another with their *Pens*, and the *Lawyers* with their *Tongues*.

In *Switzerland* they're mad about *Religion*. At *Dantzick*, two *Eagles* were seen combating in the Air. And, as if all *Nature* were in a Ferment, the Winds have been at Variance in the Bowels of the Earth, which has occasion'd frequent *Earthquakes* in the Parts of *Germany*. The *King* of *Poland*'s Brother is dead, and the *Queen-Mother* of *Sweden*.

We must all die at the determin'd Hour; and there is no other Terror in Death, but what is created by our own Opinion, nor any greater Pain than attended our *Birth*. For at our *Dissolution* every *Element*

of which we were compounded, takes its proper Share; and that which is divine in us, returns to that which is divine in the Universe.

Paris, 28*th of the* 9*th Moon, of the Year* 1655.

LETTER XIII.

To Pesteli-Hali, *his Brother*, Master *of the* Grand Seignior's Customs.

OUR Kinsman *Isouf* is now gone for *Muscovy*, having visited the most remarkable Places in this Kingdom. I receiv'd a Letter from him dated at *Diepe*, a Sea-Town over-against the *English* Coast. He was just a going aboard, as he tells me, when he deliver'd his *Dispatch* to the *Post*. GOD grant him a prosperous Voyage to that *Region*, and whithersoever his *Genius*, or Fortune carries him.

I am extremely pleas'd with his Conversation. Whilst he was in *Paris*, I was never sensible of Melancholy, unless 'twere in the Evenings, which forc'd us to part Company. He has an excellent Memory, and recounts all the Adventures of his Life with a great deal of Ease, both to himself and his Hearers. He never was at a Loss for Matter, or confounded one Circumstance with another, but ranking every Thing in its due Time and Place, deliver'd all with a Clearness and Grace, which affected me with singular Delight.

Besides, he has a ready Wit, lively Fancy, and Judgment enough for one of his Years. I tell thee, the Relations he has made of his Travels, with his regular Deportment here in *Paris*, of which I have been a Witness, have imprinted in me such an Opinion of his Ability, that I have trusted him with

with some particular Instructions, in order to a settled Correspondence between us in whatsoever *Court* he resides. For, in a Word, I find him mature enough for Business of Moment: And it is pity his Parts should be bury'd without ever appearing in Action.

If he succeeds in what I have put him upon when he arrives at *Archangel*, a *Sea Port* in *Russia*, and a Place of great Commerce and Traffick, I shall have good Reason to hope for more important Matters when he comes to *Moscow*, the chief City of the Men who worship the Eyes of their *Emperor*. And then it will be time to give a due Character of him to the *Ministers* of the *Porte*: Wherein thou wilt have many Opportunities to perform the Office of a Kinsman and Friend. Those of the same *Blood*, ought thus to serve one another with Integrity and Affection: For in so doing we help ourselves, strengthen the Interest of our Family, and shall find Returns in Time of Need. As thou hast receiv'd Favour from *Kerker Hassan Bassa*, on the Score of being his Countryman; so there is greater Reason that thou should'st shew Kindness to *Iseuf* who partakes of our Blood.

There arises a vast Complacency from doing good Offices, tho' to a Stranger, or even to an Enemy. Man is naturally generous, and he has debauch'd his Soul, who acts contrary to this Principle. Yet the greatest part of Men are degenerated. They pursue *Lions*, *Tygers*, *Bears*, and such like *ravenous* Beasts with inexorable Hatred and Revenge; they bear secret Antipathies against *Spiders*, *Toads*, *Serpents*, and other venomous Creatures; and yet they are all these Things, or worse themselves. Ever since *Astræa* abandon'd the Earth, there has been a strange *Metamorphosis* in our Race; Men have for the most part forsaken their Humanity, and chang'd Nature with the *Savages*. Nay, we transcend them in

whatsoever is cruel and vicious: As if our *Reason* were given us only to teach us the most refined Methods of Impiety, and to be a more exquisite Spur to Vice.

Isouf has presented me with solid Observations of this Kind in his Travels, especially in *Africk*: He says, that *Region* is not more prolifick of strange and horrible *Beasts*, than it is of *monstrous Men*, *Brutes*, and *Devils* in *human Shape*. And tho' he relates some fair Things of the *Indians*, and other People in *Asia*, yet they are intermix'd with tragical Reports, and mournful Memoirs; such as stain the *History* of our *Race*, and make it evident, that it is hard to meet with one good Man among ten thousand. The whole World is over-run with Oppression, Cruelty, Avarice, Perfidy and Lust.

He relates strange Things of the *Antiquities* of *Egypt*. He calls it the only *Scene* of Wonders and Miracles on Earth. Indeed this *Country* was very famous among all *Nations* for the Wisdom and Learning of her *Priests*; who, in the *first Ages* of the *World*, understood all the Secrets of the *Elements*, the Virtues of *Plants* and *Minerals*, and were perfectly vers'd in the *Science* of the *Stars* and *Spirits*, and in all manner of *mysterious* Knowledge. They were said to make *Statues* and *Images* that could speak, walk, run, and counterfeit all human Actions. They were also exquisite in making miraculous *Talismans* and *Mirrors*, with any kind of *magical* Work, whereby they kept the People, and even the Princes in a profound Awe and Veneration of their prodigious Knowledge and Power, and likewise defended their Country against all *Invaders*. For no sooner did an Enemy appear with his Armies on the *Frontiers* of *Egypt*, but these Priests had present Intimation of it by their secret Art, even in their Chambers, perhaps at a hundred Leagues Distance. Then by their Enchantments, they either caus'd

caus'd Fire to consume them in their Camps, or turned their Swords one against another, or sent an Army of *wing'd Serpents* to destroy them. So that for many Ages no *King* ever prosper'd that fought against the *Egyptians*.

But let not thou and I, dear Brother, suffer our Reason to degenerate, by giving Credit to Fictions and Romances, tho' vouch'd by some of our Countrymen, such as *Morat Alzeman*, *Eb'n Abdalhokm*, and others.

He also tells many remarkable Passages of the *Pyramids* of *Caire*, the overflowing of the *Nile*, the *Mummies*, and other Things which I have not now Time to rehearse; but in another Letter I will gratify thee with a more ample Account of his Observations.

In the mean Time, live thou to enjoy the Fruits of thy own *Travels* in the *East*; which if it matches not the *South* in *Prodigies* and *stupendous Inventions*; yet it surpasses both it, and all the rest of the World, in *Justice* and *Morality*.

Paris, *17th of the 11th Moon, of the Year* 1655.

LETTER XIV.

To Ismael Kaidar, Cheik, *a* Man *of the* Law.

THOU hast the Character and Fame of a great *Historian*; a Man of Intelligence both in the *Records* of *past Times*, and the Transactions of the *Present*: Therefore the Name of *Christina*, late *Queen* of *Sweden*, cannot be strange to thee. I doubt not but thou hast heard of this *Princess*, so celebrated

throughout the Earth for her Learning, and other noble Accomplishments; and how she voluntarily resign'd the *Crown* to one of her Kinsmen. But, perhaps, thou knewest not the true Motives which induc'd her to this *Royal Caprice*: For it deserves no better Name, as thou wilt understand by the Sequel.

Her Father, who for his successful Wars, and perpetual Victories was call'd the *Great Gustave*, dying, left her in the entire Possession of his *Kingdom* and *new Conquests* in *Germany*. But during the Time of her Reign, *Piementelli*, the *Spanish* Ambassador at *Stockholm*, by daily conversing with this Great *Queen*, us'd such plausible Insinuations, as prevail'd on her to have a more favourable Opinion of the *Pope* and his Religion, than she had before entertained: For all the *Swedes* are educated in an Aversion for those of the *Roman Faith*. I need not explain to thee these Distinctions of *Belief* among the *Nazarenes*; thou art vers'd in their *History*, as well as in our own. Suffice it to say, that this Ambassador possess'd *Christina* with so fair an *Idea* of the *Catholick Religion*, that she abandon'd her *Crown*, and has ever since been a *Queen Errant*, a *Royal Rambler* through *Europe*, being resolved to make Experiment of the Generosity of *Catholick Princes*, whose Vertue *Piementelli* had so highly extoll'd.

'Twould be a Work of seven *Moons* for the most industrious *Scribe* to relate all the particular Magnificences with which she has been entertain'd in her Travels through *Germany*, *Flanders*, *Alsace*, *Inspruck*, *Italy* and *Rome*, where she now resides. Every *Prince* of the *Roman Church*, through whose Territories she pass'd, was ambitious to appear Prodigal of his Favours and Civilities to their *illustrious Stranger*: Perhaps to evade the Lashes of her Wit, which, they say, is very *Satyrical*. Or it may be for other Reasons more forcible and poignant. Be it how

it

it will, the *Roman Wits* have not spar'd her, as thou wilt perceive by the following Verses, which on the first Day of the *Moon* of *January* were found in the Hand of *Pasquin*, and on the *Portal* of the *Palace Farneſe*, where ſhe reſides.

Pazza, Gobba, & Zoppa viene dal Norte,
Del Monarcha Invitto l' indegna Figlia,
Mentre Pologna Gente & ſi Scompigia,
A vane Pompe Rome apre le Porte:
Contra queſti Applauſi l' ungrida forte,
Et in baſſe Note l' altro bis Biglia,
Corre la Seioca Genti, alza le ciglia,
Ride Paſquin del Papa, & della Corte.
Su ſu venite voi Ruffiani Snelli,
Et portate a Chriſtina 'ſtravagante,
Di venere il Scetro ne i Pazzrelli:
Vuol parar dotta, & è rozza Pedante,
E in Braccio a mangia-or di Ravanelli,
Vuol parer caſta, & è Putana Errante.

I ſend thee theſe Verſes in the Original, knowing thou art a *Critick* in the *Italian* Language; beſides, they will not ſound ſo well in *Arabick*. Thou that haſt been in *Rome*, know'ſt what *Paſqain* is, and art no Stranger to the Humours of that City.

Let not *Lampoons* of moroſe *Italians* abate thy Charity for this renowned *Princeſs*: But let her Extravagancies be an Argument of the Greatneſs of her Soul; and remember the old *Roman Proverb* which ſays, *There's no ſurpaſſing Genius, without ſome Mixture of Madneſs.*

Paris, 30*th of the* 1*ſt Moon,*
of the Year 1656.

LETTER XV.

To the same.

HAving the Space of an Hour before the *Post* goes, I could not forbear to inform thee of a new Star which lately appear'd in these Parts, moving in a direct Line from *East* to *North*. The *Astronomers* have made accurate Observations of it, and yet are at a Loss what to conclude. Some say, 'tis below the *Moon*, others places it in the *Sphere* of the *fixed Stars*. One will have it a *Meteor*; a second affirms it to be a *Planet*; whilst the *Jews* report every where, that 'tis the Star of *Jacob*, and a Sign that their *Messias* is at Hand.

Nathan Ben Saddi, one of that Nation at *Vienna*, sends me strange Stories concerning the *Prodigies* which shall go before and accompany the Appearance of the *Deliverer* of *Israel* (as he calls him.)

He says there shall speedily come a Sort of People from the uttermost Parts of the *Earth*, of a black and horrible Aspect, so that whoever shall but cast an Eye on any of them, shall immediately die, as by the Glance of a *Basilisk*. For every one of them shall have two Heads, and seven Eyes, glowing and sending forth Sparks of Fire as poisonous as the Flashes of the Wind *El-Samiel* in *Arabia*. They shall also be swift as *Stags*. And about the same Time, an extraordinary Heat shall flow from the *Sun*, which being dispers'd through the *Elements* shall corrupt the Air, Earth, and Waters, and infect all this lower World with such *pestilential* Qualities, that a Million of *Gentiles* (for so the *Jews* call all that are not of their own *Nation*) shall Die every Day. And Men shall be in so great Consternation, that they shall run up and down the Streets crying, *Wo, Wo to us and our Children!* They shall dig their own Graves, and go down into them of their own

own accord, expecting Death. But that all this Time, the *Jews* shall be in Safety and Health.

This *Hebrew* adds, that the Light of the *Sun* shall be totally extinguish'd for the Space of thirty Days; during which horrible Darkness, the *Christians* and *Mahometans* shall acknowledge their Errors, and many of them shall embrace the *Law* of *Moses*; for which God being mov'd to Mercy, will restore that *Planet* again to its former Brightness.

But what he says next, is an unhappy *Presage* to the *Romans*, whose *Empire*, according to this *Tradition*, shall be extended over all the *Regions* of the Earth for the Space of nine *Moons*. After which Term, God shall send the first *Messias*, the Son of *Joseph*, who shall gather the dispers'd *Tribes* of *Israel*, and conduct them to *Jerusalem*; From whence he shall issue forth, with a victorious Army, and lay waste the *Roman Empire*, sack *Rome* itself, and carry away the immense Riches of the *Christians* to *Jerusalem*; and the very Fear of him shall reduce all *Nations* to his Obedience. He shall fight with *Armillai Harascha*, the *Antichrist* of the *Christians*, and shall destroy Two hundred thousand of *Armillai*'s Flowers; but in the End shall be slain himself, and the good *Angels* shall transport his Body to the *Apartment* of the *Fathers*.

The *Jews* hold, That this *Armillai* shall spring out of an *Image* of the *Virgin Mary* in *Rome*, made of *Marble*, with which the most Wicked and Profligate among Men shall be enamour'd, and commit the most execrable Uncleanness that can be named. The Result of these *adulterous* Congresses shall be, That the Statue, by a *supernatural Power*, shall prove *Impregnate*; and cleaving asunder, shall be deliver'd of this young *Antichrist*, who is to vex and persecute the *Jews*, and afflict them with greater Calamities than either *they* or their *Fathers* felt since the *Beginning* of the *World*. They shall be forc'd to flee

into the *Desarts*, and hide themselves in the Dens and Caves of the Earth, living only on the Grass and Herbage, with the Leaves of Trees, till the great *Michael* the *Archangel* shall thrice wind his *Horn*. Then shall the Second *Messias*, the Son of *David*, with *Elias* the Prophet appear, who shall rescue 'em out of all their Troubles, and lead them triumphant to *Paradise*.

This is the Sum of what *Nathan* and all the *Jews* believe concerning the *Last Times*, which they say are now approaching: As is evident by the Rising of this *New Star*, accompany'd with terrible Thunders and Lightnings. And the chief Patriarch or Prince of the *Jews* is come from *Jerusalem* to *Vienna*, to prepare those of his Nation in the *Western* Parts for the *Grand Revolutions* which they believe are ready to fall out in the World. All the *Jews* in that City went out a League to meet him, with great Pomp and Solemnity.

In the mean while, I hear that the Son of the late *Vizir Azem* makes a Confusion amongst you at *Constantinople*, and the Parts adjacent, being at the Head of Fifty thousand Men, on Pretence to revenge the Death of his Father, but really to recover his ravish'd *Mistress*, the fair *Soltana Zamiouvre*, who was forc'd from his *Seraglio* by the *Grand Seignior*'s Command. *Women* and *Wine*, according to the *Proverb* of the *Franks*, make all the Disturbance in the World. And without calling to Remembrance the *Trojan Wars*, the unhappy Effects of *Helena*'s Perfidy, we may conclude, that Women are the Occasions of many Quarrels among us.

There is a *Peace* lately concluded between the *French* and the New *English Commonwealth*: By which means, the exil'd *King* of the *Scots* was forced to depart from this *Realm*, which has been his *Sanctuary* for many Years. He went away at the Beginning of the *Treaty*, and has wander'd up and

and down *Germany* ever since; sometimes keeping a Court like a King, at other Times living *incognito*, and very privately, with only two or three Attendants. That poor Prince is very unfortunate; yet, they say, he bears his Calamity with singular Moderation, and a certain Royal Stiffness of Mind, which will rather break than bend.

This Pope is a great Peace-maker, and has sent *Nuncio*'s with Letters to all the Princes of *Christendom* within the *Pale* of the *Roman Church*, earnestly persuading them to Unity and Friendship, that so their Arms may be turn'd against the *Mussulmans*. His *Predecessor* was of another Sentiment, and would not intermeddle with the Quarrels of any. One Day as he was looking out of a Window of his *Palace* with some *Cardinals*, they espied two Men a fighting in the Street; whereupon they desir'd the *Holy Father* to interpose his Authority, and command Peace. But he refus'd, saying, "Let them fight it out and "then they'll be good Friends of course. And turning to the *Spanish* Ambassador, he said, "So will it fare "with your Master and the King of *France*; when "they have sufficiently wearied one another with Wars "they will gladly embrace the Proposals of Peace.

Here is great Rejoicing for the Reconciliation newly made between the King and his Uncle the Duke of *Orleans*, who have been estranged a long Time, the latter having espoused the Prince of *Conde*'s Cause. But now he has abandon'd it, and is come to the Court.

These Infidels are as inconstant as the Winds, which vary to all the Points of the Compass.

Paris, 30th of the 1st Moon, so the Year 1656.

LETTER XVI.

To Solyman *his* Couſin, *at* Scutari.

I See thou art given over to a Spirit of Diſcontent. Nothing can pleaſe thee. Thou murmureſt at *Providence*, and caſteſt Obloquies on the Ways of GOD: As if the Order of all Things, and the eſtabliſh'd *Oeconomy* of the *Univerſe*, muſt be changed to gratify thy Humour.

Formerly thou wert troubled with dull melancholy Thoughts about *Religion*: Now thou art angry with thy *Trade*, and pineſt that thou wert not educated in the *Academy*. A *mechanick* Life, thou ſay'ſt, is tedious and irkſome; beſides that it is beneath one of thy *Blood* to be always employ'd in making of *Turbants*. Thou wiſheſt rather to have been a *Courtier*, *Soldier*, or any thing, ſave what thou art.

Couſin, let not Pride and Ambition corrupt thy Manners. Doſt thou not conſider, that all true Believers are obliged to exerciſe ſome *manual* Occupation, and that the *Sultan* himſelf is not exempted from this Duty? Did not the Prophet himſelf practiſe it, and enjoin it to all his Followers? Haſt thou not heard of his Words, when he ſaid, *No Man can eat any Thing ſweeter in this World, than what is acquir'd by his own Labour*. Doubtleſs, all the *Prophets* and *holy Men* have gained their Bread by their lawful Employments. Adam *was a Gardener*, Abel *a Shepherd*, Seth *a Weaver*, Enoch *a Taylor*, Noah *a Ship-wright*, Moſes, Saguib *and* Mahomet *were Shepherds*; Jeſus *the Son of* Mary *a Carpenter*, Abu-Becre, Omar, Othman, Gali *and* Gabdorachaman *were Merchants*.

Do'ſt thou eſteem thyſelf of better Blood than *Adam*, from whom thou receiveſt thine? For Shame prefer not thyſelf to *Noah*, the *Reſtorer* of *Man-*

Mankind, to *Jesus* the *Messias*, to *Mahomet* our holy Law-giver, and to the rest of those excellent Persons who thought it no Contempt to work at their several *Trades*, and eat the *Bread* of their own Labours.

Besides, dost thou consider the dangerous Intrigues of a *Prince's Court?* Art thou sufficiently arm'd with Wit and Dexterity, to secure thy Station against the wily Trains of designing Men? I do not Reproach thy Abilities: Yet I think thou wilt do better in the *Post* allotted thee by Destiny; that is, in thy proper calling, than in the perilous Condition of those who stand or fall at the Pleasure of others. Whereas thou art now thy own Man, and needest fear no Tempests of State, or Frowns of thy Prince, so long as thou pursuest none but thy private Affairs. Many Sovereign *Monarchs* have envied such as thee, when they have seen how cheerfully and quietly they pass away their Time, under the *Umbrella* of an obscure and private Life: Whereas at the Court there is nothing but Intriguing, Plotting and Treachery; one undermining another, to make Way for their own Advance. The Court is a perfect Theatre of Fraud, Dissimulation, Envy, Malice, and a thousand Vices, which there act their various Parts under the Habit and Disguise of seeming Virtues. There a Man must flatter the Great, and speak against his own Sense, and the Truth, to procure the Favour of some dignify'd Fool: Than which nothing is more ignoble and base.

This puts me in mind of a pleasant Repartee, which *Diogenes* the Philosopher gave to a Courtier. The Spark passing by *Diogenes* as he sat in a Tub eating of Turneps, puts this Scoff upon him, *Diogenes*, said he, *If thou wou'dst but learn the Art of Flattery, thou need'st not set here in a Tub, scranching of Roots.* To whom the *Philosopher* reply'd, *And thou vain-glorious Man, if thou wouldst but learn to live contented*

with

with my homely Fare, need'st not condescend to the Fawning of a Spaniel.

But *Cousin*, let not this Passage cause thee to emulate the *Philosopher*'s Manner of Life, for he had his *Vices*, as well as other Men. If he was no Flatterer, yet he was proud and opiniative: He laid Trains for the Applause of Men in all his Actions, and so taught others to become Flatterers, though he was none himself. All his pretended Humility, Mortification, and Rigour, were but so many Decoys for Fame. Of this *Plato* was sensible, who was a far more excellent *Philosopher* than he. As this *Sage* was one Day walking with some of his Friends in the Fields, they shew'd him *Diogenes* standing up to the Chin in Water, whose *Superficies* was frozen over, saving one Hole that *Diogenes* had made for himself: *Pub*, says *Plato*, *Don't regard him, and he'll soon be out: For had he not seen us coming this Way, he wou'd not have put himself to this Pain.* Another Time this *Philosopher* came to *Plato*'s House, and as he walked on the rich *Carpets* with which the Floor of the Hall was covered: *See*, said *Diogenes*, *how I trample on* Plato's *Pride.* Yes, said *Plato*, *but with greater Pride.*

Certainly, the greatest *Philosophers*, *Doctors*, and even *Saints* themselves, have their Errors and Failings. Do not therefore affect to change thy *Calling*, for the Life of a *Student* or a contemplative Man. For the same Discontent will still haunt thee in that State, which makes thee so uneasy now: Thou art a perfect Stranger to the intolerable Anguish of Mind which afflicts *Thinking* Men, and such as apply themselves to the Study of the *Sciences*. They labour under a perpetual thirst of Knowledge, and the more they learn, the greater and more ardent is their Desire of farther Discoveries So that the most accomplish'd *Sages* are no more satisfy'd with their own Acquisitions, than he who has never meddled with *Books*.

Then

Then as to their Bodies, they are always vexed with one Malady or other, proceeding from the violent Agitation of their Spirits, the Intenseness of their Thoughts, perpetual poring upon *Books*, and their sedentary Life.

In all that I have said, I do not dissuade thee from seeking after Knowledge, I rather counsel thee to read *Books*, and I gave thee the same Advice in a former Letter: But do it with Moderation. Let not thy Studies intrench on the Affairs of thy *Calling*. Read *Histories*, or other *Tracts* according to thy Fancy, when thou hast nothing else to do. But do not follow it so close, as if thou aspired'st to the Character of a compleat *Historian* or *Philosopher*. Still remember, that thou art a *Turbant Maker*, and that by the *Decrees* of *Fate* thou art born for this Business. Follow it with Alacrity and Mirth. When thou art at thy Work, 'twill be pleasant meditating on what thou hast read at thy spare Hours. Thou wilt find thy self much more happy, in thus mixing Studies with the necessary Offices of thy *Trade*, than in abandoning thy self wholly to a contemplative Life. And in the midst of thy Disgusts, thou may'st comfort thy self with this Reflexion, that thou art of none of the most despicable *Callings*, which serve the Necessities of Man's Body. Had thy Employment been only to make *Papouches* or *Sandals*, which cover the Feet, it might have been an Argument of Discontent to thee, in regard the Foot is the most contemptible Member in the Body. But now thou passest thy Time in making Ornaments for the Head, which is the noblest part, and Commander of all the rest, thou hast no Reason to repine.

If, after all, thou resolvest to change thy Course of Life, I advise thee to turn *Soldier*, for then thou must be contented and patient *per force*.

Paris, 13*th of the* 4*th Moon*, *of the Year*, 1656.

LET-

LETTER XVII.

To Melec Amet.

THE *Nazarenes* boaſt much of the new *Converts* they have made from the *Muſſulmans Law* to the *Faith* of *Jeſus* the Son of *Mary*. On the 23d of the laſt *Moon*, a *Moor* of *Tripoli* was baptiz'd in a *Church* of this City; and the next Day he was *anointed* with their *Chriſm* or *Holy Oil* (as they call it) which they ſay has a Vertue to confirm and ſtrengthen him in his new *Religion*. On the 25th he was cloath'd all in white *Linen*, and walk'd in Proceſſion through the Streets with *Muſick* playing before 'em, whilſt the Ground was ſtrewed with *Flowers*. When he arrived at the great *Moſch* of this City, a *Prieſt* gave him that which they eſteem the *Body* of the *Meſſias*; but in reality is only a *Wafer* with the *Figure* of a Man *crucify'd* on it. Theſe *Wafers* are made and ſold to the *Prieſts* by the common *Bakers* of the Town, and yet they make the poor ignorant People believe, with *four Words* they can change 'em into an *immortal God*.

The *Renegado Moor* appears very zealous and devout, frequenting the *Temples*; and viſiting all *holy Places*. He walks along the Streets with *Beads* in his Hand, which the People interpret as an Argument of his Piety to the *Virgin Mary*, the Mother of *Jeſus*. For when they pray to her, it is the Cuſtom to number their *Oraiſons* on *Beads*. But all this while they conſider not that he may be an *Hypocrite* as to their *Religion*, and inſtead of addreſſing his *Prayers* to her, may direct them to GOD alone; as all the true *Frithful* do, who uſe *Beads* in rehearſing the *divine Ejaculations* as well as the *Chriſtians* in repeating their *Ave Maria*, which they ſay was the *Salutation* that *Gabriel* gave the *Virgin*, when he enter'd her *Oratory*.

Be

Be it how it will, he gets abundance of Money by his *Devotion:* For the *Franks* are really very charitable, and give plentiful *Alms* to the *Poor:* but especially to one under his Circumstances they are extremely liberal, that so they may imprint in him a more fervent Affection, and profound Reverence for their *Religion.*

But he is not the only *Convert* they brag of. Many *Captives* they either wheedle, or force to turn *Christians* Thus, he that was taken at Sea by the Ships of *Malta* twelve Years ago, when it was reported through *Christendom* that he was the *Grand Seignior*'s Son, is of late turn'd *Christian* and *Friar*, having solemnly and in Publick abjur'd the *Mussulman Law*, curs'd our *Holy Prophet*, and all those of his *Race*, with the *Believers* of the *Alcoran.* He is like to come to great *Preferments* in the *Roman Church:* They call him the *Ottoman Father*; and boast that the *true Heir* of the *Turkish Empire* is a *Christian*, and in their Custody.

Yet after all, the *Proselyte* of greatest Fame is *Don Philippo*, the Son of the *Bey* of *Tunis*, of whom I made mention in one of my former Letters. This *Prince* is now at *Valentia*, under the King of *Spain*'s Jurisdiction, who allows him a considerable *Pension*, and has given him leave to marry a *Princess* of that *Country*, very beautiful and ingenious, but of a poor Fortune: He has one Son by her. 'Tis said, the *King* of *Spain* designs to set forth a mighty *Fleet* of *Ships*; and having furnish'd this *Prince* with all Things necessary for a warlike Expedition, will send him thus equip'd to claim the *Government* of *Tunis*; or in case of Denial, to make a Descent in that *Kingdom* and fight for it. But I believe this will only prove a *Spanish Rodomontade*, that *Monarch* having Work enough cut out for him in *Europe* and *America* by the *French* and *English*, to divert him from any such wild Enterprize on *Africk.* However it be

the

this *Don Philippo* is much talk'd of in *Christendom*, and the *Spaniards* flatter themselves with the Hopes of Conquering a great Part of *Barbary* by his Means, he having many Friends, and a considerable Interest in those *Parts*.

Thou may'st acquaint the *Divan*, that *Osman* the *Dwarf* is still living, and serves the *Porte* with a secret and untainted Zeal. Two Days ago he discovered a cunning Practise of *Cardinal Mazarini*, whose Motions and Intrigues he watches very narrowly. He assures me, that this *Minister* has dispatched away two *Agents* to the *King* of *Sweden* and *Elector* of *Brandenburg*, with a Letter to each of these *Princes* from the *King* of *France*, also with blank Papers, and the *King*'s *Seal*, giving them Instructions to fill up those *Blanks*, and seal them with the *King*'s *Signet*, according as they found the *Treaty* go forward between those *Princes*. The main Design of this Trick being to hinder them from entring into a *League* against the *King* of *Poland*, by all the Artifice these *Agents* could use, in exactly timing and suiting their counterfeit Letters, to the Difficulties and Misunderstandings that always happen in such *Treaties*, that so they may exasperate each *Party* against the other, as occasion offer'd, without being obliged to send to *France* for fresh Letters, which would breed too much Delay, and spoil their Design.

By this thou may'st perceive, that *Cardinal Mazarini* comes not short of his Predecessor *Richelieu*, in managing the Affairs of *Foreign Courts*. He is the very *Soul* of all the grand Business in *Christendom*.

A general Heart-burning has possess'd the *French*, especially the Inhabitants of *Paris*, ever since the Conclusion of the last Year, when the *King* issued out certain *Orders*, commanding that all the Gold and Silver-money in the *Kingdom* should be brought into

into his *Mint* to be new coin'd. The *Merchants* first complain'd of this *Edict*; and then it was murmur'd at by all the Trading People. At length the *Parliament* of *Paris* took it into their Consideration, and oppos'd the *King*'s Pleasure: Upon which he banished eight of their *Members*, and has several Times prohibited them to assemble; yet they persisted to meet, till he banished more of them: Which instead of awing them into the expected Compliances, has but incens'd 'em more: And the discontented *Clergy* blow up the Coals, as do likewise the Friends of the *Prince* of *Conde*. The *Parliament* are very bold and peremptory in their Proceedings, having expressly forbid the Citizens of *Paris* to obey the *King*'s Order, and decreed that nothing shall be done in their *Assembly*, till the banish'd *Senators* be recall'd.

Things being at this pass, we expect nothing but Insurrections, Massacres, and other Effects of popular Fury. The Rich are laying in vast Quantities of Corn and other Provisions, as if they expected a Siege. And the Poor fare the better for it, whilst great Largesses are given among them by the *Grandees* of the *Parliament*, to engage them in the *Faction*. Besides, thou knowest, the Multitude always delight in Novelty and State-Tempests, hoping for Plunder, and to enrich themselves by the Ruin of others.

I know not what Conduct is fittest for me to use in this Case. Whether it will be best for me to abide in this City, or follow the *Court*, which is now at *La Fere* in *Picardy*: Or, whether I should retire to some other Place, less liable to civil Disturbances. I wish the *Ministers* of the *Porte* would send me full Instructions, what I ought to do in these Emergencies.

From *Rome* we hear, that the *Pope* and *Cardinals* are in great Consternation on some Intelligence they have

have receiv'd, That the *Engliſh* intend to make a *Deſcent* on the *Territories* of the *Church*. That *Nation* is now become the *great Bug-bear* of all *Europe*, ſince they have molded themſelves into a *Common-wealth*.

Every *Kingdom* and *Empire* has a time to riſe, and another to fall. But who can determine the Period wherein the *Ottoman* Glory will decline, which is not yet advanc'd to its *Zenith*?

Paris, *27th of the 5th Moon, of the Year* 1656.

LETTER XVIII.

To Sedree Al' Giraw'n, *Chief Treaſurer to the* Grand-Seignior.

THY Vertues have at length raiſed thee to a glorious *Truſt*, the Charge of immenſe Wealth. Thou haſt in thy Cuſtody the Riches which cannot be match'd in the Univerſe. GOD inſpire thee with Graces ſuitable to a *Dignity* ſo full of Temptations. I hope thou wilt not be affronted at my Prayer, as was thy Predeceſſor *Kienan Baſſa*, at ſome Counſels of like Nature, which I gave him in a *Letter*. Some Men are ſtrangely cholerick, and look on thoſe as Enemies who give them good Advice. I only warned him of the ordinary Cheats that are practiſed at certain Times in the *Treaſury*, which thou know'ſt to be true, as well as I. And I tell thee farther, he himſelf was ſuſpected by many in the *Seraglio* not to have been altogether exempt from Guilt.

Whether he were or not, I perform'd but my Duty in giving him neceſſary Cautions. For, ſuch is the Will of my *Superiors*, that I ſhould not be afraid

afraid to unravel the Secrets of those that are false to the *Grand Seignior*. I did not charge him with such a Crime, and therefore he had no Reason to be angry: But some Men will pick a Quarrel with their own Shadows. In a Word, this *Grandee* forgot himself.

In saying so, I do not reflect on his *Original*, or that he was found sleeping on a Dunghil in *Russia*, a poor ragged Infant, when the *Tartars* took him captive, among many Thousands of others, in the Plunder of *Isinarow*, and sold 'em to the *Capa Agasi*, for thirteen *Piasters*, by Reason of his Beauty. I do not call to mind the Circumstances of his Youth; since 'tis common for the meanest Slaves to arrive at an extraordinary Grandeur by their Merits, or at least through the Favour of the *Sultan*.

But what I aim at is, that in his being disgusted at the Remonstrances I made of some private and sinister Practices in the *Treasury*, he forgot that he himself is still a *Slave* to the *Grand Seignior* as well as I, and therefore not above Instruction.

Well, it seems he is now made *Captain Bassa*, and thou succeedest him in the Office of *Treasurer*. To *him* I wish all imaginable Success and Victories at Sea, for the Sake of our *Great Master*, and the *Mussulman Empire*; to *thee*, for thy own Sake, and for my Brother's, whom I know thou wilt ever respect as a Friend, I wish Increase of Riches and Honours, even as thy Merits and Services augment in the Esteem of the *Sultan*, and of all the World.

And I tell thee, I have far livelier hopes to see this latter Wish take Effect than the former: For what Reason have we to expect better Luck from the Courage or Conduct of this *Ourcos Kienan*, than from the brave *Zorneian Mustapha*, who commanded the *Fleet* last Year?

This unhappy Thought has put me into as melancholy a Humour, as *Æneas* was in when the *Queen*

of

of *Carthage* required an Account of the *Trojan Wars*. For I have heard that *Cara Muſtapha Baſſa* ſucceeded *Zorneſan* in the Command of the *Fleet*, and in the Revolution of a *Moon* was made *Manſoul* again, for the ſake of *Kienan Baſſa*, or rather for the ſake of the licentious Soldiers, who it ſeems command all Things. I have been informed alſo of all the other *Tragedies* acted at the *Seraglio*, ſince the ſecond *Moon* of this Year. Neither are the Cauſes and Origin of ſo much Slaughter and Blood-ſhed hid from me. 'Tis too apparent, that there is an univerſal Diſorder and Corruption in the Diſcipline of the *Janizaries*.

I formerly wrote to the *Kiaya Bey* on this Account. But it ſeems Avarice, the Root of all Evil, had render'd him inſenſible and obdurate.

Is it not a Shame that the Pay of thoſe who ſerve the *Grand Seignior* in the Wars, ſhould be detain'd not three or four *Moons*, but five or ſix *Years*, by their corrupt *Officers*? They ſit at home enjoying their Eaſe, revelling in Taverns, and committing a thouſand Riots; whilſt the others undergo numberleſs Fatigues abroad, and are reduced to the extremeſt Neceſſities, not having ſo much as the Veſts allow'd 'em by the *Sultan*, to cover their Nakedneſs! And if they complain of their Sufferings, inſtead of Redreſs, they meet with nothing but Taunts and Reproaches, as if they were not worthy to eat the *Sultan*'s Bread and Salt, though they freely hazard their Lives for him. It is no wonder, the *Janizaries* are ſo unbridled in their Rage, after ſo many Provocations.

Yet I cannot but lament the Fate of thoſe unfortunate Men, who were ſacrificed to the Fury of that inſolent *Militia*: Eſpecially I condole the Loſs of the brave *Solyman Kyzlyr Aga*. The *Janizaries* had an old Grudge againſt him, ever ſince his hot Di pute

Dispute with the *Bostangi Bassa*, and now they were resolved to execute their Revenge.

As for the *Kiaya Bey*, it seems to be a Stroak of *divine* Justice, that he who had been the Cause of all this Mutiny, should in Remorse strangle himself, and so go to *Hell*, as an Expiation for the many Lives he had cast away.

And there's little less to be said, in respect of the *Mufti* who was the Chief of those that betray'd their Master, *Sultan Ibrahim*. To tell thee my true Resentments, I am heartily sorry for all the Rest: But to those who were concern'd in that Treason, there seems no Pity due. And the *Mufti* may thank GOD and his good Stars, that his Life went not with the Others. They report here, he is fled into *Egypt*.

But what was that *Gelep Assan*, who headed this Rabble of Mutineers? I have heard nothing of him, before the Intelligence I receiv'd of his sudden Rise, and equally precipitate Fall, during this Tumult. He was, I suppose, some passionate Fool, of an ill contriv'd Midriff, which us'd to make a Quarrel between his Heart and his Spleen: And from this intestine Broil, he habitually learn'd the Way to set People together by the Ears. A popular Man, an Incendiary, and one that knew how to wheedle the Vulgar to his own Ruin. Who can give an Account of these Things? Or, who can unravel the Web of Destiny? Though there's nothing strange in his particular Case, yet in the General 'tis prodigious, that such little Instruments should be able to give so terrible a Shock to the Frame of an ancient and mighty Government!

He was a Man of no Fame or Character, and yet for the space of two *Moons*, he may be said to command the greatest *Sovereign* in the World, sole Proprietor of Fame and Honour. And had he push'd on his Interest, 'tis not improbable, but that he might

might have exalted himself above his Master, and secured his Post against all After-claps. For according to my Intelligence, he had, during the Sedition, heap'd together prodigious Sums of Money, the Presents of *Bassa*'s, and other *Ministers* of the *Porte*, who all ador'd this new rising *Comet*, and sought his Protection and Favour against the barbarous Rabble. But it seems he was infatuated with too much Glory, and consider'd not that every Body watch all Opportunities and Occasions to ruin him: And that his very Followers would be the first to betray him, as soon as the Hurry of their *Insurrection* was over. This generally happens to all *Ringleaders* of *Parties*. When once the Spirits of a Faction are spent, the *Lees*, (which consist of Regret and Confusion) are discharged on those who first fermented them, mix'd with the Revenge of the State.

There are abundance of great and Brave Men gone: But the old *Negidber* was of their Council, and he brought them to Ruin, as he did the *Coreis* of *Mecca*, when they conspired against the Life of the Prophet. This Devil enter'd the *Temple* (where they were assembled) in the Shape of an ancient Man, decrepid and leaning on a Crutch: And when he was commanded to withdraw, he told them, *He was a Senior, who had seen all Ages, and remark'd the Occurrences of Time; that he was expert in unfolding Secrets, and rendring difficult Things easy.* In a Word, he used so many plausible Insinuations, that they admitted him in into their Assembly. But none of their Counsels prosper'd.

That malicious *Dæmon* is often present in the Cabals of seditious Men; and though they see him not, yet he secretly undermines their Plots, and brings 'em to Shame and Punishment. For he is the Spirit of *Envy*; and though he be himself a Rebel, and the *Ringleader* of a *Faction* in the *Kingdom* of the

Air,

Air; yet such is his spightful Nature, that he seldom suffers any Rebellion to thrive on Earth: Not for any Love that he bears to *Government*, but because he delights to be active in Mischief, be it where it will; and the *Guardian Spirits* will not suffer him to mix with the establish'd *Divans* of an *Empire*.

The All-good GOD preserve thee from the Malice of wicked *Dæmons* that always hover about Treasures of *Gold* and *Silver*.

Paris, *22d of the 7th Moon,*
of the Year 1656.

LETTER XIX.

To the same.

THE Troubles of the *Sublime Port* touch'd me so nearly, and embark'd my Soul in such a Tempest of sollicitous Thoughts and Anxieties for the Honour and Safety of the *Osman Empire*, that I had no Leisure to think of my own particular Hazards, whilst I was writing the other Letter. Yet I have been engulph'd in abundance of vexatious Circumstances and perilous Accidents.

It generally happens, that when one Misfortune befals a Man, it brings a Train along with it. So that at some Seasons we seem to be besieged with Evils, or at least so closely block'd up by an Army of Calamities, that there is no Passage left open either for Relief or Intelligence.

So has it fared with me of late, and with thousands of others, I doubt not, in this populous City. The Rebellion of the Prince of *Conde* is the Occasion of all this. For the King having some Reasons to apprehend a secret Conspiracy of the Prince's Friends and Well-wishers in *Paris* and other

Places, has caused a very severe Scrutiny to be made of all Strangers and Sojourners. The *Soubashi*'s or *Officers* go to every House within their Precinct, taking down the Names of all the Inhabitants in writing, and seizing the Persons of those whom they suspect. The Prisons are fill'd with People of all Ranks, and the Nobles are sent to the *Castle* in the *Wood* of *Vinciennes*. 'Tis said, the King has a List of many Thousands of *Conde*'s Party in *Paris*, who design'd, on a prefix'd Day, to take up Arms for that Prince, and that their Example would have been follow'd all over the Kingdom.

GOD knows what is in the Hearts of these *Infidels*: I am sure *Mahmut* is wholly a Stranger to their Plots. Tho' last Year I receiv'd certain Instructions from the *Vizir Azem*, commanding me to act secretly in the Prince of *Conde*'s Behalf, to abet the *Faction*, and use all the Endeavours and Art I could, to raise a new Party for him among the Courtiers. But I wav'd so dangerous an Employment, by proposing to him the vast Expences it would require, and the Necessity of sending some extraordinary Embassy to this Court to Countenance the Business. To tell thee the Truth, I esteem'd it a Thing impracticable, and a mere Caprice of that active *Bassa*, who had a natural Kindness for Rebels, and delighted to have a Hand in difficult Undertakings, whether there was any Likelihood of Success or not.

But he is dead, and let that atone for all his Rebellions, when he had the Command of *Aleppo*. I love not to load the departed Souls with Accusations. What I have to say is in my own Vindication, who could not approve his *politick Chimæra*: In regard, had it succeeded, no Profit or Advantage would from thence arise to the *Ottoman Empire*: And had it been discover'd, not only I, and all the Secrets of my Commission would have lain open to the *Infidels*, but also it would have been an eternal Dishonour and

Blemish

Blemish to the high resplendent *Porte*, to be found guilty of violating, in so notorious a manner, the Faith it had given to the most antient and puissant Monarchy among the *Nazarenes*.

Besides, I know not but this Minister had a private Grudge against me, for accusing him formerly to the *Divan*, when he held Correspondence with the *Venetians*: And that he studied this Way to be revenged, by employing me in an Affair which must needs be my Ruin. However, I think I had Reason to be cautious and apprehensive of the worst. This made me dispatch to him a Letter full of specious Umbrages, seeming to approve his Design, but entangling it with such Difficulties, as would divert him from farther Thoughts of it.

Yet after all, I have been really brought into Danger, on the bear Suspicion of being concern'd on the Prince of *Conde*'s side; by which thou may'st guess at the Consequence had I hearken'd to the *Vizer*'s Advice.

One Morning early the Officers appointed for this Purpose enter'd my Chamber: And having demanded my Name, Business and Quality, I answer'd, 'My 'Name was *Titus Durlach Nieski*; but that for 'shortness, and to denote my Country, I was com-'monly call'd, *Titus* the *Moldavian*; and that by 'this Name I was well known to *Cardinal Mazarini*, 'as I had been to his Predecessor *Richelieu*, and other 'Courtiers of great Quality. I told them likewise, 'That I was a Clerk, who understood some foreign 'Languages, and therefore had been often employ'd 'by those *Cardinals*, in translating Books out of 'Greek and *Arabick* into *Latin* and *French*: For 'which Reason, being recommended by *Cardinal Ri-'chelieu*, I had been introduced into the Acquaintance 'of several Nobles, whose Children I taught those 'Languages: And that some of them had promised to 'make me Curate of St. *Stephen*'s Church, as soon as 'it was vacant.

They seem'd to be very well satisfied with what I said; but told me moreover, *They had a Commission to search my Lodgings for Arms and Treasonable Papers.*

It is impossible to express the Horror I was in, when I saw them go roundly to work, prying into every Corner, and searching my Trunks, Coffers, and even my Bed it self. Not that I had any Guilt upon me of concealing either Arms or Papers relating to this *Conspiracy*, but my Concern was for my Box of Letters to the Ministers of the *Porte*. As for Arms, they found no other but an old Sword, which I told them I travell'd with out of my own Country, and a Brace of Pistols for the same Use, to defend me from Robbers, Assassins, and other Injuries.

These Fellows seemed mightily pleas'd with the curious Workmanship of my Weapons, survey'd them all over, and having drawn my Sword out of the Scabbard, and made a Pass or two with it against the Wall, after the *French* Mode of Fencing, they put it up again, telling me, *They had no Authority to take these Arms from me, since they were necessary for my Defence.* But when they came to my Box of Letters, and saw them written in a strange Character, which none of them could read, they began to look on one another, and change their Countenance, as if there were some dangerous Matter contain'd in these Papers, and therefore writ in Cyphers.

They went aside to one End of the Chamber, whispering together, and nodding their Heads with all the Symptoms of Jealousy. At length, I interrupting them, said, "You need not, Gentlemen, be "concern'd about those Papers: They were left "with me by a Merchant-*Jew* of my Acquaintance, "and they are Letters of Correspondence between "him and some of his Brethren at *Rome*, *Venice*, "*Amsterdam*, and other Places in *Europe*. 'Tis there- "fore they are written in a Character which to you

"appears

" appears ſtrange, it being *Hebrew*, the *National* " Language of the *Jews*. They contain only Mat- " ters of Traffick, being Letters of Mart and Ex- " change: For you know the *Jews* are the greateſt " Merchants, Brokers, and Bankers in the World."

Theſe Words, with ſome Gold which I gave them, diſpers'd all their Suſpicions, clear'd up their cloudy Brows, and turn'd their Frowns into Smiles and complimental Addreſſes. They told me, *I was a very honeſt Man, and they would do me what Service they could.* So bid me adieu.

By this thou may'ſt ſee the mighty Power of that charming Metal, which commands all Things. For, whatever I could have ſaid without that had been inſignificant. But theſe *Idolaters* melted into an Indifference at the firſt Sight of glittering *Piſtoles*; and when I had once render'd them thus ductile, 'twas eaſie to frame them to the moſt devout Appearance of Reſpect and Friendſhip. They promiſed and ſwore no Hurt ſhould be done me.

But I knew the Fickleneſs of human Fidelity better than to repoſe any great Confidence in theſe Mens Words. As ſoon as they were gone, I convey'd my Letters to *Eliachim*, who could eaſily conceal them in any private Corner of his Houſe, deſiring him to furniſh me with ſome Letters of indifferent Concerns, written in *Hebrew*, that if theſe Searchers ſhould come again, and demand a ſecond View of my Box, perhaps with deſign to carry it to ſome Miniſter of State, I might have thoſe *Hebrew Diſpatches* ready to ſhew, which being put in the ſame Box, would not be known from the other by ſuch ignorant Fellows, to whom *Hebrew*, *Arabick*, and *Chineſe* were all alike, and ſo I ſhould be acquitted from all future Trouble of this Nature.

And this Event anſwer'd my Expectation: For within three Days the ſame Men came again, with others in their Company, pretending they had freſh

Warrants, and were sworn to be impartial. Wherefore I was forced to attend them, whilst they carried both me and my Box before a *Cadi* or *Judge*, who having examin'd me very strictly concerning my Name, Country, Religion, and other Matters, and seeming well satisfied with all my Answers, at last sent for a Priest well vers'd in the *Hebrew* Tongue, ordering him to peruse the Letters; which when he had done, he assur'd the *Cadi*, that there was not a Word in any of them relating to the State, being purely Matters of private Contracts and Bargains between Merchant-Correspondents with Bills of Lading, *&c.* So I had my Box of Sham-Letters restor'd to me again, and was honourably dismiss'd.

Yet, tho' this Storm was soon blown over, I was very near running on Rocks and Sands thro' the Persecution of thy Predecessor *Kienan-Bassa*, and *Kisur Dramelec*, with many others in the *Seraglio*: The first keeping from me the *Pension* allowed by the *Grand Seignior*; the second either sending me no Intelligence, or else baffling me with trifling News, nothing to the Purpose; the rest aspersing me to the Ministers of the *Divan*.

I desire thee to send me the Arrears that are behind for the Space of nineteen *Moons*, as thou wilt find in the *Register* of the *Hasna*. Had it not been for *Eliachim*, that honest *Jew*, I should have been ruin'd in this Place for want of Money.

I need not say more to thee, who know'st that *Gold* is the *Grand Talisman*, which works all the *Miracles* in the World.

Paris, *22th of the 7th Moon, of the Year* 1656.

The End of the Second Book.

LET-

LETTERS

Writ by a

SPY *at PARIS.*

VOL. V.

BOOK III.

LETTER I.

To Dgnet Oglou.

WHO can penetrate into the *myſterious Conduct* of *Deſtiny*: Whether God governs this World by the *Influence* of the *Stars*, or by the Miniſtry of *Spirits*, or by his own immediate Power? Or whether all Things did not proceed from *Chance*, and are ſtill ruled by the ſame? Be it how it will, there remains ſomething adorable. Even that *Chance* itſelf, ſuppoſing *Epicurus*'s Opinion true, is worthy of *Supreme Honours* and *Sacrifices*, which has, with ſuch exquiſite Luck, perform'd all the Parts of infinite Wiſdom, and Fore-

caſt, in forming and preſerving the *Univerſe*. Were I a Diſciple of that *Philoſopher*, every Morning when I beheld the riſing Sun, and at Mid-Day when I ſaw him climb the Meridian, and in the Evening when he takes his *Conge* of this upper World to viſit our *Antipodes*, would I with profoundeſt Veneration cry out, *O eternal Chance! O omnipotent Caſualty! O incomprehenſible Blindneſs! I adore thee, I burn Incenſe to thee, and do all Things which the duller ſort of Mortals think are only due to an All-wiſe, All-good, and an All-mighty* GOD. Thus would I addreſs to that infinite *Pell-Mell* of *Atoms*, could I believe with *Epicurus*, that from ſuch an inconceivable *Hurly-Burly*, proceeded all this admirable Beauty and Order which we behold.

Thou wilt perceive by this, that I am religiouſly diſpoſed; and rather than not adore ſome *Supreme Being*, I would make a *Deity* of that which to others is the Fountain of *Atheiſm*. And I think there is Reaſon on my Side. For let this World be produced how it will, whether by the caſual Concourſe of *Atoms*, or by the deliberate Act of an eternal Mind; whether it be eternally Self-exiſtent, according to the *Stoicks*, or be the genuine Reſult of the Divine Idea's, as the *Platoniſts* ſay; it is but juſt that we ſhould pay the moſt devout and grateful Acknowledgements to the Source of ſo many immenſe Prodigies and Wonders.

But then, what ſhall we ſay for all the *EVIL* that appears in the World? That there is ſuch a Thing as *EVIL* ſcatter'd up and down through all the Ranks of Beings, and as it were blended and rivetted in their very Eſſences, is manifeſt at firſt View; and every Man has his Share of this epidemical Contagion. But whence it proceeds who can inform me? I am not the firſt that have ask'd the Queſtion. Many Years ago the inquiſitive World was buſy in ſearching out the *Root* of *EVIL*. And

there

there were almoſt as many Opinions about it, as there were *Nations* on Earth.

Some aſſerted, that all *EVIL* came out of the *North*: Others derive it from the *South*; as if the two Poles were the Centres and native Seats of this Malady of the World. But theſe ſeem to be Men of ſhort Diſcourſe, and ſhallow Reaſon, ſupinely credulous, and willing to take up with any thing rather than be at the Pains of attentive Contemplation.

Yet this Opinion has ſo far prevail'd in theſe *Weſtern* Parts, that the *Nazarene* Prieſts, when they celebrate their *Maſs*, ſtand on the North-ſide of the *Altar* at the reading of the Goſpel, turning their Back to that Quarter of the World. And the Reaſon they give for this Ceremony is, becauſe in the *written Law* it is ſaid, *Out of the* North *comes all EVIL*. I have heard them ſeriouſly maintain this Argument. But God knows whether there be any ſuch Place in the *written Law*, or no; or, if there be, whether it muſt be taken in this Senſe. Yet I muſt confeſs, the *Romans* have ſome Reaſon to believe it, having experimentally felt a great deal of *EVIL* from the *Northern Goths* and *Vandals*, who, in former Ages, ruſh'd out of their frozen Regions, and came down like a Torrent upon *Italy*, and other Parts of *Europe*, making Havock of all Things *Civil* and *Sacred*. And if this be the Ground of their Ceremony, they have greater Reaſon now to change their Station, and turn their Backs to the *South-Eaſt*, having been much more fatally handled by the victorious *Muſſulmans*.

The antient *Parthians*, held, that there were *two Principles* or *Sources* of *all Things*, viz. *GOOD* and *EVIL*; and that there has been an eternal Quarrel between them; But in the End, they ſay, the *GOOD* ſhall get the Victory, and exterminate the *EVIL*. This Opinion was embraced by a

Sect of *Christians* whom they call'd *Manichees*. The Founder of that Sect was a *Persian* by Birth: His Name was *Manes*, a very learned Man, as the Records of the *East* testify; yet the *Christians* rank him among the most pernicious *Hereticks*. He taught, *That Wine was the Blood of Devils*; and therefore forbad it to his Followers. He also prohibited the Flesh of Animals. This he learn'd from the *Priests* of *Egypt*, where he resided a considerable Time.

But to return to the Sentiments of Men concerning the Origin of *EVIL*. There are some who affirm GOD is the Author of it; which is not far from Blasphemy. Others say, that when the *Devils* were exterminated from the Earth, they in Revenge sow'd the Seeds of *EVIL* in the Universe. But that of the *Stoicks* seems the most plausible to me: For they asserted, that nothing is *EVIL* of itself, but that the Contrariety which we behold in the World is very good, and conduces to establish the Order and Oeconomy of all Things.

My dear *Dgnei*, do not esteem me an Atheist, because of the Liberty I take in discoursing of these misterious Things There are a sort of People here in the *West*, whom they call *Deists*, that is, Men professing the Belief of a GOD, Creator of the World, but *Scepticks* in all Things else. They have no implicit Faith in *historical Religion*, but think it the Part of Men, as they are endued with Reason, to call in question the Writings of Mortals like themselves, though they had the Character of the greatest *Prophets*. Thus they think it no Sin to canvass the *Books* of *Moses*, and the *Hebrew Prophets*, the *Gospel* of *Jesus* the Son of *Mary*, and the *Alcoran* of *Mahomet* our *holy Law-giver*; chusing what is agreeable to Reason, and rejecting the rest as fabulous, inserted either by the Craft of Men, or the Interloping of the *Devil*.

I pro-

I proteſt, there appears to me no Reaſon to call theſe Men *Atheiſts* or *Infidels*. They rather ſeem to deſerve the Title of *Philoſophers*, or Lovers of Wiſdom and Truth. And 'tis from them I have learn'd this unwillingneſs to be impoſs'd on in Matters of Religion. I find them in all Things Men of great Morality and Goodneſs, far exceeding the *Zealots* of the Age in true Virtue and pious Actions. But they make no Noiſe of what they do: And whilſt only their human Frailties are conſpicuous to all, their Benefactions lie conceal'd under the Veil of an unparallel'd Modeſty.

Such of Old were the Aſſociates of *Zeid Eb'n Raphaa*, my Country-man. This was a Perſon of an ardent Spirit and prodigious Underſtanding, educated in the *Muſſulman Law*: But when he came to thoſe Years, wherein Men uſually examine the Grounds of their Religion, he ſought the moſt learned Men, and ſuch as are vers'd in all *Sciences*. After he had convers'd ſome Time with them, and found them to be Perſons of Integrity, as well as Men of Senſe, he propoſed to them the Convenience of frequent *Clubs* among themſelves, where they might, with an unreſtrain'd Freedom, diſcourſe of all Things, and being united in an inviolable Friendſhip, might improve one another's Knowledge and Virtue, without regarding the *Legends* and *Harangues* of the *Mollahs*. This *Society* compoſed *Fifty Books* of ſo many ſeveral kinds of *Science*, that they call'd them *Echwanoſſapha*, or the *Writings* of the *Sincere Fraternity*, concealing their Names. They treated of human and Divine Matters, without Reſerve, or Caution: aſſerting that the *Muſſulman Religion* was corrupted and alienated from its firſt Inſtitution, having imbibed many Errors; and that there was no Way to reſtore it to its Primitive Purity, but by joning to it the *Philoſophy* of the *Antients*. In a Word, they endea-

vour'd to reform whatever was amiss in the Doctrines and Manners of the Faithful, by reducing both to the Standard of Reason.

I know not whether thou wilt approve or dislike their Enterprise. But I am sure, thou art sensible, as well as I, that there are *Bigots* among the *Followers* of the Prophet, and that those deserve Correction. The Devil will set his Foot in the Temple of GOD: But do not thou follow his Steps. If thou do, He that made the Devil fetch thee back again.

Paris, 30*th of the* 7*th Moon*, *of the Year* 1656.

LETTER II.

To the Nazin Eschref, *or* Prince *of the* Emirs, *at the* Porte.

THE Christians say, 'tis an Argument of GOD's Love when he chastises them: Therefore they have no Reason to be peevish, or call it an Effect of his Anger, that a dismal Plague is broke out in the Territories of the *Pope*, the Kingdom of *Naples*, and other Parts of *Italy*. This Contagion rages so vehemently in *Rome*, the Capital City of the *Western Nazarenes*, that above a hundred thousand Persons of several Ranks have forsaken the Place. The *Pope's* Palace is shut up, and no Access granted to any, not even to foreign Ambassadors, without great Precaution; and then none of their Retinue are admitted with them.

'Tis said, Seventeen hundred die daily in that City, and Six thousand a Day in *Naples*. Nay, in some Places, the Living are scarce sufficient to bury

bury the Dead. The Grand Duke of *Tuscany*, to prevent the spreading of the Infection of his Territories, has forbid all Intercourse between his Subjects, and those of the *Pope*, neither will he permit so much as a Nuncio to pass thro' his Dominions.

This Mortality has frighted Queen *Christina* from *Rome*. She has sent to desire Passes of the Duke of *Savoy* and other Princes, designing for *France*. She is already on her Voyage; having been presented by the *Pope* with Ten thousand Crowns, to defray the Expences of her Travels. Here are great Preparations making for her Reception; the King having sent Orders to all the Governors of Towns and Provinces through which she must pass to receive and entertain her with a Magnificence due to her Sovereign Dignity, and worthy of the *French* Grandeur and Hospitality.

In the mean time, this Court is in a sullen Humour, by Reason of a late great Loss they have suffered at *Valenciennes* in *Flanders*. This Place was besieg'd by the *French* at the beginning of this Campaign, but was reliev'd by the *Spaniards* this *Moon*, who killed above a thousand Men on the Spot, took five thousand Prisoners, with all their Cannon and Baggage. Among the Captives of Note, is the Mareschal *de Ferto Senetêrre*, General of the *French* Army. The Names of the others are wanting. Mareschal *de Turenne* himself very narrowly escaped, by timely withdrawing his Brigade from the Fight, for which some stigmatize him with Cowardice and Treachery; whilst others affirm, he acted the Part of a prudent Captain in thus retreating, since it was impossible to restore the Battle with any Success.

From *Sweden* we hear, that the Elector of *Brandenburgh* has enter'd into a League with the King of *Sweden*, by which both their Armies are united against the King of *Poland*. And 'tis said, their first

firſt Deſign will be upon *Dantzick*. That Country is in a horrid Confuſion, the Nobles, Gentry, and Boors, being all in Arms, ſome deſerting their Sovereign, others adhering to his Intereſt. King *Caſimir* has inveſted *Warſaw* with an Army of Forty thouſand Men. In the mean time, the *Hollanders* have ſent a great Fleet of Ships of War into the *Baltick Sea*; but to what End is not known, nor what Part they will take, whether the *Swedes* or *Poles*. Yet the latter hope for great Aſſiſtance from them, there having been lately ſome Miſunderſtanding between the *Dutch* and the *Swedes*. The *Muſcovites* alſo have entred *Poland* with a numerous Army, and the *Tartars* are coming with another to the Aid of King *Caſimir*.

Thus is *Poland* become the Stage of a moſt terrible War; and which Side ſoever gets the Victory, that unhappy Country will be near ruined.

Nathan Ben Saddi, a *Jew* at *Vienna*, and a private Agent for the *Grand Seignior*, ſends me Word that the Emperor of *Germany* hath an Army of Thirty thouſand Foot and twelve thouſand Horſe in *Sileſia*, who are to join with the *Muſcovites*, and do ſome conſiderable Action againſt the *Swedes*, whoſe continual Victories, and growing Greatneſs, gives Jealouſy to theſe puiſſant Monarchs. He informs me farther, that the Emperor has diſpatch'd a Courier to the Prince of *Tranſylvania*, with Inſtructions and Letters, to engage him to a Neutrality.

But the young *Ragotski* is as wild as his Father, and hates to be led by the Noſe.

Thou may'ſt inform the Miniſters of the *Divan*, that *Adonai* the *Jew* is dead of the Plague in *Rome*, having firſt taken Care to tranſmit to me all the Papers which concern the *myſterious Porte*.

This Court, at preſent, is at a Place call'd *La Fere* in *Picardy*, a Province bordering on *Flanders*. From whence

whence there may be a more frequent Intercourse between the King and his Camp.

Prince of the Holy Line, I have sent thee all the News that is stirring at this Juncture, saving some trivial Matters which are not worth a *Mussulman's* Knowledge, much less thine, who art distinguished from the Croud of *true Believers*, by wearing the *Sacred Colour* of the Prophet.

Paris, 30*th of the* 7*th Moon, of the Year*, 1556.

LETTER III.

To Melec Amet.

HERE has been a strange Accident lately, not many Leagues from *Paris*, which has occasioned various Discourses, and put the Philosophers upon a new Scrutiny. One Morning a certain Peasant or Farmer, walking over his Lands, as his Custom is, to number his Sheep and other Cattle, miss'd a Barn or Store-house, which stood in a Field at some distance from his Habitation. Surprized at this, he hasten'd towards the Place where he saw it but the Night before: When, to his no small Astonishment, he perceiv'd, that not only the Barn, but a great Part of the Field wherein it was built, was sunk into the Earth. He immediately ran and call'd some of his near Neighbours to behold this strange Spectacle: And the Fame of it spread all over the Country. Divers learned and ingenious Persons have been there, to make Observations of this Accident. But none dares venture near enough to the *Chasm*, to look down into it; because the Earth continues breaking and falling in,

which

which makes a Noise like the Salvo's of the *Janizaries* when the *Grand Seignior* visits the *Arsenal*.

One would conclude by these uncommon Symptoms, that the Earth grows antient and weak, that her inward Strength and Vigour decays, and that we are every where in Danger of being swallowed up. I have not Time to write more, it being Midnight and the Post ready to go

The Almighty and All-good God have thee in his holy Protection.

Paris, *30th of the 7th Moon, of the Year* 1656.

LETTER IV.

To Zornezan Mustapha, *Beglerbeg of* Erzram.

I Will still congratulate thy Happiness, even in this last Change of thy Fortune; which, tho' it be a kind of Descent from the more lofty Stations thou hast possessed in the *Osman* Empire, yet 'tis attended with honourable Circumstances, and an inviolable Security. Thou art not out of the *Sultan*'s Favour, banish'd to *Egypt*, and confin'd to a narrow Pension during thy Life, as has been the Fate of several Grandees: But thou art withdrawn from the Intrigues of State, the Toils of War, and the Plots of a Courtier's Life, to the sweet Retirements of the Country, the peaceable Possession of a rich and fertile Province, where thou may'st pass thy Days in an uncontroulable Ease and Felicity.

I am not surprized at the Fall of so many Great Men at the *Porte*, nor do I much regret the Death of those who were known Enemies to the Government: Yet

Yet it troubles me to think, how the Brave and the Loyal had their innocent Blood mingled with that of Traitors and Villains. But these Things are unavoidable in popular Insurrections, when the Sovereign is compelled to sacrifice to the Multitude whomsoever they require. Thus fell the illustrious *Solyman*, among the criminal Eunuchs, though he himself was free from Stain: But he was a *Negro*, and that was his Ruin; for the Malecontents could not discern the fair Qualities of his Soul.

Curse on that Fool *Chaban Kalfa*, and double Curses on his rampant Wife *Mulkly Kadin*, who gave the first Occasions to all this Disorder, and Spoil of noble Blood. I remember the honest *Solyman* gave me once a Hint of the feminine Debaucheries practised in the Queen-Mother's Apartment: But he spoke of it with so much Modesty and Reserve, that it hardly made any Impression on me at that Time: Otherwise, I should have imparted it to the *Vizir Azem*, or some other Minister of the *Divan*; for so am I commanded in Cases that touch the Honour and Safety of the *Grand Seignior*. And I tell thee, this was none of the least Importance. For as it appears, the Women were undermining the most Sacred and firmly establish'd Government in the World: They were not contented to wallow in their own impious and unnatural Delights, but would have set themselves as a Pattern to others, and by Degrees have infected the whole *Mussulman* Empire with a new Species of Debauchery: Which, as it began and was carried on by embezzelling the Royal Treasures, selling of Places to Men of no Merit, Buffoons, Pimps, and Asses; so it would have ended in enervating our Militia, corrupting all the Faithful, and laying the Empire, naked to Infidels.

How many *Vizirs*, *Chaimachams*, *Captain Bassas*, and other *Officers* have we had killed this fatal Year? among the rest I cannot but reflect on the poisoning

of

of the *Chiaux Bassa*, after he was made *Vizir Azem*, as a Stroke of divine Justice, for having embrued his Hands in so much noble Blood, when he enjoy'd that Dignity once before. GOD pursues the Cruel with invincible Scourges.

But what was that *Achmet Bassa*, who took Advantage of the *Sultans*'s domestick Troubles, and foreign Wars, to disturb his Government in *Asia*, and raise a Rebellion, which threatn'd even the the Imperial City itself? By the Course of his Fortune it looks as if he were not contented with his Command in *Asia*, and therefore took this new celebrated Method to obtain a higher Dignity, *viz.* by rebelling against his Master: Else why was he made *Bassa* of the Sea, in the Room of *Ouroos Kienan?* The *Bassa Aleppo* first brought into Fashion this daring Way of growing Great. And if it be thus countenanc'd by the *Grand Seignior*, in all probability, he will have Reason to make Peace with the *Christians*, that he may have Respite and Forces to employ against his own Subjects.

Amidst all these Things, nothing afflicts me so much, as the horrible Loss our Fleet has sustain'd at Sea. We have various Reports of this Combat; but in general they agree that the *Mussulmans* have lost seventy-two Ships and Galleys, with an infinite Number of Men; that the *Venetians* have taken the Isles of *Tenedos* and *Lemnos*, and that they are advancing to besiege *Constantinople*. This News is a great while in coming to us: So that if it be true, and the *Venetians* pursued their Victory, for ought I know, by this Time the Imperial City, the Refuge of the World, may be laid in Ashes.

I have often proposed the Necessity of Platforms along the *Hellespont*, to guard that important Avenue of the *Sacred Porte*. Had they put in Practice *Mahmut*'s Advice, perhaps the *Nazarenes* would have had no Occasions for their present Triumphs. But

now

now they banquet in the open Streets; *All Chriſtendom* rings with the News of our Diſgrace. The Drunkards of *Europe* inſult o'er the Profeſſors of Sobriety: Amidſt their Bowls of Wine, they blaſpheme our Prophet, and ſing in the Praiſe of *Bacchus* their God. They menace the Conqueſt of *Aſia*, and threaten to exterminate the *Muſſulmans* from the Earth.

Enraged at theſe prophane Boaſts, I ſtop my Ears, and turning round in a divine Frenſy, I pray that God would baffle the Infidels.

Paris, *6th of the 9th Moon, of the Year* 1656.

LETTER V.

To the moſt Renowned and moſt Illuſtrious Mahomet, Vizir Azem, *at the* Porte.

THAT incomprehenſible Majeſty which has no Reſemblance, at whoſe Pleaſure all Things are diſpos'd and order'd in Heaven and Earth, by whoſe particular Providence, for the Good of the *Oſman* Empire, thou art exalted to this glorious Truſt, to be *Vicar* of the *Vicar* of God; augment thy Graces and Virtues, and bleſs thee with ſuperlative Wiſdom, and perfect Tranquillity.

I revere thy accompliſh'd Soul, conſummate in all moral and political Science. Thou art the moſt experienced Man in the Empire. And I ceaſed to condole the late Tumults and Riots at *Conſtantinople*, tho' their Effects were fatal to ſome brave Men, ſince thou art choſen to this Dignity, from whom the whole Empire may expect, not only a ſerener State of Affairs, during thy Adminiſtration, but alſo a root-

a rooting up of the Causes of these publick Distempers, and of all other Evils which infest the Monarchy design'd for the Conquest and Reformation of the whole World.

According to the Custom of the *East*, I approach thee not without some Present: But pardon the Slave *Mahmut*, who can send thee none worthy of thy Grandeur. I have inclosed in a Box the true Effigies of the present King of *France*, with that of his Uncle the Duke of *Orleans*, his Brother the Duke of *Anjou*, and his Cousin the Prince of *Conde*; as also that of Cardinal *Mazarini*, and Queen *Christina* of *Sweden*, who is now at the *French* Court. Accept also from an Exile, a little Cabinet containing twelve Watches, of so many different Contrivances, according to the circular Variation of the *Moons* in the space of thirty-four Years. They are the Work of my own Hands; therefore I shall not commend them. Each is wrapt up in a piece of Silk, wherein is wrought in *Arabick* Letters, the Method of using it. Perhaps thou wilt find some Diversion in trying the Experiments mentioned in those *Tables*. However, despise not this mean Testimony of *Mahmut*'s Respect; but consider, that if I come short of the curious Artists in *Europe*, yet my Labour is passable enough for a *Mussulman*, among whom there is scarce another *Watchmaker* to be found in the World.

If thou would'st know the Occasion of Queen *Christina*'s being at the *French* Court: She came thither from *Rome*, when the last *Moon* was in the *Wane*. Her Passage was by Sea to *Marseilles*, having touch'd at *Genoua*, and received magnificent Gifts from the Republick; but they would not permit her to land, for fear of the *Plague*, which then raged in *Rome*, and was the Cause of her leaving that City.

How-

However, the *French* shew'd no such timorous Squeamishness, but received her and her Train with open Arms. She landed at *Marseilles* on the 29th of the 7th *Moon*; and when she made her publick Entry, the Consuls of that City, with all the Nobles, met her in Coaches, the great Guns were discharged to welcome her, and she was caress'd with all the Demonstrations of Honour that are shew'd to the Queen of *France* herself in her Progresses.

The same Entertainment she received at *Aix*, *Avignon*, *Lions*, and in fine, all along the Road to *Paris*, the Keys of Towns being surrendered to her, (for such was the King's Pleasure) and a Canopy of State borne over her Head, when she enter'd any Town, and receiv'd the Addresses and Compliments of Governors, Prelates, and other great Men in Authority. She was likewise magnificently treated by Princes, and the chief Dukes of the Realm: And on the 8th of the last Moon, made her Entry into this City on Horseback, apparell'd like a Man: Where having staid some time, she departed for *Compeigne* to visit the Court, which resides there now.

It is not supposed she will tarry long in *France*, but as soon as she hears the Plague is abated in *Rome*, and the adjacent Parts, she will return thither, to pass away the Residue of her Life, in that Nest of Princes and Prelates of the *Nazarene Belief*.

A little before she left *Rome*, the *Spaniards* there had conspired to seize on her Person, as also on the *Pope*; to have murder'd the *Portugal* Ambassador, and set the City on Fire. But the Plot was discover'd, and the Conspirators put in Prison: For the Sentence of Death is never pass'd in Criminal Cases among the *Nazarenes*, without a formal Tryal.

Here

Here is a Rumour as if a great Fire had, some *Moons* ago, broke out in *Conſtantinople*, and conſumed much of that City. I wonder none of my Friends, nor any other reſiding there, have ſent me an Account of any ſuch thing; which fills me with Hopes that this Report is falſe.

From all hands we are aſſured, that the *Swedes* and *Brandenburghers* have obtain'd a great Victory over the *Poles* and *Tartars* at *Warſaw*; the vanquiſhed having loſt above Six thouſand Men on the Spot, with all their Ammunition and Baggage: And unfortunate King *Caſimir* was forced to fly, with a ſmall Retinue, towards *Hungary*.

'Twas the general Expectation of *Europe*, that the *Moſcovites* and *Germans* would have done ſomething Extraordinary for the *Poles*, and by ſome ſurprizing Action put a Check to the *Swediſh* Succeſſes and Triumphs. For when the *Moſcovite* Ambaſſador was at *Koningsberg* endeavouring to withdraw the Duke of *Brandenburgh* from the *Swediſh* Intereſts, he vomited forth terrible Menaces, in caſe they complied not with his Maſter's Propoſals And one Day, in a furious Zeal, he took a large Goblet of Wine, in the *Elector*'s Preſence, and having drank it off to the *Czar*'s Health, the *Barbarian* ſaid aloud, *Thus ſhall the great Emperor of the* Moſcovites *devour all that oppoſe him*. But now it ſeems, theſe were all empty Bravadoes, and the *Moſcovites* were reſolved to ſtand by, and ſee who got the Better. The ſame may be ſaid of the Emperor, and Prince of *Tranſylvania*, ſo of the *Danes* and *Hollanders*, who now all declare for the ſtrongeſt Party.

Magnanimous *Vizier*, if the preſent Engagements and Wars in *Dalmatia* and *Candy*, beſides the domeſtick Troubles of the *Ottoman Empire*, did not wholly employ the Arms of the *Muſſulmans*, doubtleſs 'twould be an Undertaking no leſs profitable than

than glorious, to succour the distress'd *Casimir*, turn the Tide of the *Gothish* Conquests, and oblige the *Poles* to an eternal Fidelity and Gratitude to the *Grand Seignior*.

Paris, 14*th of the* 10*th Moon, of the Year* 1656.

LETTER VI.

To Abrahan Eli, Zeid Hogia, *Preacher to the* Seraglio.

I Have frequent Access to the *King's Library* which Favour was first granted me by Cardinal *Richelieu*, who often employed me in translating some curious Treatises out of *Arabick* into *French* or *Latin*. The *French* seem very fond of *Eastern Manuscripts*, wherever they can meet with them: And they have no less Regard for Men who are skill'd in those *Languages*. That Minister especially, was very inquisitive into the *Wisdom* and *Learning* of *Asia*. He monopolized *Persian*, *Syrian*, and *Arabick* Books, and was a profess'd Patron of *Linguists*. He coveted the Acquaintance of Strangers and Travellers, that he might, by their Means, inform himself of the different *Laws*, *Customs*, and *Religions* of *Foreign Countries*, and of whatsoever was rare, and worthy of Observation, in any Part of the World.

Hence it was, that I receiv'd evident Marks of his Esteem, as soon as he knew that I understood the *Greek*, *Arabick*, *Hebrew*, *Turkish*, and *Sclavonian* Languages. He often made use of me, as I have said, and gave me free Access to his own and the *King's Library*. And tho' his Successor, Cardinal

dinal *Mazirini*, is not so much addicted to Studies of this Nature as to the Affairs of State; yet he has continued to me the Privilege of visiting this Treasury of Learned Books where I pass many Hours.

One Day I cast my Eyes on a Manuscript written in *Arabick*, and endors'd with this Title,

[*The* Original Covenant *of* Mahomet, *the Prophet of the* Arabians, *with the Professors of the Faith of* Jesus.]

and underneath was a *Latin* Inscription, signifying, That this Manuscript was found in the Convent of Christian Friars on Mount *Carmel*. I have transcrib'd the Contents of this Parchment, and sent it inclosed to thee, that thou may'st judge whether it be Real, or only Counterfeit. For the *Nazarenes* assert it to be the *True Agreement of the Messenger of* God; and therefore reproach all the *Mussulmans* with Disobedience to our Lawgiver, and breaking the *League*, sign'd and seal'd by *Him*, whom we call the *Seal* of the *Prophets*, and witness'd by the Four Principal Doctors, *Abu Becre*, *Osman*, *Omar*, and *Hali*.

If thou wilt peruse the inclosed Paper, it will be easy to discern, whether *We* are guilty of this Violation of *Faith*, or *They*. For though supposing this to be the Real Testament of the *Prophet*, as is pretended) that Favourite of Heaven grants many Articles of Peace, Assistance and Friendship to the Followers of *Jesus*, with Immunity from Taxes and Imposition, Liberty of Conscience, Freedom of Marriages, *&c.* Yet 'tis evident, that he promised not these Things, but on certain Conditions to be observ'd on the Part of the *Christians*; as, that none of them shou'd harbour

or

or hold Correſpondence with the Enemies of the *True Believers*, or privately accommodate them with Arms, Horſes, Money or any other Neceſſaries of War: But on the contrary, ſhould hoſpitably receive the *Muſſulmans* into their Houſes for three Days, and protect them from their Enemies. If therefore the *Chriſtians* ſhould fail in any of theſe *Points*, the *Prophet* declares his Covenant to be void, and that they ſhall not enjoy the Indulgencies granted therein. All this thou wilt ſee is recommended ſolemnly to both Parties, to be religiouſly perform'd till the *final Conſummation*.

Now all the Diſpute is, Whether *we* have firſt tranſgreſs'd theſe *Articles*, or the *Nazarenes?* For if it can be prov'd, That they are the firſt Aggreſſors, then they have no Reaſon to complain of their Misfortunes, or accuſe the *true Faithful* of Oppreſſion and Tyranny, as they commonly do: Since it is manifeſt, that they have drawn theſe Evils on themſelves by their Breach of Faith and Infidelity, diſannulling the Covenant of God and his Prophet, and forfeiting the Benefit they might have claim'd by vertue of it. Be it how it will, the Prophet is free from Blame; let the Guilt reſt on the Perſons that were criminal.

I know not how it comes to paſs, that the Chriſtians of this Age, think and ſpeak more reproachfully of our *holy Lawgiver* than did their Fathers, who liv'd in his Time, or immediately after it, and who by Conſequence could better inform themſelves of the Circumſtances of his Birth, Life, and renowned Actions. Some antient Writers among the *Nazarenes* make honourable mention of him and his Family. They conceal not the early Signs of his heroick Virtue, and the Grandeur to which he was deſtin'd. I have read in a certain Chriſtian Author, That when the Prophet was but nine Years old, under the

Tuition of his Uncle *Abu Taleb*, who carried his *glorious Charge* along with him to *Damascus*, and that whilst they were at *Boz'r*, a learned *Monk*, whose Name was *Bohira*, came out of the *Convent* to meet them; and taking *Mahomet* by the Hand, in the Presence of many *Christians*, he said aloud, *This Youth is born to accomplish great Things: His Fame shall be spread from* East *to* West: *For as he drew near to this Place I saw a bright Cloud descend and cover him. Sultan David* also prophesy'd of him, in that which the *Christians* reckon the 50th *Psalm*, and the 2d *Verticle*: Where that *divine Poet* thus sings, from *Sion* GOD *hath proclaim'd the Empire of* Mahomet. But the *Christians* have interpreted this in another Sense, though the Original remains a standing Witness against them. So *Moses* in the *Pentateuch* uttered a Mystery when he said, GOD *came from* Sinai, *he rose up from* Seir, *and was manifested from Mount* Paran. Intimating hereby the Descent of the written Law to *Moses*, of the Gospel to *Jesus* the Son of *Mary*, and of the *Alcoran* to *Mahomet*. The *Messias* also said to his Disciples, *If I go not away, the Called of* GOD *will not come to You.* But the *Christian* Interpreters wilfully hide these Things from the Vulgar, lest their Eyes should be opened. There appears an obstinate Malice and Ignorance in all their Actions.

Who will not laugh at the foolish Spight of the *Spaniards?* who, in a certain Town, had a Custom, as oft as they enter'd into the *Church*, or come out, to spit on a black Image of a Man sitting on an Ass near the Gate. But a *Mussulman* Ambassador coming thither from the Emperor of *Morocco*, and observing this vain Ceremony of the People, ask'd the King, *What Person that Statue represented?* He made Answer, *That it was the Image of* Mahomet, the *Arabian Prophet. That cannot be*, reply'd the Ambassador, *since our Prophet never rode but on Camels:*

mels: It is rather the Figure of the Messias; *who indeed is recorded to have rode on an Ass.* The King, troubled at this Answer, consulted the Priests and learned Men, who all concluded, that the Ambassador had spoke the Truth. And therefore, instead of offering any more Indignities to this Image, they fell into another Extreme, and built a Chapel for it, burning Incense to the senseless Stock, and paying it divine Honours. Thus they pray'd to that, which but a little before they had cursed; and turn'd into a God, that which they had esteem'd almost as bad as the Devil. GOD's Curse be on the Devil, and all his Adorers: But on the holy Prophet, and his Followers, may Blessings shower down, and rest till the Knot of the Sphere is dissolv'd.

Paris, 14*th of the* 10*th Moon, of the Year* 1656.

LETTER VII.

To Murat, Bassa.

KNow for certain, that *Don Juan de Braganza*, late King of *Portugal*, is dead. He left this World on the 6th of the last *Moon*, after he had been tormented ten Days with the *Stone*: His Queen has the supreme Power in her Hands during her Son's Minority, whose Name is *Don Alphonso*. This Young Prince was crown'd within a few Days after his Father's Disease, to prevent the Plots of the *Spaniards*, who support a powerful Faction in that Kingdom of *Portugal*, and are not without Hopes to reduce it again to the King of *Spain*'s

Obedience. The World is always busy, either in recovering old lost Interest, or seeking of new.

The *Marshal de la Ferte*, who was taken Prisoner by the Prince of *Conde* in the Battel of *Valenciennes*, and having a Price set for his Ransom, had Liberty to go whether he would on his *Parole*, either to bring the said Sum, or surrender his Person by a certain Day; finding himself slighted at the *French* Court, is resolv'd to perform his Promise at the prefix'd Time, and go over to the Prince of *Conde*'s Interest, who will not fail to bestow a very honourable Command on a *General* of such Merits.

In the mean Time, the Count of *Harcourt* plays Tricks with his Master, and holds private Correspondence with the *German* Emperor. He is a serviceable or a dangerous Man, according as he is pleased or disgusted, and therefore they court him on both Sides. He is now at *Brisac* in *Alsace*. I cannot admire a Man that is thus industriously troublesome to his Prince, without any Thing of Merit or Bravery to boast of, save his former Services in *Catalonia*, which have been sufficiently repaid with Royal Condescensions and Favours. And those who make a Parallel between his Case, and that of the *Mareshal de la Ferte Seneterre*, consider not that the last fell into his Enemies Hands only by the Chance of War: Whereas the other is a wilful Apostate, if he embraces the Emperor's Proposals when no Necessity constrains him, and Honour flies in his Face.

From the *North* we are inform'd, That Count *Coningsmark*, Generalissimo of the *Swedish* Forces in *Prussia*, as he was sailing from *Wismar*, was taken Captive by the *Poles*, and imprison'd in the Castle of *Wessel-munden* near *Dantzick*. And the Inhabitants of that City miss'd very narrowly of taking the Queen of *Sweden* herself. 'Tis certain they have

have got a vast Booty from the *Swedes*, consisting of eighteen Chests full of Gold, with Coffers of the King's Jewels, and other rich Things.

These King *Casimir* demands for himself, with a Million of *Rix Dollars* to be paid him by the *Dantzickers*; requiring also, that they should furnish his Army with all Sorts of Ammunition and Provisions: Which, though it be a heavy Burthen, yet those loyal Citizens think nothing too much for their King.

The *Muscovites* in the 9th *Moon* besieged *Riga*, a City belonging to the Cown of *Sweden*, but have newly rais'd the Siege, after they had lost above ten thousand Men before the Place.

This is all the News I can send thee, save that the *French* have taken *Valencia*, a City in *Italy*.

I wish I may hear as prosperous Intelligence as this last from *Candia*, after such immense Charges and Slaughter: But Victory is in the Disposal of the Angel of Time.

Paris, 2*d of the* 12*th Moon*,
of the Year 1656.

LETTER VIII.

To Hebatolla Mir Argun, Superior *of the* Convent *of* Dezvises *at* Cogni *in* Natolia.

IT is difficult to define the particular Temper of my Soul, when I first receiv'd the News of thy Predecessor's Death, that renown'd and venerable *Bedredin*, who, as thy Dispatch informs me, is gone to *Paradise*. I was neither in Passion, nor yet insensible, but wholly resign'd to the Will of *Heaven*. I consider'd his immense Virtues, and the Course of Nature: His wonderful Age, and more

admirable Actions, a Life equally measur'd by Hours, and Prodigies of Piety: For he was not in the Number of those who let whole Days pass away without the least good Work, or without leaving any Impress on the *Track* of *Time*. I express myself according to the vulgar Saying. [*Time passes away*;] Whereas in my Opinion, *Time* stands still, and only *We* pass away, with all Things subject to Motion and Change. 'Tis like the Mistake of those, who, sailing on the Water, think the Trees and Mountains move, whilst only they themselves are driven before the Wind: Or, like the Philosophy of those, who, trusting to their grosser Sense, maintain, the Sun whirls daily round our World, tho' according to Reason and better Philosophy, that Globe of Light stands still, whilst ours turns rounds its *Axle-Tree*, and so deceives our Eyes. Thus whilst we Mortals glide o'er the uncertain Waves of human Life, and pass by the visible and fix'd Land-Marks of Time, Day and Night, we imagine those Land-Marks move and not we ourselves: Whereas Day and Night remain for ever, stedfast and invariable in their successive Intervals, and only the Elements and Bodies compounded of them are subject to Change.

Minutes, Hours, Days, and Years, are not properly the Measures of *Time*, but of the Motion and Duration of all corruptible Beings: For *Time* is infinite, and beyond all Dimensions. In a Word, 'its no otherwise distinguish'd from Eternity, than barely by a Name.

All that I have said on this Subject is comprehended in the *Arabian* Proverb, which says, *To-Morrow is never*. Doubtless there's no *Paradox* or *Heresy* in saying, *'Tis always to Day*: or that this Hour, this Minute is eternal. And from this Truth sprung the Contemplation of those who place *Eternity* in a Point or *Instant*.

But

But to return to *Bedredin*, that *Faithful* of the *Faithful*, may his Soul repose in the Mercies of God, and his Memory be bless'd. May *Gabriel*, the Friend of the Prophet, pray for him; then *Michael*, *Israphiel*, and the Messenger of Death, with all the Angels who made Oraisons for the divine Favourite, after his Translation from this earthly State. And when thou, and the religious Fraternity under thy Care, have perform'd the accustom'd Prayers and Expiations for the illustrious Prelate deceas'd, there is no Question but that he shall be in a Condition to intercede for you and for the whole *Mussulman Empire*: For he was a perfect Saint, and the Beloved of God.

O sage and reverend Successor of that *holy Man*, suffer me to tell thee, Thy Name *Hebatolla* [*the Gift of* God] fills me with glorious Presages of thy Life and Administration in that renowned *College*, where the incomparable *Bedredin* shin'd so many Years. Now he is gone to God, and to the Gardens of eternal Retirement, having left his Seat on Earth to thee, replenish'd with the sacred Odour of Virtue.

He was a religious Imitator of the Prophets, and of all holy Men in general; a devout Admirer of the *Messias*, and a faithful Disciple of the *Sent* of God. Now he is gone to set down with them in the *Chioses* of *Eden*, on the Banks of immortal Streams, and Rivers of Wine, Milk and Honey, which glide along the *Allies* of *Paradise*. This is the Recompence of heroick Virtue, the Crown of good Works, the Bliss prepar'd for chaste and purify'd Souls, who in their Transmigration from this Earth carry no Stains of Vice along with them: For nothing impure can find Admittance into that World of glittering Essence.

O *Hebatolla*, what is there on this obscure Globe that deserves to be compar'd with those serener

Joys above, those unsullied Pleasures, that untarnish'd Bliss? And yet sometimes we taste strange Felicities here on Earth. But 'tis only when the Gates and Casements of *Paradise* are open, when a Celestial Wind transports hither the Leaves of the Trees of *Eden*, and perfumes the Air and Skies with the transcendent Odour of that happy *Region*, wafting also imperfect Sounds, Musick in soft Fragments, and *Echo*'s from the *Quires* of the *Bless'd*. Then 'tis the Hearts of Mortals feel a secret and inexpressible Joy springing up from the Root; this lower World (if I may so express myself:) is all entrenched with Pleasure. This happens not every Day, but only at the *Seasons* of *divine Indulgence*, on the *Festivals* of some particular Saints, and in the Time of the immortal *Jubilee*, when GOD exhilerates the Universe with uncommon Favours, and an infinite Largess.

As for the Rest of our Enjoyments, they are Mitigations indeed of the Pains and inseparable Miseries of this mortal Life; they prevail on us to wait the appointed Hour of *Fate*, and not hurry ourselves out of the World before our Time: But they deserve not to be placed in the Rank of true Felicities.

However, our Patience under this Fatigue of Life, our Indifference to Pleasure and Pain, Poverty or Riches, Sickness or Health, Honour or Disgrace, with all the other Objects of human Passion, will prove a singular Argument of Merit, a prevailing Recommendation to the Life to come, and an effectual Passport for *Paradise*. For he that is thus insensibly, yet willingly weaned from the fulsome Joys of Earth by the very Course of Nature and Decree of Destiny, must unavoidably ascend to a purer Region, to a Place capable of satisfying his aspiring Soul: For Nature created no Appetite to baulk it.

This

This is the Life so recommended by *Jesus* the Son of *Mary*, whose Character thou hast in the Library of thy *Convent*. Here I send thee in a Box, that which by all the *Nazarenes* is esteem'd his true Effigies. I remember I once saw another of the same Lineaments in the Treasury of the *Grand Seignior*. These Pieces are very rare, because not copy'd by the Hands of common Painters, but by the most celebrated Masters in *Europe*. And the original Draught, they say, was made by the *Messias* himself on a Handkerchief, which he clapt to his Face, and so left his lively Portraiture.

I cannot ascertain the Truth of this Tradition: But in regard this is one of those Copies which is closetted by the greatest Monarchs in *Christendom*, I send, it to thee as a worthy Ornament of thy Cell, without either the Peril or Scandal of Idolatry.

The pious *Bedredin* was covetous of any Memoirs of the *Messias*, whether written in *Hieroglyphicks*, or in the more usual Characters of Speech. He would have made no more Exception at a Picture, than at a Poem in Praise of that holy Prophet; and I question not but thou equallest him in the same Indifference.

I could not so easily procure the true Picture of *John*, surnam'd the *Washer*; but here I will give thee a short History of his Life. This was a famous Prophet, who liv'd in the Days of the *Messias*, and was of the Race of the Priests. His Habitation was altogether in the Desart, for he was an *Eremite*, and liv'd in a Cave on one of the Mountains of *Judæa*: Some of the *Jews* took him for *Elias*, others for the *Messias*, and a third Sort said he was *Mahomet*, whose coming was foretold in the Book of their Law, and in the Writings of their *Prophets*.

But *John* deny'd that he was any of these, calling himself in Modesty, *A Voice* or *Echo*. His Life was very abstemious; for he fed only on the Tops of Plants and wild Honey, drinking nothing but Water of the Fountain which ran by the Side of his Cave; and his Body was only cover'd with a Vest of *Camel*'s Hair, using a leathern Thong for a Girdle.

To that solitary Residence of his there was great Resort of People from *Jerusalem*, and the Cities round about; for the Fame of his Sanctity had spread through all *Palestine* and *Syria*.

He wash'd all his Disciples with his own Hands in the Waters of *Jordan*, from whence he was called the *Baptist* or *Washer*. He daily preach'd *Repentance* and *good Works* to the incredulous *Jews*; and openly declar'd, that *Jesus* the Son of *Mary*, was the *Messias*. That *holy Prophet* it seems was one of *John*'s Disciples, and had been wash'd by him in the River *Jordan*.

In fine, after many Years of heroick Virtue and Piety, *John* had his Head cut off by the Order of *Herod* the Governour of *Judæa*, because he had reprov'd the Tyrant for marrying his Brother's Wife.

Behold these Memoirs are the best Presents the poor exil'd *Mahmut*, can send thee, when he congratulates thy Accession to that holy Chair: Yet such as these were more welcome to thy Predecessor than Gifts of Silver, Gold, or precious Stones; for he was a diligent Collector of choice Antiquities, and select Fragments of History: He was also a liberal Patron, and Encourager of Philosophy and all Sorts of Learning. Follow thou his Example, and the true Faithful will be eternally oblig'd to thee. Thou hast a fair Opportunity, there being, as I'm inform'd, the best Library in thy *Convent* of any throughout the *Mussulman Empire*:

pire: And the *Derviſes* under thy Government are Men addicted to the Study of the Sciences. 'Tis pity ſuch Inclinations ſhould want Encouragement, whilſt the *Infidels* are every where buſy in founding new *Academies*, and augmenting the Old. There is one lately erected in the Dukedom of *Cleve* by the Elector of *Brandenburgh*, where the *Oriental Language*, and *Sciences* are profeſſed. If the *Nazarenes* are thus curious to pry into our Learning, why ſhould we be remiſs in attaining the Knowledge of their Languages and Hiſtories, ſince thereby we ſhall be in a Condition to know their greateſt Secrets?

Sage *Hebatolla*, let not the *Infidels* have any longer Occaſion to term us Barbarous and Ignorant: But remember, that in promoting *Literature*, thou wilt perform a meritorious Service to the *Grand Seignior*.

Paris, *17th of the 1ſt Moon, of the Year* 1657.

LETTER IX.

To Selim Al' Moſel *Venerable* Imaum *of the* Moſch *of* Sancta Sophia.

PRaiſe be to GOD, ſole Lord of the *Zenith* and the *Nadir*, *Profeſſor* of *infinite Regions*, who hides the *firſt Meridian* in the Palm of his Hand! The Names of *Peru* and *Mexico* are not now foreign in the *Ottoman Empire*, eſpecially to *Travellers* and Men of *Science*.

When our Fathers firſt heard of *America*, they had no other Way to expreſs ſo unknown a Part of the World, than by calling it the Land of the

Golden Mines, becauſe of the Abundance of that Metal which was brought from thence by the *Spaniards*, ſince their *Conqueſts* in thoſe *Parts*. But now we are no Strangers to the *Geography* of that remote *Continent*. Commerce and Traffick have render'd all the known Nations of the Earth familiar one with another. And I remember, when I was at *Conſtantinople*, the Names of *Peru*, *Mexico*, *Florida*, &c. were as common in the *Copha Hans*, as the Names of *Indoſtan*, *Turquiſtan*, *Gurgiſtan*, or any other Province of *Aſia*. So that a Man would have been laughed at, who in ſpeaking of *America*, ſhould have uſed any Circumlocutions, as to call it the *Empire* of the *Golden Mines*, the *World* beyond the *Great Sea*, or the like.

Yet we muſt confeſs, our Knowledge in this Kind is owing to the *Franks*, who ſail into thoſe far diſtant *Regions*, and at their Return communicate their Intelligence and Obſervations to us; for elſe we had been yet altogether Strangers to the Hiſtory of that *New World*.

It was firſt diſcover'd by *Chriſtopher Columbus*, a *Genueſe*, in the Year 1492, of the *Chriſtians Hegira*. This Man had a happy *Genius* in contemplating the Motion of the *Sun*, and the *Frame* of the *Univerſe*. He was no Stranger to the Extent of our *Continent*, and the Situation of all its *Parts*: He had been often at Sea, and ſeen divers *Regions*: and particularly when he was in *Portugal*, the moſt *Weſterly* Part of *Europe*, he took great Delight to walk on the Shore in the Evenings, and obſerve the Setting of the Sun. This Cuſtom of his produced various Thoughts in his Breaſt. But what was of moſt Import, his Reaſon ſuggeſted to him, that it could not conſiſt with the *Order* of *Nature*, that the *Sun*, after he left our *World*, ſerv'd only to give light to the Fiſhes, or gild the Waves of the *Weſtern* Ocean: Therefore on good Grounds he concluded, there muſt

must be some *unknown Land*, beyond those mighty Tracts of Sea, which wash'd the *Western* Shores of *Europe* and *Africk*.

This Thought made him uneasy, and put him upon a Resolution of attempting a Discovery. He made Proposals to the *Republick* of *Genoua*, but was rejected. Then he addressed himself to *Henry* VII. at the *English Court*; where not finding Encouragement, he went to the *King* of *Spain*, who approving his Design, furnish'd him with two Ships. He sail'd on the Ocean for the Space of two Moons without seeing any *Land*, which made his Mariners mutiny, their Provisions falling short. They threatned to throw him overboard, if he would not return. But he with mild Words and strong Reasons appeas'd their Fury; promising to sail back again, if they saw not *Land* within three Days. On the third Day, the Boy on the Main Top-Mast saw a Fire, and within a few Hours afterwards they came within View of Land.

When he had made his Observations, and done what was requisite in his Circumstances, he return'd to give the King of *Spain* an Account of his Expedition.

After his Death, *Americus Vesputius* was sent to conquer the *unknown Regions*; from whom, that whole *Continent* is called *America*; but methinks, not without some Ingratitude to the first Discoverer.

It would be endless to recount all the particular Adventures of the *Spaniards* in these Parts, with their Cruelties and Massacres: Suffice it to say, to the eternal Infamy of that Nation, that according to their own Writers, they butcher'd in cold Blood above twenty Millions of the Natives, in the Space of twenty Years: And all this for the Lucre of this Gold; though under the Pretence of propagating the *Christian Religion*.

I will

I will not list myself in the Number of those who pretend to be GOD's *Privy Counsellors*, neither will I presume to descant on Things out of my Reach: But the *Spaniards* have lately felt a terrible Blow in *Peru*; which, if it be not a Mark of the Wrath of *Heaven*, is at least a Sign that the Earth is weary of them, especially in those Parts, where they have stain'd it with so much innocent Blood.

The City *Lima*, not many *Moons* ago, was all swallowed up by an *Earthquake*; and *Calao* another City not far from it, was consum'd by a Shower of Fire out of the Clouds. Eleven thousand *Spaniards* lost their Lives in this Calamity; and the Earth devoured a Hundred Millions of refin'd Silver, which the Lucre of the *Spaniards* had forced out of its *Bowels*. All the Mountains of *Potosi*, from whence they dug their choicest Metal, were level'd with the Plain, and no more Hopes of Gold were left to their insatiable Avarice.

I leave the Judgments of these Events to thee, who art of the holy Line, full of resplendent Thoughts, prophetick *Ischarif*, consecrated *Emir*, Glory of the House of *Mahomet*. Yet give me leave to tell thee, that this *Calamity* of the *Spaniards* in part resembles the Fate of *Sodom* and *Gomorrah*, and the Rest of the *nine Cities of the Lake*. The *Infidels* say there were but *Five*. Let them alone in their Errors; 'tis certain the *Mussulmans* have the only true History of former Times. Doubtless, GOD is severe in Chastisements, when he is incens'd against a *Nation*. Witness the People of *Aod* and *Themod*, with the Men of the Valley of *Smoke*, and the City whose Inhabitants were in one Hour all turn'd into Statues of Stone, and are to be seen at this Day, as a standing Monument of Heaven's Displeasure. Yet no Nation is ruin'd till it ruin itself, as GOD speaks in the *Alcoran*.

O *Emir*,

O *Emir*, in whose Veins run the most purify'd Blood in the World, pray for *Mahmut*, that he may never turn *Apostate* from God and his Prophet, nor do any thing which may hurry him to an untimely Fate.

Paris, 17*th of the* 1*st Moon*,
of the Year 1657.

LETTER X.

To Mustapha, Bassa.

THIS following Summer, if all Reports be true, is like to afford some Campaigns of Blood. The general Discourse here is, that the *Grand Seignior* will speedily have an Army of Three hundred thousand Men in the Field: Part to act in *Dalmatia* and *Candy* against the *Venetians*; the rest to be employed against the *Persians*, the more inveterate Enemies of the *Ottoman Empire*.

That saucy Embassador *Ishmael Bir Couli Can* deserv'd the Punishment was inflicted on him for his impertinent Huff, and drawing his *Sabre* in the Presence of the greatest Monarch of the World. And, let it be an eternal Precedent to the Envoys of foreign Princes, that they may learn a Lesson of Modesty, when they address to the Lord of their Lords, and not, by Presumption, incense the King of the Earth.

But 'tis apparent, this Embessador took Advantage of our Troubles: He swell'd with a vain and false Idea of the *Persian* Puissance: Besides, they say, his Master has enter'd into a solemn League with the *Czar* of *Muscovy* against the shining Empire. And 'tis certainly known here, that two

Two *Embaſſadors* are arrived at *Venice* from that Potent *Emperor* of the *North*; and others are expected from *Perſia* to negotiate a *Triportite League* between thoſe *Crowns* and that *Republick* againſt the *Victorious Oſmans*. Hence I ſuppoſe it was, that the rude *Heretick* took the Boldeſs to commit an Action, which all the *Eaſt* puniſhes with Death. Neither is it any thing to the Purpoſe, what the *Chriſtians* of theſe *Parts* ſay, *That the Perſons of Embaſſadors are ſacred*: For much more ſo are the *Perſons* of *Sovereigns*. And ſo long as an Envoy obeys the *Law* of *Natoins*, in only delivering his Meſſage with Reſpect and Civility, that *Law* will protect him from all Injuries. But if he muſt needs leap over his own Fence, and inſtead of appearing like an *Embaſſador*, he will act the Part of an *Aſſaſſin*,, a *Furioſo*, a *Contemner* of Majeſty, he can expect no better Treatment, than what is due to his audacious Inſolence: He throws off with Scorn the Protection that his Character claims, and in a mad *Bravado* courts the Revenge of the State.

This *Iſhmael* has all along been counted a bold Fool in the Court of *Perſia*. He has committed a thouſand wild Pranks at *Iſpahan*, more becoming a *Jeſter*, than a wiſe Miniſter of State. Yet his Maſter ſtill winked at his Extravagances for his Father's Sake, who did many notable Services to that Crown; among which, his recovering *Candahar* from the *Mogul* was none of the leaſt; it being the only Town which commands the Frontiers of *Perſia* and the *Indies*.

For this and other Merits, *Sha Sephi* prefer'd both him and his Son to the moſt conſiderable *Governments* and *Offices* in the *Empire*; wherein the old Man acquitted himſelf fairly to the laſt. But this young *Buffoon* grew unweildy with too much Honour, affronted the *Grandees*, and play'd upon

the

the *King* himself, for which he had once like to have been cast to the *Dogs*. But at the Intercession of some of his few Friends that Punishment was remitted and chang'd into *Exile*; whilst his Enemies made use of his Absence to ruin him.

They were some of the greatest *Lords* of the *Court*, who bore him a Grudge, and they had hourly the *King*'s Ear; which Advantage they made use of to insinuate such an ill *Character* of *Ishmael*, that he knew no better Way to be handsomely rid of him, than by sending of him on this desperate *Embassy* to the *Mysterious Porte*: Chusing rather that he should fall by the *Grand Seignior*'s Command, than by his own, who had reap'd so much Benefit from the Services of his Father.

By this thou may'st discern, that the *King* of *Persia* is earnestly resolved upon *War*, without regarding how his *Herald* that proclaim'd it is received: For that *Ambassador* deserves no other *Title*, who comes not with the accustom'd *Presents* and *Supplication*; but with an Address of a harsher Style, denouncing Enmity at his very first Approach to the Feet of the Invincible *Sultan Mahomet*.

After all, it rejoices me to hear, that thou, and the other *Bassa*'s of the *Empire*, are so ready to assist our *great Master*. For I am assur'd that from your Personal and Voluntary *Contributions*, he has receiv'd a Supply of thirty Millions of *Aspers*, besides the constant *Revenues*, *Customs*, *Tributes* and *Subsidies* of the *Empire*. This is noised all over *Christendom*; yet the *Venetians* seem not much to dread the Consequences of these vast Preparations; judging that they will be employed elsewhere, than against any *Province* of their *Dominions*, except in *Dalmatia*, where these *Infidels* trust to the Strength of their Forts, and the inaccessible Height of Rocks.

But

But *He* that laid the Foundations of the Earth, and causes it to tremble when he pleases, the same GOD form'd the lofty Mountains, and can levy them with Plains to serve the *Followers* of his *Prophet*: Even as the *Stones* came voluntary to salute the *divine Messenger* himself; the *Trees* rowz'd themselves as out of a deep Sleep, and the Earth yielding on all Sides to the forcible Motion of the *inspired* Roots, they walked out of their Places, and compos'd an *Umbrella* over the Head of *Mahomet*, when he was ready to faint with the violent Heat of the *Sun*.

Thus shall the *Elements* conspire to aid the *True Believers*: And when they fight for the *Alcoran* against *Infidels*, GOD shall endue the *inanimate Beings* with *Faith* and *Devotion*.

Paris, *7th of the 2d Moon, of the Year*, 1657.

LETTER XI.

To Mehemet, *an exil'd* Eunuch, *in* Egypt.

PRepare thyself with a Constancy of Spirit becoming a *Mussulman*, when thou shalt understand, that the best Friend thou hadst in the World is gone to *Paradise*. May GOD grant him the Repose of a *True Believer*, an *Apartment* of singular Delight. For 'tis the brave *Solyman* I speak of, who not only deserves thy most grateful Vows for saving thy Life, but has done a thousand meritorious Actions besides, which now crown him with *Chaplets* of *Immortality*.

I wish

I wish I could have been the Relater of better News to my banish'd Friend. But perhaps thou hast heard of his Death already, by some Vessels of *Constantinople*, and so 'twill be needless to say any thing as to his untimely Fate, or the *Tragedies* of the *Seraglio* and *Imperial* City.

It seems very strange to me, and a Thing unaccountable, that there can be no Means found out to prevent these dangerous *Insurrections* of the Soldiers, and that the most formidable *Empire* on Earth should be thus frequently shock'd by her own *Subjects! Mehemet*, the Things of this present World are a perfect *Riddle*, and our Life itself is but the *Shadow* of a *Dream*. Thou hast experienc'd the Inconstancy of *Fortune*, and that there is nothing on Earth deserves a wise Man's Confidence: Therefore if I may advise thee, it shall be, to wean thy self from the trivial Affairs of Mortals. Let not the natural Fondness which thou may'st possibly have for thy former *Courtly* Life in the *Seraglio*, return to disquiet thy *Soul*. A Man may be happy any where, that knows how to be contented. Nature is serv'd with a *Little*; and we ought to esteem our irregular Appetites as Foreigners. If our *Fortune* be not extended to the larger Measure of our Wishes, 'tis easy to contract and adequate our Minds to our *Fortune*.

Thou may'st carve to thyself various Sorts of Felicities in *Egypt*, and render *Caire* as pleasant to thee, now as *Constantinople* was formerly. Virtue makes all Places delightful. If thou art for an active Life, there's Business enough in that populous City; and Opportunities are never wanting to a Man that is ready to lay hold on them. Besides, 'tis the popular Character of *Egypt*, that whosoever dwells in it finds an Employment suitable to his Inclination. But if thou art Melancholy and Contemplative, in my Opinion thou couldst not have chosen

choſen a *Country* more agreeable to ſuch a Temper.

Were I in thy Station, I ſhould make frequent Viſits to the *Pyramids*, and never be weary of ſearching out the *Antiquity* of thoſe *Admirable Structures*. There is hardly any Thing made by human Art, which has put me upon more important Studies and Diſquiſitions, than the *Original* of theſe *Stupendous Fabricks*. They far ſurpaſs in Grandeur and Magnificence the moſt renown'd *Buildings* of the *Greek* and *Roman Empires*, even in the *Zenith* of their moſt flouriſhing State. And I would fain learn, *When* they were firſt erected, by *Whom*, and for *What* Ends? For I cannot believe what *Joſephus* the *Jewiſh* Hiſtorian reports of them, That they were built in the Time of *Moſes* their *Law-giver*, and that all thoſe of the *Hebrew Nation*, amounting to ſome Hundreds of Thouſands, were employ'd as Slaves in the Work, by the *King* then Reigning in *Egypt*.

I have perus'd *Herodotus* the *Grecian* *Diodorus* the *Sicilian*, with *Strabo*, *Pliny*, and other *Writers*, who have all taken great Pains to ſearch into the *Antiquity* of the *Pyramids*: Yet after all their Travels in *Egypt*, and their converſe with the *Prieſts* of that *Country*, they ſeem to have receiv'd but ſmall light in this Affair; leaving Things in Uncertainty, and not agreeing in their Accounts. One will have them to be only deſign'd for *Sepulchers* of the *Kings*; another ſays, they were built by *Joſeph* the *Hebrew*, the *Vizir* of *Egypt*, and that they were the *Granaries* where he laid up ſeven Years Proviſion of Corn, againſt the *Famine* which in his Days afflicted the Earth. Thus they differ in their Sentiments. And our Contryman *Ibn Abd' Alhokm* declares, That when he was in *Egypt*, he could not draw from any of the *Prieſts* the leaſt Certainty as to the *Age* of theſe *Pyramids*, or

their

their *Founders*. Which makes him conclude, That since there was no Memory or Footsteps of their *Original* left among Men, it is probable they were built before the *Flood*.

This agrees exactly with what others of our *Arabian Writers* have deliver'd concerning King *Saudrid*, who reign'd in *Egypt* three hundred Years before the *Deluge*. They relate strange Things of this *Prince*; and among the rest, That he dreamt, *The fixed Stars came down from Heaven to the Earth overturning all Things with the Violence of their precipitate Fall*. Being much troubled at this *Vision*, he sent for the *Priests* and *Sages*; who when they were assembled together in the *King*'s Palace, *Aclimon* their *Cater*, or *Prince* of the *Astrologers*, told the *King*, *That a Year before, he had seen a Vision which made a deep Impression on his Mind. For these celestial Orbs appear'd to descend so low as to touch the Earth, so that the Stars were mingled among Men. Then he lift up his Hands above his Head in his Dream, to keep the Heaven from quite oppressing Mortals with its Weight. Whilst I was in this Posture*, said he, *methought I addressi'd myself to the Sun, beseeching the resplendent God to retire with all his Glittering Train of Lights to their antient Station on High. Whereupon the Sun made Answer. When I shall have accomplished three hundred Circuits, the Heavens will return to their proper Places*.

When *Aclimon* had related this *Vision*, the *King* commanded the *Astrologers* to erect a Scheme of the present *Configurations* Above, and tell him what they presag'd. They did so, and all agreed, That a *Deluge* should *First* overflow the whole *Earth*, and that *Afterwards* it should be totally destroy'd by *Fire*.

Upon the hearing of this, they say *King Saudrid*, commanded the *Pyramids to be built*, carrying all his Riches into them with the *Tables* of the *Mysterious*

rious Sciences, and *Laws*, and whatsoever was esteem'd Precious and Worthy to be preserv'd from the *General Destruction*. And the *Annals* of *Egypt* say, that he commanded these Words to be Engraved on them.

I Saudrid *laid the Foundation of the* Pyramids, *and finish'd them in six Years: Yet I challenge any future* King *to demolish them in Six hundred Years; tho' it be much easier to ruin than to build. I cover'd 'em with* Silks; *let any Man after me cover them with* Mats, *if he can.*

In thus asserting *Saudrid* to be the *Founder* of the *Pyramids*, it ought to be understood only of some of the Greatest; and that other succeeding *Princes* (perhaps after the *Flood*,) spur'd on with Emulation and Desire of Glory, built the Rest; which is the only Way to reconcile our *Arabian Writers* to *Herodotus*, *Diodorus*,, and other *Historians* of the *West*, who assign *Cheops* or *Chemnis*, with *Chephren*, *Chabryis*, and *Mycerinus* the Son of *Chemnis*, as *Founders* of some particular *Pyramids*. Whilst *Strabo* and *Pliny* ascribe the Building of one to *Rhodope*, a famous *Strumpet*, or at least to some of her *Paramours*.

Doubtless, there is great Obscurity and Confusion in the Records of the *Ancients* about the exact Time when these illustrious *Monuments* were built, which yet is an impregnable Argument of their *Antiquity*; since, when one *Author* asserts this or that *King* to have built a *Pyramid*, another demonstrates the contrary, by proving, that That *Pyramid* was in being long before the Days of the

the suppos'd *Founder*. Neither can I find any Concurrence of *Authorities*, so rational and exactly agreeing, as that of the *Arabians*, who all unanimously deliver, as a certain Truth, that these unparall'd *Structures* were built long before the *Flood*. All which is confirm'd by the *Egyptian Annals* themselves, penn'd by those of the *Coptite Race*, who descended from *Coptim*, Son of *Masar*, the Son of *Banser*, the Son of *Cham*, the Son of *Noah*; with whom and his *Family*, *Philemon* the good *Priest* made an *Alliance* by Marriage, and in their Custody were the *Records* and *Traditions* of the *old World*.

But if it be granted, dear *Eunuch*, that those *Histories* are true which relate the Transactions of the *Kings* of *Egypt* before the *Flood*; what Reason have we to call in Question the *Fragments* of *Manethos*, a *Priest* of *Egypt*; or the *Genealogy* and *Succession* of *Egyptian Monarchs* deliver'd by *Herodotus*; or the *Chronological Registers* of *Egypt* unfolded by *Diodorus*, which carry up the *Reign* of their *Kings* to above a thousand Years beyond any other the most early *Epocha* of the *Creation*, except that of the *Assyrians*, or the intermiddle Ascent of past Ages in the *Records* of the *Chinese* and *Indians*?

I know not what to call it, whether the *Cowardice* of the *Intellect*, which dare not venture to launch into so vast a Speculation; or its *Sloth*, which will not take the Pains to unfold and stretch its drowzy Faculties on the most natural *Idea* in the World. 'Tis true indeed, we cannot without some Fatigue contemplate stedfastly the *Eternal* Existence and Duration of Things. 'Tis an immortal Thought, that can transport the *Soul* back through such an *Infinity* of *Ages*. Yet the Pleasure is agreeable to the Undertaking; because Truth, serene as the Mornings in *Egypt*, enlightens the

Prospect

Prospect, and tempts the *Mind*, if 'twere possible, to look even beyond *Eternity* itself: Whereas, he that only confines his View to the narrow *Horizon* of particular *Histories*, is like a Man in a *Wilderness*, or a low and shady *Vale*, where his Eye is curb'd with the Interposition of Thickets, uneven Ground, and envious Enclosures. For such are the dark Controversies, inextricable Difficulties, and affected Umbrages of most *Writers*, who never durst peep o'er the Mountains of receiv'd Opinion; or if they did, they fearfully or maliciously hid their Discoveries, from the rest of Mortals. I tell thee, as GOD is Eternal, there cannot be assign'd an *Instance* of *Time*, wherein the *World* did not exist. For the *first Matter* flows as naturally from his *Essence*, as *Light* from the *Sun*.

If thou adorest any other GOD but this, thou wilt be found in the Number of *Idolaters* and *Infidels* who pay divine Honours to certain Mighty *Angels*, *Architects*, as they believe, of the *Universe*.

They behold Houses, Castles, and great Cities built by Mortals, and at a certain Period ruin'd by Fire, Water, Earthquakes, or other Accidents; or destroy'd by the Effects of War: From hence they form a Notion of the World's *Original* and *Catastropre*: They consider the Animals, Plants, and Minerals; that every *Individual* perishes in *Time*; and that even in the *Heavens* there are strong *Symptoms* of *Corruption* and *Alteration*. Hence they collect Arguments to prove the Weakness and Decay of *universal Nature*, which they vainly compare to the Life of a Man, a Beast, or a Tree. And as they have their appointed *Seasons* of Birth, Growth, Maturity, Decay, and Death; so it is with the *Universe*.

But all this is *Sophistry*; or to speak more favourably, we ought to change it to the Account of short

short Meditation. For though the *Individuals* of all Kinds are chang'd, cease and disappear at their appointed Periods; yet the *Species* or *Kinds* themselves remain for ever before our Eyes. As fast as one Man dies another is born; and so it is with the *Brutes*: And the *Seasons* of the *Year* in their proper Course renew all the *Vegetables*. We find the Elements, the Sun, Moon, Stars, and Earth remain unchangeable. And why then should we think they were not always so, and will not continue so for ever? Or if this be too bold a *Stretch*, let us conceive them, at least, much more ancient and durable, than they are generally thought to be. And if these *greater Beings* shall undergo a *Change* in their *outward Forms*, we may yet believe their *Substances* will remain for ever.

But whether *corporeal Beings* are thus lasting or no, we have something in us that can never perish. Our Souls are *Immortal*, and need not the *Embalming* of *Egypt* to preserve 'em from *Corruption*.

Therefore, dear *Mehemet*, since we are destin'd to live for ever in one State or other, let us not fear *Death*, which is but a Minute's Slumber, a short Trance out of which we shall immediately awake, to encrease our Knowledge and Experience of those *Mysteries* and *Secrets* in *Nature*, which at present are hid from us. In a Word, let us live like Philosophers, and then we may hope to die with the same Equanimity of Spirit as he did, who in his last Agonies, being ask'd by his Friend, *Where was all his Philosophy now?* Answer'd, *I am just entring on a new Discovery concerning the Nature of Salt.* And with that Word he expired.

Paris, *7th of the 2d Moon*,
of the Year 1657.

LETTER XII.

To the most Venerable Mufti.

IF the publick Seditions should always continue, or be as frequently renew'd as they have lately been at *Constantinople*; and if their Effects shall be equally fatal to the *Grandees* as has been this last horrid Mutiny of the Soldiers; to congratulate any Man's Rise to an eminent Dignity, will be but to flatter him, and Addresses of this Nature must be esteem'd no better than mock Complements, civil Insults, and fashionable *Sarcasms*: Since at this Rate, great Honours ought to be look'd on no otherwise, but as direct Advances and nearer Approaches to Infamy and Death; when a Man is exalted from an obscure Fastness and humble Security to the glorious Hazard of a precipitate Fall.

'Tis therefore when I come to kiss the Dust of thy Feet among the Croud of true Believers, and to welcome thee to the most sacred and sublime *Vicarship* on Earth, I d aw near with an Indifference suitable to a *Mussulman* wishing thee not more Joy than Safety in that mysterious Station, but such a Temperament of both, as is due to thy Sanctity and incorrupt Actions. In a Word, I wish thee a perpetual Immunity from thy Predecessor's Temptations, and from his Crimes; and then thou need'st not fear his Misfortune and Disgrace.

Let not what I have said pass for an Argument of Disrespect and Undutifulness to the Heir of Propherick and Apostlick Revelations, the great Patriarch of the Faithful. I reverence both thy Office and Person, yet am commanded to avoid Flattery and partial Addresses when I write to the greatest Sages

Sages in the Empire. And had not this Injunction been laid on me, my own natural Temper would prompt me to shun that Vice which renders a Man so much less than himself, by how much he exalts another above his due.

I have often proposed to thy Predecessor, the mighty Benefit that would redound to the whole *Ottoman Empire*, if Learning were more encourag'd, and the Histories of foreign Nations were translated into the familiar Language of the *Mussulmans*.

It is, that those who are destin'd to subdue all Things, and have already spread their glorious Conquest thro' the greatest Part of the Earth, should be acquainted with the Transactions of former Times, the Wars of illustrious and brave Heroes, the Rise and Fall of ancient Kingdoms, and in general, the most noted Revolutions in the World. From such Records our Generals and Military Men may draw Examples of Fortitude and Patience, Conduct and Prudence, in all the Fatigues and Difficulties of War. Our Statesmen may improve their Knowledge in all the Maxims of Policy and Wisdom requisite in Time of Peace. In fine, Men of all Conditions may learn the Precepts of Morality and Virtue.

Methinks 'tis pity, that we who possess the Terrritories of the antient *Grecians*, the Kingdoms of *Corinth*, and the *Argives*: the Common-wealth of *Athens* and *Lacedæmon*; the Empire of *Macedon*, and the State of the *Jews*; should be ignorant of the Laws by which these divers Countries were of old govern'd, and the Characters, Lives, and Actions of their first Law-givers, and succeeding Governours.

But if thou shalt determine, that the Knowledge of these remote Affairs is superfluous and unnecessary for true Believers; let them at least not be ignorant in their own History, and the Original of their Progenitors.

'Tis true, we *Arabians* have all along taken Care of our *Genealogies*, every Family and Tribe being diligent to preserve the Memory of their Ancestors, and all concur with an unanimous Zeal to register the holy Lineage of *Mahomet*, the Messenger of GOD: So that we can from his Father *Abdulla* run up in a direct paternal Line to *Caydar*, the second Son of *Ismael* (on whom be the Benedictions of GOD.) We are not ignorant how this *Caydar* (from whom the noble *Corei*'s derive their Pedigree) first settled at *Mecca*, in pure Devotion to the Square Temple, which was built by Angels; when he might as well have chosen the more fertile Plains of *Medea*, *Persia*, and *Assyria*, as did his Brethren *Doama*, *Naphis*, and *Redma*. But he foresaw by his Skill in Astrology, that the Inhabitants of those Regions would be Idolaters: And so it came to pass; for they were in the Number of those who ador'd the *Fire*. For the same Reason he chose not for his Seat *Armenia*, though that Country be renown'd for the Resting of *Noah*'s *Ark* on Mount *Gèudis*, and the famous City *Themanine*, or the Work of Eighty, being the first City built after the *Deluge* by the Eighty, who escap'd in the *Ark* But *Caydar* knew that the People of that Province should worship the Sun, and it was verify'd in the Posterity of his Brethren *Nabsam* and *Masna*. Therefore he chose *Mecca*, though a barren Country, because he knew it was the Seat predestin'd to the Elect *Lineage*, the Generation of just Men and Prophets, from whom was to spring the Light of the World, *Mahomet*, who in Paradise is called *Al Batrasim*, and in Heaven, *Achmet*.

Caydar was the only Son of *Ismael* who took part with his Father, and follow'd his Example, worshipping One GOD, Creator of the Worlds, as he had learn'd by Tradition from *Abrahim* the Beloved of the Eternal: Whereas *Nabeyeth*, *Abbael*, *Thema* and

and the rest of the Twelve either ador'd the Sun, Moon and Stars, or the Elements, except *Jackour*, who paid divine Honours to the Tree *Betlemer*; and *Hadal* and *Massa*, who sacrificed Beasts to the Idols *Bohinun* and *Alze*.

And as our *Historians* have been thus particularly exact in recording the Affairs of the Twelve Sons of *Ismael*; so they have shewed themselves no less precise in relating the Transactions of the twelve Tribes which descended from them, even down to the present Age.

I do not insist on this to teach thee something whereof thou art ignorant; but to put thee in Mind of the Benefit and Advantage, besides the vast Delight which accrues to a Nation by thus preserving the Memoirs of their Ancestors; in which my Countrymen have exceeded the Fidelity and Care of all other People.

Had it not been for the Industry of *Arabian Writers*, the History of the whole *Saracen Empire*, the Succession of the *Caliphs*, with their Wars and Conquests, would have been either quite lost this Age, or at least much deprav'd and falsify'd by the Malice of *Christian* and *Persian Authors*, both equally Enemies to the Truth; by which it is evident, that every Nation ought to register their own Transactions.

What therefore I chiefly aim at is, that the glorious *Osmans*, who have by their Valour enter'd into the Possessions and Territories of many ancient Nations, might also be acquainted with the Histories of those People whose Lands they enjoy: But above all I wish, that after they have found a Way to so much Wealth and Honour, they would not lose themselves, and their own Original.

I speak of the *Turks*, properly so call'd; the *Descendants* of the *Scythians*, who by some were esteem'd the most *ancient Nation* on Earth; a Peo-

ple form'd by Nature for the Empire of the World; were never conquer'd themselves, yet spread their Victories over all *Asia*. They routed *Zopyrio*, a *General* of *Alexander* the Great: and drove back a huffing King of *Egypt* with Shame and Loss to his own Country: In fine, they were a People naturally Just, Temperate, Hardy, and endu'd with all the exellennt Qualities which the Philosophy of the *Greeks* and *Romans* could never inspire into their Subjects, though they aimed at it.

These were the People, O *Oracle* of *Believers* from whom the present *Turks* descend. And is it not a Shame, that they can give no other Account of their Ancestors, but what they borrow from the Christians, who in the mean Time reproach the *Mussulmans* with Ignorance and Barbarism?

'Tis for this Reason I renew the same Request to thee, which I often made to thy Predecessor, that Learning may be encourag'd: Let all the ancient Records and Histories of the *Greeks* and *Romans* be sought out and translated, by Men skiful in *Languages*, into the familiar Speech of the *Ottomans*, Some, I know, are already common among the *Grandees*, as *Heredotus*, *Plutarch*, and others; but let not any credible Writer be wanting.

In doing this, thou wilt put a Check to the Scoffs of *Infidels*, augment the Honour and Interest of the *Mussulmans*, and leave an immortal Name behind thee on Earth; which will make thy Joys in Paradice more sweet to an Infinity of Ages.

Paris, 29*th of the* 3*d Moon*,
of the Year 1657.

LET-

LETTER XIII.

To the Kaimacham.

ALL *Europe*, except the *French* and *Swedes*, hangs down the Head for the Death of the *German* Emperor. He went to the Immortals on the 2d Day of this *Moon*, after a long Fit of Sickneſs, and forty nine Years Life on Earth.

Nathan Ben Saddi, *Agent* of the *Porte* at *Vienna*, informs me, that on the ſame Day, whereon the Emperor died, the *Imperial Palace* took Fire on a ſudden, and with ſuch Impetuoſity, that a great Part of it was preſently conſum'd, and the King of *Hungary* and *Bohemia*, the Emperor's Son, narrowly eſcap'd with his Life. This is eſteem'd a bad *Omen* to the Empire; and without being ſuperſtitious, I can aſſure thee, that *Germany* is in a very bad Condition at this Juncture. The Electors are ſo divided on the Score of *Religion*, and their ſecular Intereſts and Alliances, that in all Probability, they will not with Eaſe decide the Succeſſion.

The Duke of *Brandenburgh* having united himſelf to the *Swedes*, will not conſent to the inſtalling *Leopold Ignatius Joſephus*, the Emperor's Son, becauſe that *Prince* ſupports the Cauſe of the *Poles* and *Danes*. The *Palatine* of *Heydelberg* and *Duke* of *Bavaria*, are at odds about their private Pretenſions. The Duke of *Saxony* would fain be Emperor himſelf, or have one at leaſt of the *Lutheran Religion*: And the reſt are ſo incens'd againſt the Houſe of *Auſtria*, that it is thought, none but the Eccleſiaſtick Princes will vote for the King of *Hungary* and *Bohemia*. So that there being no King of the *Romans* to claim the Succeſſion by the *Laws* of the Empire, the Throne is like to be vacant yet a while.

Cardinal *Mazarini*, who watches all Opportunities to aggrandize his Master, has dispatched away several Couriers into *Germany*, to negotiate privately with the Electors, and concert those Measures which will be most for the Interest of *France*. And, I tell thee, this Minister has no small Influence on the Elector of *Colen*, and Prince Palatine of the *Rhine*: Besides, thou wilt say, he goes the right Way to Work, when thou shalt know that he makes use of the *French* Gold to compass his Designs.

No sooner did the News of the Emperor's Death arrive at this Court, but it was observ'd the *Cardinal* took up a hundred thousand *Pistoles* of the publick *Banquiers* in this City: And every Body guess'd how 'twould be disposed.

The *Portuguese* Ambassador at this Court has caus'd extraordinary *Fire-works* to be play'd on the River *Seine* before the Palace of the *King*, in Honour of his Master's Coronation, the young King of *Portugal*. But the *Spaniards* are preparing more destructive *Fire-works* on the Frontiers of that Kingdom, being ready to enter it with an Army of sixteen thousand Men to recover the *Portuguese* Crown.

In sending thee these Intelligences, sage Minister, I am not concern'd for the *Infidels*. Who dies or who lives, who rises or who falls, is all one to *Mahmut*, provided the *Grand Seignior*'s Health, Life, and Happiness be augmented: And this I speak as an *Arabian* and true Believer.

Paris, 30*th of the* 4*th Moon*,
of the Year 1657.

LET-

LETTER XIV.

To Raba Mahomet, General of the Ottoman Forces, at his Camp near Adrianople.

THE sacred Empire of true Believers is beset at this Time with Infidels, Rebels, and Heretics. Here are many Rumours spread abroad concerning the *Persians*, and the Interest they have in the *Bassa* and Citizens of *Babylon*. They talk also, that some Malecontents design Things which ought not to be nam'd.

GOD has given me two Ears, and I hear these Discourses with both, but I entertain them with one unchangeable Judgment, that they are only the Whispers of Fame, which has a thousand double Tongues. If it be true, that the four *Chiauses* who were dispatch'd to *Babylon* from the *Grand Seignior* to confirm the Inhabitants of that City in their Allegiance, and assure them of speedy Succours, were murther'd by the disloyal Citizens; I doubt not but 'tis as true, that the Plague has consum'd the greatest Part of the Red-heads in their *Camp* at *Aranjacat*. What tho' these *Babylonian* Mungrels cry, *Long live the King of* Persia! The rest of the Empire, with true Zeal and Devotion, pray for the Health and Prosperity of the *Grand Seignior*. What though the *Sultan* has sworn by GOD and his Throne, by the Heavens and the Earth, that he will go against the *Venetians* in Person! The *Mufti* can easily absolve him in Case of supreme Necessity, whence his Presence is requisite against the more accursed *Kysilhaschi*.

'Tis probable the *Osman* Monarchy may be much embarrass'd by domestick Troubles and foreign

Wars; yet he that founded it, and is the Conservator of Ages, will out of these very Distempers and Evils, produce a good Constitution of Health in the State, and a firmer Establishment against all Enemies.

In the mean while, the *Venetians* are very busy in their Levies at Home, and in making Interests Abroad. *Courtiers* are perpetually posting up and down *Christendom*, to and from that City. They would willingly have all the Business of *Europe* superseded for their Sakes. Every where 'tis whisper'd there's some grand Design on foot against the *Turks*, but no Body knows what And I tell thee, *France*, *Spain*, *Germany*, *Poland*, *Sweden*, and the rest of the *Nazarene* Kingdoms are too much entangled among themselves to have any Thoughts of meddling with remote Affairs.

The *Poles* would have had the *German* Emperor taken that Crown in Vassalage, on Condition of protecting it from the *Swedes*. But whilst the *Emperor* was alive, he weigh'd the Difficulties, and refus'd so chargeable an Offer. Now he is lately dead, and the Empire is hardly capable to defend itself.

Differences are newly risen between the Duke of *Bavaria* and the Elector Palatine of *Heydelberg*; each claiming a Right to be Vicar of the Empire during the Vacancy; and they are preparing on both Sides to dispute the Matter with the Sword; Whilst the King of *Sweden* smiles secretly at their Intestine Quarrels, resolving to be reveng'd on *Germany*, for the Assistance they have given to *Casimir* King of *Poland*.

At the same time, the *Danes* are arming and equipping by Sea and Land, to demand Justice of the *Swedes*. Whilst the cunning *Muscovite* stands aloft, amusing all Parties with specious Pretexts, but designing only to play his own Game, and espouse that

that Quarrel which will bring him most Booty; Prince *Ragotski* promises fair to the *Swedes*, but 'tis thought, will prove false in the End. The Counsels of these Uncircumcised, are full of Treachery. They are infatuated, blinded, and know not what they do.

The Case is as bad in *Spain*, where the King is making vast Preparations to enter *Portugal*, and claim that Crown, hoping to make Advantage of their domestick Factions since the Death of *Don Juan de Braganza*, the late *Portugese* King: Not considering that the *French* are like to find him Work enough in *Italy*, *Flanders* and *Catalonia*; besides the continual Damages he receives by Sea from the *English*, and the Losses he sustains in *America*. I tell thee in a Word, all *Europe* is at this time in such a Hurly-burly, that they have no leisure to attend our Motions in the *East*; every Kingdom and State being wholly busy'd in their own Affairs, and *Venice* can rely on nothing but her own Strength. Go on then, brave General of the Army, destin'd to chastise these *Infidels*, and let nothing discourage thee from pursuing the Aims of Honour and Religion. Let the proud *Franks* know that there is a Sword drawn in the East, which will never be put up, till it has not only cut off the exterior Members, but even ript up the Bowels of the Western *Empire*.

The Inhabitants of *Sicily* are in a great Consternation, by Reason of a fresh Eruption of Fire from Mount *Ætna*, or Mount *Gibel*, whereby the City *Catanea*, and adjacent Parts, are much in Danger, and the Ashes are scatter'd all over the Island. This Mountain has at Times flamed forth in an extraordinary Manner from immemorable Ages; and in all Probability, will continue to do so till the Day of Judgment.

There is like to be a new Quarrel between *France* and *Holland*, the latter complaining, that they have

had above three hundred Merchant Ships taken from them by the *French* within these seven Years. Upon which they have stop'd two Vessels belonging to this Kingdom, and Misunderstandings encrease apace between them.

In the mean time, the *German* Court is preparing to choose a new Emperor. His Son is the Person design'd for this *Dignity*, if the Electors do not oppose it. His Name is *Leopoldus Ignatius Josephus*, King of *Hungary* and *Bohemia*. He lies sick of a dangerous Disease, not less loathsome than the *Plague*.

And now I have mention'd this Scourge of GOD, it will not be amiss to inform thee, that in *Rome* and *Naples*, where it has rag'd these eleven *Moons*, and has destroy'd a hundred and eighty Thousand People, 'tis not now to be heard of; Commerce is restored; *Publick Courts* sit; *Ambassadors* have Audience; and all Things run in their *wonted* Channel. Yet in *Genoua* they feel it still.

The Souls of these *Infidels* are infected with an infernal Pestilence, and therefore GOD rains *Curses* on them, whilst the Elect of all *Nations* are preserv'd from all Evil, being mark'd in the Forehead by the Angel of *Health*.

Paris, 15*th of the* 5*th Moon*,
of the Year 1657.

LETTER XV.

To Cara Hali, *Physician to the* Grand Seignior.

I Have encounter'd a Passage in the History of the First *Caliphs*, which a little entangles me. My Faith is disjointed. Thou knowest we *Mussulmans* believe, that *Abu Becre* was the true *Successor* of

of the Prophet: Yet when I consider, that he attain'd the *Sovereignty* by Surprize, without the Consent of the *Mussulmans*, I know not what to think of it.

After the Death of the Messenger of God, the Inhabitants of *Mecca* and *Medina* rais'd a Sedition, and took up Arms, each challenging the Right of Election to themselves. When to prevent the ill Consequences of this Tumult, *Abu Becre* and *Omar* immediately came to them; and to end the Controversy, *Omar* stretching forth his Hand to *Abu Becre*, saluted him *Caliph*, and lifting up his Hand to *Heaven*, swore Allegiance to him: Which Example suddenly prevail'd on others, and so the Tumult was appeas'd. Yet *Omar* himself seem'd to repent of what he had done: For a while after he was heard to say, *Assuredly, the Inauguration of* Abu Becre *was a rash undadvised Thing*; God *avert the Evil which may result from it. But let it be a Law, That if any one hereafter shall presume to do as I have done, and swear Fealty to another, without the Assent of the* Mussulmans, *he shall be put to Death.*

But that which is of greatest Moment with me, is, that *Ali Eb'n Abi Thaleb* the *Son-in-Law* of the Prophet, was not present at this Election, who had as much Right to the *Caliphate*, as any of them, if not more; at least he had a Right to vote. And when he first heard the News, he protested against what they had done as null and invalid, in regard they had not consulted him. Certainly *Ali Eb'n Abi Taleb* was a matchless Hero, performing *Miracles* of Valour in Defence of the *Prophet*. When he besieg'd *Chaibar*, a City of the *Jews*, he took the Gates of the City from off their Hinges, and us'd them as his Shield. When he brandished his glittering Sword, he made his Enemies tremble. I will say no more in his Praise, lest thou should'st conclude, I have listed myself in the Number of the

the *Kyzil Baſhi*. What I write, is only by way of Scrutiny, being diſſatisfy'd about theſe Things.

So when *Abu Becre* lay on his Death-bed, he called for *Othman Eb'n Aphan*, the *Scribe*, and bid him write as follows: "In the Name of GOD, "Gracious and Merciful; this is the *Teſtimony* of "*Abdollah Eb'n Abu Kohopha*, when he was arrived "to the laſt Hour of this World, and the firſt of "the World to come." Then he fell into a Trance, while *Othman* proceeded, and wrote the Name of *Omar Eb'no'l Chattab*. Then *Abu Becre* awak'd, and asking *Othman whom he had named for his Succeſſor*; He reply'd, *Omar, Thou haſt done well*, ſaid he, *and according to my Mind. Yet if thou hadſt named thyſelf, aſſuredly thou art worthy of the Honour.* Thus *Omar* ſucceeded in the *Caliphate*, by the private Order of *Abu Becre*, without asking the Conſent of the *Muſſulmans*. It looks like a Contrivance or Bargain between thoſe two at firſt. When *Omar* ſwore *Fealty* to *Abu Becre*, one would ſuſpect he made him promiſe to bequeath the *Caliphate* to him. Be it how it will, thou ſeeſt *Omar* accepted the Government on Conditions which he himſelf had made Unlawful, when he prohibited any Succeſſion, that ſhould be made without the Conſent of the *Muſſulmans*. He was the firſt that was called *Amiro'lmumenim*, or, Commander of the Faithful.

It is reported that when *Omar* was near his Death, thoſe that ſtood about him deſired him to name his Succeſſor; they themſelves recommended *Ali Eb'n Abi Taleb*, becauſe of his Relation to the Prophet. But he rejected him, and committed the Election of his Succeſſor to *Othman*, *Ali*, *Telha*, *Azobia*, *Abu Obeid* and *Saad Eb'n Abi Wakka*. *Abu Obeid* therefore coming to *Ali Eb'n Abi Taleb*, ſaid thus to him, *Art thou he to whom I may ſwear Fidelity, that thou wilt act according to the Book of* GOD, *and the Laws of his Prophet, and the Conſtitution of the*

Two

Two Seniors? *Ali* answered, *I will ever act according to the Book of* God, *and the Law of his Prophet; but as to the Constitutions of the two Seniors, I will follow my own Counsel.* Then *Abu Obeid* going to *Othman*, said the same Words: And *Othman* promised to perform all that they required. So they chose *Othman* to succeed *Omar* in the *Caliphate*. He was accused of too great Partiality to those of his Blood; for he recalled *Hacem Ebno'l As Eb'n Omaih*, whom the Prophet had banish'd. He gave him also a hundred Thousand *Aspers*, and to *Abdella Eb'n Chaled*, he gave Forty Thousand. They taxed him also with Pride, in that he sat on the highest Seat of the Prophetick Throne, where none but the holy Prophet himself had ever sate: For *Abu Becre* in Reverence to the Messenger of God sat one Step below it, and *Omar* two. So that the *Arabians* being incens'd at *Othman*'s Arrogance, and other Vices, took up Arms, and kill'd him. Then succeeded *Ali*.

I rehearse this History to thee, that thou may'st know the particular Grounds of my Dissatisfaction, and give me thy Opinion in this Matter. For, if *Abu Becre*, *Omar* and *Othman* were unlawfully lifted to the *Caliphate*, it follows, that they were *Usurpers*, and *Hali* the only true Successor of the Prophet. And, if this be granted, then we have no Reason to curse the *Persians*, who are the Followers of *Hali*. God knows which is in the Right, We or They. We are all the Disciples of the Prophet, and believe in the Unity of the Divine Essence. God bless *Mahomet* our Law-giver, with all those of his House. God bless *Mahomet* our glorious *Sultan*: In fine, God bless thee and me.

Paris, 15*th of the* 5*th Moon*,
of the Year 1657.

LET-

LETTER XVI.

To Cara Mustapha, Bassa.

BY the Notices which I receive from *Constantinople*, it appears that the Ground of all the publick Discontents in that City, is the *Venetians* Conquests and Possession of *Tenedos*: As if the People thought that Island would prove as fatal now to the *Mussulmans*, as it was formerly to old *Troy*, when the *Grecians* under the Conduct of *Agamemnon* pitch'd their first Camp there, to recover *Helena* the fairest Woman of *Greece*, whom *Paris* the Prince of *Troy* had ravish'd from her Husband's Embraces.

That *Rape* was fatal to the *Trojans*? For, after ten Years War, their City was taken by Stratagem, and burnt to Ashes: Their Princes and Nobles either all slain, or carry'd away Captives by the victorious *Greeks*. Only *Æneas* sav'd his Father alive, carrying him on his Back out of the Flames, and with some other *Commanders* escap'd to Sea in such Vessels as they found ready. The History of all his Adventures is too tedious for a Letter. Suffice it to say, that after many Voyages from one Region to another, at last he landed in *Italy*, where he and his Company settl'd. And from them the *Venetians*, with other People of *Europe*, derive their Original.

'Tis this makes the present Possession of *Tenedos* appear as an ill *Omen*, in the Eyes of the Superstitious: As if those Relicks of ancient *Troy* were now come to recover the Habitations of their Fathers, and drive both *Greeks* and *Mussulmans*, out of the Empire.

But these are only Chimæra's and Dreams; for when a Nation is once displanted from the Native Seat, they seldom or never take Root there again.

Be-

Besides, who knows whether the *Venetians* descend from *Troy* or no? 'Tis true indeed, if *Historians* speak Truth, that *Æneas* sail'd into *Italy*, two Years after the Burning of *Troy*: 'Tis probable also, that he built *Lavinium*; as *Padua* is ascribed to *Antenor* one of his *Captains*. But where's the Consequence, that the *Venetians* should therefore be the *Off-spring* of these *heroick Fugitives*? They may as well say, the *French* are the *Posterity* of the *Moors*, because those *Africans* once seated themselves in *Spain*. For just so independent are the *States* of *Italy* one of another, and their Inhabitants of as different *Genealogies*, as are these two potent Kingdoms, with the People that dwell in them.

And now the *Trojan* War is in my Mind, I cannot but smile at the egregious Folly of *Ajax*, the Son of *Telamon*. This was a great Commander in the *Grecian* Army, a huge, brawny, Giant-like Fellow, that had perform'd Prodigies of Strength and Valour in combating the *Trojans*, and yet at last fell upon his own Sword and kill'd himself, because he could not have his Will of *Ulysses*; and all about an old rusty *Buckler*, taken from the Enemy which *Ajax* claim'd as his Right, in reward of his meritorious Services, and as many Scars he had received. But *Ulysses* over-rul'd the Council of War was call'd on purpose to decide this Quarrel, and got the Shield himself. For being a cunning plausible Fellow, he pleaded, that though the Courage and brave Actions of *Ajax* deserved all due Honour and Acknowledgment; yet the Surprize of *Troy*, and ending the War, was only owing to his Wit and Contrivance, who deluded the *Trojans* with a Wooden Horse, in the Belly of which lay a Detachment of armed Men; and these, after the Horse was admitted into that City, came out of their Nest in the Dead of Night, and

ſet Fire to the Horſe, opening the Gates alſo to the *Grecian Army*.

If the *Venetians* could invent ſome ſuch Stratagem, perhaps there would be danger of their taking *Conſtantinople*, but till then, illuſtrious *Baſſa*, there's no Reaſon to fear theſe *Infidels*. Beſides it will be very eaſy to diſpoſſeſs them of that ominous Iſland, and ſo diſſipate the Charm which has bewitch'd the ſeditious Rabble. But I would counſel, that it be attempted in Time, before the *Venetians* are got into the *Helleſpont* with their Navy: For there's no Succeſs againſt theſe *Infidels* by Sea. That *Element*, it ſeems, is the Wife of the Duke of *Venice*; being eſpouſed with a Ring and other ſolemn Ceremonies, on a certain Feſtival of the *Nazarenes*.

One would think alſo, that the *Engliſh* had made ſucceſsful Love to the Sea; for their Navies are always proſperous. We have freſh News come in of an Encounter between them and the *Spaniſh-Weſt-India* Fleet, near the *Iſland* of *Teneriff*, wherein there were Seventeen of the *Spaniſh* Ships ſunk and burnt, and among them were five great Galleons. They took from them an immenſe Treaſure of Gold and Silver with other coſtly Merchandiſe.

The *French* Court rejoices mightily at this Exploit; not in any real Love to the *Engliſh*, but in Hatred of the *Spaniards* For between theſe two Nations there ſeems to be an an irreconcileable Antipathy. Beſides, the *French* have Reaſon of State for their Joy, being in League with the *Engliſh* Commonwealth.

That which renders this Victory the more remarkable, is, that it was obtain'd in a *Spaniſh* Harbour, the *Porte* of *Santa Cruz* in *Teneriff*. Every one extols the *Engliſh Commander* for a very brave Perſon, his Name is *Blake*. I am the more particular in this Relation, becauſe thou art expert in

Marine

Marine Affairs, having had the Command of the invincible *Ottoman Armado*.

There is a Post newly come in from *Germany*, who informs us, that the King of *Sweden* and Prince *Ragotski*, have taken the strong Fort of *Brzeki Litenski* from the King of *Poland*.

The *Portugese* Ambassador at this Court presses the King with much Earnestness to send Aids to his Master, in regard the *Spaniards* are actually enter'd into *Portugal*, and have taken *Olivenza*, a City of that *Kingdom*.

I formerly acquainted the Ministers of the *Divan*, that the King of *Spain* had caused all the People of his Kingdom to be number'd: Now I tell thee farther, That in order to carry on the War effectually against *Portugal*, this Monarch has commanded the fifth Man in every Family to take up Arms, and follow the Campaign. At which Rate, they say he will have an Hundred thousand Men in the Field.

In the mean time, all the Discourse here at present is, concerning the Siege of *Montmeli*, a very strong Place in *Flanders*. It was invested by the *French* Army on the 11th of this Moon, under the Command of the Mareschal *de la Ferte Seneterre*.

France has sent a great many brave Generals into the Field this Summer; and I perceive, the *Bassa's* of the *Ottoman* Empire are not like to tarry at Home. God inspire thee, and thy Equals, with a Resolution which knows no Medium between Victory and a glorious Death.

Paris, *26th of the 6th Moon, of the Year* 1657.

LET-

LETTER XVII.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, *a* Jew *at* Vienna.

THE Beginning of thy Letter surpriz'd me with Wonder, when I read that a *Chiaus* from the *Grand Seignior*, the Sovereign of Sovereigns, Lord of Three Empires, and Five and Twenty Kingdoms, should have the Dishonour, not to find Admittance within the Walls of *Vienna*: and that in a Time when the *Germans* have no Reason to provoke a Foreign War, being sufficiently embarrass'd with Domestick Troubles. But when I read farther, and perceiv'd, That no Ambassador, not even of the *Christian Princes*, has any more Privilege at this Juncture; and that it is an established *Law* of the Empire, thus to reverence the Majesty of their deceas'd Sovereign, and consult the Safety of the next Election; I ceas'd to resent this any longer as an Indignity to our great Master, and only concluded it to be some Mystery of the *Austrian State*.

It is an Argument of profound Respect to the *Imperial Ghost*, that the Churches are all hung with Mourning throughout the Hereditary Dominions, and that no Musick is permitted either in the Temples or elsewhere; no Jollity or Mirth, till the Funeral Obsequies are perform'd, and the Body of *Cæsar* is consign'd to the Place of its everlasting Repose.

As to the Quarrel between the Duke of *Bavaria* and Prince *Palatine*, about the *Vicariate*, there's much to be said on both Sides. And it ought to be a Thing indifferent to thee and me, which of these two gets the Victory. Yet for the Sake of Truth I will tell thee in short what I have collected out of the *Journal* of *Carcoa*, thy Predecessor, and out of other Memoirs, as they came to my Hands.

It

It appears then, that by the *Golden Bull* of *Charles* IV. this Dignity was declared inherent in the *Palatinate Family*, in the Right of their Poſſeſſion of that Principality; and that it has been ſo for many Ages, even before there were any Electors eſtabliſh'd in the Empire. 'Tis upon this Ground the preſent *Elector Palatine* claims it. But on the other Side, it is manifeſt, that when *Maximilian*, the Father of the preſent Duke of *Bavaria*, was inveſted with the Electoral Dignity, it was inſerted in the *Imperial Bull*, that the *Vicegerency* of the Empire during an *Interregnum*, ſhould henceforth belong to that Family. Yet this Grant was again diſannull'd by the late Pacification at *Munſter*. And ſo the Buſineſs is left in Diſpute between theſe two Families. He of *Bavaria* truſts to his Strength and Riches, being alſo back'd by the Eccleſiaſtick Princes; whilſt the other only confides in the Juſtice of his Cauſe, the Right of unqueſtionable Inheritance.

Leaving therefore theſe Grandees to proſecute their ſeveral Claims, I'll tell thee what makes the freſheſt Noiſe in this City, is an Attempt which the Prince of *Conde* made lately on the Town of *Calais*, a Sea-Port of this Kingdom. He had receiv'd certain Intelligence, that the Governor had ſent out the beſt Part of the Garriſon to fortify *Ardres*, a Place not far from *Calais*, and ſuppoſed to be in great Danger; upon this News, the Prince marched with great Expedition, deſigning to ſurprize *Calais* by Night. But he was diſcover'd before he came near them; and the Inhabitants taking up Arms, appear'd on the Walls and Ramparts to welcome him, ſo that he was forc'd to retire again with the Loſs of near a thouſand Men.

Here are two Men come out of *England*, that pretend to be Prophets, foretelling the Downfal of the *Pope*, whom they call *Antichriſt*, a *Beaſt*, a *Dragon*

gon, and I know not how many other Titles. One of them is gone to *Rome*, to tell the *Holy Father* to his Face what is like to befal him. The *French* Court looks upon them as Madmen; and no body can esteem them better if they go to *Rome*, where they will infallibly fall into the Hands of the *Inquisition*; which thou know'st is a Hell upon Earth. Thy Brother *Adonai* felt the Smart of it, only for two or three Words utter'd in Contempt of their Religion; and though he was not condemn'd to Death, yet he suffer'd a tedious Imprisonment; till at length, the Plague releas'd him both from that, and the Change of this mortal Life.

Nathan, if he had dy'd by the Stroke of the Executioner, or by Fire, the common Death of those who rail at the *Roman Faith*, I could not pronounce him a Martyr, unless it were to his own Folly and Rashness; since he was not plac'd there to make Proselytes, either to the *Law* of *Moses*, or *Mahomet*: but to penetrate into the secret Transactions of the *Followers* of *Jesus*.

Thy Business is the same at *Vienna*; pursue that with Alacrity, and GOD shall protect thee from all Adversity.

Paris, *9th of the 7th Moon, of the Year* 1657.

LETTER XVIII.

To Melec Amet.

I Welcome thy Return to the Earth again: For it appears by thy Letter, that thou hast been in the other World. 'Twere to be wish'd thou wouldst favour the Living with a Journal of thy Travels and Observations among the Dead. Those Regions of Silence

lence would afford Matter of Noise enough to Mortals, that are always greedy of Foreign News. Perhaps if thou wouldst communicate the Remarks thou hast made during that Ramble of thy Soul, we might find out some Method of Correspondence between Our World, and that Invisible State. We might contrive a Way to send Dispatches to our Friends, and to receive their Answers again. Or at least we might make some useful Discoveries in that Empire of Shadows.

But tell me seriously, dost thou think it was any more than a Trance or Dream that has happen'd to thee? Such as frequently fall out in melancholy Constitutions? I once inform'd *Cara Hala* the Physician of such an Accident as this not far from *Paris*. It was of a Man that had lain five and thirty Hours as Dead, in all human Appearance, and so given over by the Physicians: Yet after that Period, he recovered his Senses again, and told strange Things to those that were about him. Surely these are but the Slumbers of the Soul; and Death itself is but a deeper Sleep, when it causes the dissolution of the Body. Doubtless, Men awake again in some other Active State. For as a Flame of Fire is equally disposed to embody itself in the Fat of Flesh or Fish, in Oyl, Wax, Sulphur, or any proper Vehicle; and as soon as it is extinguish'd in one, will readily translate itself successively to all the rest, if they be within the Sphere of its Activity (as the *Western* Philosopher speaks:) So is the Spirit or Flame of Life always in a Posture of Transmigration. For ought we know, he that is a King this Hour, may be *Peacock* the Next, and within a few Days be serv'd up at his Successor's Table, as a *Royal Dish*.

But not to insist too much on these Secrets, I will relate to thee a Passage, not unlike that thou hast experienced.

It

It is recorded in the Writings of an authentick Pen, the Manuscript of an ancient *Arabian*, That *Al' Rashid*, Emperor of the Faithful, had many famous Physicians about him; among the rest, he highly esteemed *Saleh Eb'n Nahali*, an *Indian*, for recovering one of his near Kinsmen, out of such a Condition as I suppose thou hast been in. That Kinsman was very dear to the Emperor, who was sitting at a *Feast*, when News was brought him that he was Dead. The Emperor extremely troubled to hear this, burst forth into Tears, and caused the Table to be taken away. Then *Jaafer Ep'n Yahya*, one of his Confidents, immediately desired that *Saleh* the *Indian* Physician, might visit the Corps of his Dead Relation; who went accordingly, and having felt his Pulse, and considered him well, he returned to the Emperor, and said, "Cease to mourn, my Lord, "Commander of the Faithful: For if this Man be "Dead, and I do not restore him to Life again, may I "be divorced from all my Wives for ever.

He had scarce made an end of saying this, when a second Dispatch came to the Emperor from those who were about his Kinsman, assuring him, That he was really departed this Life.

Then *Al' Rashid* began to curse the *Indians*, and their Ignorance. But *Saleh* persisted in his Assertion, crying out with some Vehemency, "Be not incredu-"lous, O Emperor of the Faithful, nor suffer thy Kins-"man to be buried, till I have been with him again: "For assuredly he is not Dead, I will shew you some-"thing that is admirable." *Al' Rashid* pacify'd with these Words, took *Saleh* along with him to visit the supposed dead Person.

As soon as they came into the Chamber, the *Indian* took a Needle, and thrust it between the Nail and the Flesh of his Left Thumb. Then the Entranc'd snatch'd up his Hand toward his Mouth. At which *Saleh* cryed out, "Now, my Lord, comfort your-

self; for dead Men use not to be sensible of Pain. After this, he blew up a Powder into his Nose; upon which, in a few Minutes the Patient sneez'd; and sitting upright in his Bed, spoke to *Al' Rashid*, kissing also his Hand. The *Emperor* asking him, *How he found himself*: He replyed; *Benefactor of Mankind, I have been in the sweetest Sleep that ever I remember fell on me in my Life. Only I dream'd that a Dog came and bit me by my Left Thumb, the Pain of which wak'd me.* With that he shew'd him the Mark of the Needle and the Blood; adding, *Surely it was no Dream, but a Truth, for I feel it yet.* The *Emperor* was extremely pleased with his *Indian Physician*, and did him great Honour. His *Kinsman* also, whose Name was *Ibrahim*, lived many Years after this, and was made Governor of *Egypt*, where he dy'd and was bury'd.

The *Eastern* Physicians have been famous in all Ages, and are now much in Esteem among the *Franks*, who addict themselves to study the *Sciences*: Here are some very learned *Physitians* in these *Parts*, and not a few ignorant ones, who serve as Foils to set off the Lustre and Fame of the others. Every Province and City in *France* swarms with 'em; and they all find Employment either to kill or cure. The *Nazarenes* live very intemperately, and fall into abundance of Diseases, whereof the *East* is wholly Ignorant: Therefore 'tis necessary for them to be well stock'd with Physicians. Yet 'twas satyrically observed by a certain *French* Lord, that in a Town not far from his Palace, the Inhabitants were all healthy long liv'd Men, till a certain *Empirick* came and took up his Residence there; for then they began to sicken and die apace. But this may be an invidious Remark. The *Arabian* Proverb says, *No Man is a good Physician, but he that is born such*: Meaning that some are natural disposed and fitted to this *Science*. Indeed I have known ad-

mirable Cures perform'd by Men who never ſtudied in Academies, or could anſwer three Queſtions in Anatomy; nay, ſome Women have a Gift of this Nature, and are very fortunate in their Practices. But when all's done, the Beaſts are moſt happy, who are all their own Phyſicians by Inſtinct.

Melec, I wiſh thee ſuch a State of Health as needs no Medicines: But if it be thy Misfortune to fall into *Parmenides* his Indiſpoſition, I counſel thee to make uſe of the Advice given him by a Philoſopher; who when *Parmenides* complain'd of a Pain in his Stomach, and ask'd his Advice, bid him uſe ſuch and ſuch Confections and Electuaries. The other reply'd, *He had made Tryal of them all, and many more, yet found no Eaſe.* Then ſaid the Philoſopher, *Turn Poet, for they generally have good Stomachs.*

Paris, *9th of the 7th Moon,*
of the Year 1657.

LETTER XIX.

To the Kaimacham.

COuriers upon Couriers are come to this City with the joyful News that *Montmeli* is ſurrender'd to the *French:* For which the whole Body of the *Parliament*, and the City of *Paris*, the *Chancellor* of the Kingdom, with Cardinal *Antonio Barberini*, and all the *Eccleſiaſticks*, went to the *Grand Moſch*, or *Temple*, where *Te Deum* was ſung this Afternoon, with a pompous Solemnity. And now whilſt I am writing, there is ſuch a confus'd Noiſe of great Guns, Ringing of Bells, and Shouts of People, that one would think it were enough to wake the very Dead, and make them ſtart from their Graves, to enquire what's the Matter.

The

The Truth of it is, this Place is counted one of the ſtrongeſt in *Europe*, and the Inhabitants were not inſenſible of it when they made their *Conditions* of Honour with the King. And therefore we need not wonder at the exceſſive Joy of the *French*.

When the Keys were delivered to the King by the Deputies of the Town, one of them, in the Name of the reſt, made this following Addreſs.

" Sire, We ſhould have had juſt Reaſon to complain of Fortune, and accuſe ourſelves of Cowardice, if we had ſurrender'd this impregnable Forteſs to the Arms of a *Prince* leſs glorious and puiſſant than your Majeſty: Since our very Walls are of ſufficient Strength to defend us, without taking up Arms, againſt a Power inferior to yours. But in regard it is the Will of *Heaven*, that we muſt change our Maſter, we rejoice to fall into the Hands of ſo invincible and generous a Monarch; and we hope, Sire, that your Majeſty will ſhew us the more Favour, for having us'd our utmoſt Efforts to conſerve an inviolate Fidelity to the *Catholick* King, who but Yeſterday was our Maſter.

This was ſpoken with ſo graceful an Action, and ſuch a becoming Frankneſs, that the King being mightily pleas'd with them, made them this Anſwer.

" Yes, I ſhall always remember that your Conſtancy deſerves my Eſteem. And now conſidering you as my Subjects, I will beſtow ſuch Privileges on this City, as ſhall oblige you to manifeſt no leſs Courage and Zeal for my Service than you have done for the *Catholick King*.

And to evidence, that he has equal Sentiments of Gratitude and Eſteem for his *Officers*, by whoſe Courage and Conduct this important *Place* is come under his Obedience; the King has beſtowed the Government of it on the *Lieutenant-General* of his Armies, who was preſent at the Siege, and was

shot in seven Places of his Body. They call him the Marquis of *Vandi*. He has signaliz'd his Valour in sixteen Sieges and Battles, being mark'd all over with Scars, the glorious *Characteristicks* of an indefatigable and fortunate *Hero*.

It is fit the *Divan* should be informed of all such Passages; not to instruct them what to do in the like Cases, (for they are perfectly wise) but that these Examples may be registered as Spurs to Vertue and Magnanimity of Spirit. For it cannot be supposed, that the Emperor of *True Believers* will come short of these *Infidel Kings*, in rewarding his faithful and undaunted Slaves.

Mareschal de Ferte Seneterre has also had his share in the Caresses and Acknowledgments of the *King* and the whole Court.

This Success has given a great Damp to the *Spaniards*, who begin to retire as fast as they can from the Neighbourhood of the *French* Armies. On the other side, these are full of Vigour and brisk Resolutions, resolving not to end the Campaign without some farther Attempts in *Flanders*.

They creep by Degrees into the very *Heart* of that Province, which is ever like to be the Stage of War, so long as the King of *Spain* has one Town left in it. 'Tis a very rich Country, abounding in all the desireable Productions of Nature. And the People are very industrious to learn and improve whatsoever is profitable in *Art*. All their Unhappiness lies in this, That they are not able to protect themselves, and subsist independent of one or other of the neighbouring Crown. So that whenever those Sovereigns fall out, these poor People are miserably oppress'd with Armies; and in this Case, their Friends many Times give them as much Trouble as their Enemies. Nay it is difficult to determine which are their Enemies, and which their Friends. For to whatsoever Master they are subject, he drains

their

their Coffers of Money by Taxes and Contributions; besides the intolerable Vexation of Quartering unruly *Soldiers*, who commit a Thousand Insolencies unpunished.

Poland is at this Time in as bad a Condition, between the Armies of *Sweden*, *Austria*, *Brandenburgh*, *Muscovy*, *Transylvania*, and the Forces of King *Casimir*. The Son of the deceased Emperor has sent a great Army to the Aid of that unfortunate Monarch, and 'tis confirm'd on all Hands, that they have laid siege to *Cracow*; whilst his Ambassador is negotiating with the Elector of *Brandenburgh*, to draw him off from the *Swedish* Interest. This is like to prove a War of long Continuance, if the *Plague* do not make Peace, which rages in those Parts, and destroys many Thousands more than the *Sword* or *Gun*. The *Muscovites* have combated with this Distemper above these two Years, the *Grand Duke* being forced to fly with his Army, like Vagabonds, before this inexorable *Conqueror*, which gives no Quarter.

In the mean time, I hear ill News from *Candia*, where they say the *Mussulmans* have, in a late Attempt on that City, lost above Four thousand Men, with Thirty four Ensigns, and a considerable Treasure. These *Infidels* have also taken and destroyed, this *Summer*, above thirty *Ships* of *Barbary*, and as many more of *Constantinople*, *Smyrna*, *Aleppo*, *Scanderoon*, &c. On board of one of which they seized the yearly Revenue which comes to the *Grand Seign'or* from *Scanderoon*; and out of another they have taken the Revenue of *Rhodes*, kill'd a Thousand *True Believers*, took half that Number Captives, and releas'd Abundance of *Christian Slaves*: In a Word, they have taken out of the several Vessels which fell into their Hands, an immense Treasure of Silver, Gold, and precious Stones.

These continual *Successes* of the *Nazarenes*, would tempt one to think, That this *War* was

unjustly commenc'd by *Sultan Ibrahim*, and therefore unhappily carry'd on by his glorious Successor, *Sultan Mahomet*. Pardon the Effect of Melancholy, benign Minister, if it be a Crime to think, that the Creator of all Things is angry with those who violate their solemn Word and Oath. Thou knowest the whole Story of this War, and the first Occasions of it. I say no more.

They have a *Proverb* here in the *West*, *That the Voice of the People is the Voice of* GOD. And tho' I approve not the Practice of those who make Use of this popular *Aphorism* to foment Seditions in a State; yet I cannot but own, there's a great deal of Reason in it, and it may be verify'd in the present Circumstances of *Constantinople*.

Thou observest that the Soldiers are mutinous, and unwilling to serve any longer in this unfortunate War. Thou findest the Merchants, and in general all Sorts of People, discontented and factious. The Avenues to that Sanctuary of the World are block'd up by the *Venetians*; so that neither Corn, nor other necessary Provisions can be brought in to supply the Wants of so many hundred thousands of People. In a Word, thou seest the publick Calamities have made them almost desperate; they care not what they do: Peace with the Christians is the Word every where, or else each impertinent Mechanick will presage Ruin to the *Ottoman* Empire.

May GOD inspire thee and the other Ministers of the *Divan*, in this *Calenture* of the State, to apply such Remedies as may prevent the Inconveniencies of a *domestick* War, which is always more fatal to a Government than a Foreign Invasion.

Paris, *17th of the 8th Moon, of the Year* 1657.

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LETTER XX.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, *a* Jew *at* Vienna.

NOW thou giveſt me ſome ſolid Hopes of a Convert. Thy Letter has rais'd my Expectation, ſince 'tis not penn'd in a Stile full of Scruples and inſignificant Doubts, which would be endleſs: Nor yet does it ſavour of Hypocriſy and Diſſimulation, as if thou intendeſt only to mock me and my Faith, and ſtill continue thyſelf an Infidel. But it abounds with very fair Conceſſions, Articles of Reaſon and Honour on thy ſide; only expecting from me a true and authentick Account of our holy Prophet's Life, and of the Miracles which can be produc'd in Confirmation of his Prophetick Office. Thou would'ſt fain ſee if any Thing happen'd of this Kind to the Meſſenger of God, parellel to the ſtupendous Wonders which recommended *Moſes* your Lawgiver to the World, as the undoubted Oracle of Heaven.

I proteſt there is no Fault to be found in this Demand; For it is but Reaſon, that he who aſſumes the Character of a Prophet, ſhould be diſtinguiſh'd from *Impoſtors* by ſome evident Signs and Wonders: yet 'tis needleſs to make an exact Parallel, becauſe the Occaſions of *Moſes*'s Miracles were different from thoſe of *Mahommed*, the Seal of the Prophets. Your Lawgiver had a Commiſſion and Power given him to work Miracles when he pleaſed: Whereas ours declar'd, that he was not ſent to work Miracles, but to preach the Unity of the divine Eſſence, the Reſurrection of the Dead, the Joys of Paradiſe, and the Torments of the Damn'd.

Yet leaſt the unbelieving World ſhould doubt the Truth of his Miſſion, from his very Birth his Life was graced with many ſupernatural Favours. His Mother bore him without the leaſt Pain of Body or Mind: and as ſoon as he breath'd the vital Air, he ſpoke with an audible Voice, ſaluting his Mother, and adding, *I profeſs, That there is only One* GOD, *and that I am his Apoſtle.* He was alſo Circumcis'd by Nature, coming into the World without his Prepuce. At the ſame Hour, the Devils were forbid to aſcend above the Orb of the Moon; and Four *Voices* were heard from the *Four Corners* of the *Square Temple:* The *firſt* ſaying, *Proclaim, The Truth is riſen, and all Lies ſhall turn into Hell.* The *Second* uttering, *Now is born an Apoſtle of your own Nation, and the Omnipotent is with him.* The Words of the *Third*, were, *A Book full of illuſtrious Light is ſent you from* GOD. And the *Fourth Voice* was heard to ſay, O Mahomet, *we have ſent thee to be a Prophet, Apoſtle, and Guide to the World!*

When he was about four Years old, accompanying the Sons of his Nurſe into the Field, the bleſſed Child retir'd into a Cave at the Foot of the Mountain *Uriel* to pray: When the Archangel *Gabriel* appeared to him, and ſaid *Biſmillai rrahmani rrahimi*, &c. *In the Name of* GOD, *Compaſſionate and Merciful, O Child greatly beloved, I am ſent to diſplant from thy Heart, the Root of Evil; for thy Ejaculations made the Gates of Paradiſe to fly open.* The young *reſign'd* One ſaid, *The Will of thy Lord and mine be done.* Then the *Angel* open'd his Breaſt with a Razor of Adamant, and taking out his Heart, ſqueez'd from it the black Contagion, which was derived from *Adam:* And having put the Child's Heart in his Place again, he bleſs'd him, and retir'd to the *Inviſibles.*

From that Time the young Favourite of Heaven grew up and proſper'd in all Things, having the Smiles

Smiles of God and Man. He was under the Tuition of his Uncle *Abu Taleb*, who discerning the Mark of an immense Soul in his young Nephew, was more sollicitous for his Welfare than if he had been his Son. His Fortune being low in the World, he had no other Way to provide for his *illustrious Charge*, than by placing him as a *Factor* to *Chadijah*, a Widow of the same Tribe with *Mahomet*, which was the *Noblest* among the *Arabians*. Besides she was very beautiful and rich: And there wanted not Hopes, that in Time she might become *Mahomet*'s Wife.

That which chiefly encourag'd them to this, was a *Vision* of *Chadijah*, every where talk'd of in those *Parts*. For she had divulg'd it herself, long before *Mahomet* became her Servant, or his Uncle had any Thoughts of thus disposing of him. "The *Son* "seem'd to leave his *Heaven* and come down to "her House, from whence he dispers'd his Beams "through *Arabia*, *Egypt*, *Persia*, and in fine, "through the whole Earth." This *Vision* had made a deep Impression on the Mind of *Cadijah*, and she could not rest, till she had told it to a certain Famous *Sage* in those *Parts*, who had great Skill in *Astrology* and other *mysterious Sciences*, and was *celebrated* for the Integrity of his Manners. As soon as he heard the Contents of her *Vision* he said, "In the Name of God, O Widow, enter into thy "*Bath*, and prepare thyself with the necessary *Pu*"*rifications*: For thou shalt shortly be married to "the greatest *Prophet* in the World." And when she ask'd the *Astrologer*, *What was the Country, Tribe and Name of her next Husband*; He told her, *He was an* Arabian *of* Mecca, *of the Tribe of the* Corei's, *and that his Name was* Mahomet.

As yet the *Prophetick* Widow knew nothing of the Nephew of *Abu Taleb*. But thou may'st imagine she felt strange Passions, when his Uncle after-

wards recommended him to her Service; and she knew that he was the Man in whom the *Astrologer*'s Character was verify'd, as to his *Country*, *Tribe*, and *Name*. For *Mahomet* was the Son of *Abdalla*, who descended from the *Bani Aschim*, who were the *noblest Family* in the Tribe of the *Corei*'s. Who can express her Sentiments, when she saw the beautiful Youth making his first Addresses to her as an humble Slave, whom she believed Heaven had ordain'd for the Partner of her Bed! With what a Grace and becoming Modesty did he receive the last Instructions and Farewel of his parting Uncle! However, she conceal'd her Transports, and sent her beloved *Slave* with a *Caravan* into *Syria*, allowing him a noble *Pension*.

In that Journey there happen'd something very remarkable in Honour of the admirable young Man. For at a certain Place on the Road, as he waited on the Captain of the *Caravan* to a *Synagogue* of the *Jews*, no sooner had *Mahomet* set his Foot o'er the Threshold of the *Synagogue*, but all the Lamps therein were loosen'd from their Chains, and fell down on the Floor. All those of thy Nation that were present, being astonished at the portentous Accident, fell at the Feet of the *Rabbies*, desiring their Advice in this amazing Circumstance. They having perform'd the accustom'd *Ceremonies* and *Expiations*, answer'd, "It "is revealed in the Traditions of the Seniors, That "at what Time soever an *Arabian* called *Mahomet*, "shall be present at our Solemnities, GOD shall re"move the Candlesticks out of their Place. It is "therefore most certain, that such a one is now "among us; let him not escape our Hands, lest Re"proach and Contempt come on *Israel*." But behold, whilst they were busy in searching for the Cause of this *Prodigy*, two Angels convey'd *Mahomet* to *Mecca*, where he soon after married *Cadijah*.

It

It were easy to recount many more Miracles in the Life of the Prophet; such as that of the Cloud overshadowing him, the Eagle perching on his Head when he was asleep, the Trees and Stones proclaiming him the Apostle of God. And if we were to make Parallels, I think the stupendous Descent which the Moon made at the Prayer of the divine Messenger, comes not far short of the celebrated Disorder on *Mount Sinai*, when your Law was delivered by *Moses*.

If thou requirest undoubted Testimonies for Truth of this Miracle on our Side, offer something that is unquestionable on thy own. We both equally confide in the different Records of our Nations, which were penn'd by Men as liable to Temptations and Errors of all Sorts, as thou and I and all that believe what they write. Therefore unless thou can'st start some more infallible Authority to prove the eternal and universal Obligations of your Law, than I can to the contrary, thou liest under a manifest Disadvantage; since I profess with our holy Prophet and all the *Mussulmans*, that the *Alcoran* contains nothing repugnant to the Law of *Moses*, but is only a more perfect and compleat Idea of the divine Will: And that as *Moses* was the Law-giver of the Sons of *Isaac*, so *Mahomet* was the Apostle of the Sons of *Ismael*, and the Seal of all the Prophets.

Use thy own Reason, and neither be of no Religion, than in the Number of those to whom it shall be said at the last Day, *Drink, ye Worshippers of* Ozair, *and be damn'd for ever.*

Paris, 10*th of the* 9*th Moon,*
of the Year 1657.

LETTER XXI.

To Dichieu Huſſein, Baſſa.

THERE has been a mighty Quarel of late between the *French* and *Spaniſh Embaſſadors* at the *Hague*, about *Precedency*. The Occaſion was this, one Evening the *French Embaſſador* was riding in a Coach, in a Place where the *Spaniſh Embaſſador* met him in another Coach, and both ſtriving for the upper Hand, they met with their Horſes Heads one againſt another, and ſo ſtood ſtill. There was preſently a Tumult of People gather'd about them: And the *French* being more reſpected, many Gentlemen came in to his Side with Swords and Piſtols; and all Things ſeem'd to portend a Combat. But the *Magiſtrates* having notice of this Diſturbance, ſent ſome of the Guards to keep the Peace and to defend the Embaſſadors from any Attempts of the Rabble. In the mean while, ſeveral Great Lords walk'd to and fro between the Embaſſadors, propoſing Expedients of Accommodation: But it being at the very Juncture when the *French* Embaſſador had received the News of the Surrender of *Montmeli*, he would not in the leaſt yield to any Terms. So that at the laſt the *Spaniard* was forced to drive out of the Way, thinking it a Matter of ſufficient Triumph, that he had ſtop'd the *French* Embaſſador ſo long.

There is a Poſt come in from *Denmark*, which brings News of the total Deſtruction of *Itzchow* by Fire. This was a Town belonging to the *Danes*, and was fir'd by the King of *Sweden*'s Order. The *Danes* are very unfortunate of late Years; they make no Figure in *Europe*. There is a Period ſet to the Grandeur of every Kingdom and State, and the *Danes* were once very victorious and formidable; but now their Monarchy declines apace, to make Way for the riſing Luſtre of the *Swedes*.

By

By Sea the *Dunkirkers* make a great Noise: They have lately taken from the *French* twenty Merchant Vessels, and from the *English* near half that Number. But if they have not better Fortune than their Neighbours, the *French* will take their City from them e'er long. Every Campaign makes a fair Advance toward it. I sent an Account already to the *Kaimacham* of the Surrender of *Montmeli*, one of the most important Places in *Christendom*. Now I acquaint thee, that *S. Venant*, which has not so great a Character, yet considerable enough, yielded upon Articles. This was done on the 28th of the last Moon. At this Rate the *French* Priests will have little else to do, but to sing *Te Deum* for their repeated Successes and Victories.

From *Portugal* we hear, that Court, to secure themselves the better against the *Spaniards* have sent to implore the Assistance of *Morocco* and *Fez*, which is much censur'd among the *Nazarenes*. Others, say they are only Messengers, gone to buy up all the Horses they can get in that Country.

In the mean while the King of *France* is taking all the politick Measures he can, for the *Empire* of the *West*. His *Embassadors* in *Germany* appear with a magnificent Train of Three hundred Men, and they stile their Master, *His most Christian Majesty, King of* France *and* Navarre, *Sovereign Prince in* Germany *and* Italy; which last is look'd upon as a fair Step to the Title of Emperor.

The Counsels of the *German Court* are not a little disturb'd to hear that our invincible Forces are approaching towards the Confines of *Hungary*. It will put some stop to the design'd Election. Besides, they cannot agree among themselves about a Successor.

The Queen *Christina* of *Sweden* is come back again into this *Kingdom*, being frighted out of *Italy* a second Time, by Return of the *Plague*.

There

There is a War commenc'd between the City of *Munster* and the *Bishop* of that Place; so that he has laid a formal Siege to it, and presses them very close.

All this is of no such Importance as the News that I receive from *Constantinople*, which assures me, that the *Mussulmans* have retaken the Isles of *Tenedos* and *Lemnos*, tho' with some Loss of Men.

I wish they could as easily drive the *Venetians* out of the *Archipelago*, and then the Imperial City would have no longer Reason to complain for Want of Bread.

Paris, 10*th of the* 9*th Moon*, *of the Year* 1657.

LETTER XXII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

I Know not what's the Matter, but most of my Friends are of late grown strange to me. They write but seldom, and then their Letters are full of Reserves, as if they suspected my Integrity: Or, because that I am commanded to inform the *Divan* of all criminal Practises, therefore they are afraid to communicate their Sentiments with the same Freedom as formerly; tho' on Themes no way belonging to the State, but purely speculative, and the common Discourse of all sensible Men. Are you become more morose and rigid at *Constantinople* than you were twenty Years ago? In those Days, I remember it was common in the publick *Coffee-Hans* for *Mussulmans*, *Greeks*, *Curds*, and *Franks*, or Men of any other Religion, to meet together and vent their Thoughts with Liberty: No Man being willing to be stigmatiz'd with the Character of a Clown for taking Offence at another's Faith, tho' different from his own.

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It was then esteemed a Point of Gallantry, to favour the Christians of all Sects, and let them talk and act as they pleased, provided they blasphemed not God, or his Prophets. And they themselves would have condemned any of their own Party, who should have beeen guilty of such an Immorality and Affront to the established Religion of the *Mussulmans*, and the general Sense of Mankind.

But why then is the same Liberty retrenched now, and that among *Mussulmans* who are intimate Friends? Is it not now as lawful for us to converse with one another by Letter, or any other Way, as it was then to enter into Dialogues with Infidels? I would not encourage nor imitate the bold and prophane Efforts of their Wit, who deny the Being of a God, or utter Blasphemies against his Messenger: The whole *Universe* is an irrefragable Testimony of an *Eternal* and *Omnipotent-Nature*: And the *Alcoran* is an evident Proof of the Sanctity and indispensable *Commission* of our holy *Law-giver*. But I hope it is no Crime, to enter into Speculations of Things liable to Controversy. At least, I will venture to disclose to thee my Thoughts, who art the most agreeable of all my Friends. I tell thee, my dear *Dgnet*, it appears to me ridiculous, and like the Quarrels of Children, for *Mussulmans* to wrangle about mere Trifles in Religion, and that the resigned to God should be zealous for the Whimsies of Men. One Party believes the *Alcoran* is Eternal, another says 'tis Created. In my Opinion, they are both absurd Assertions. The first, because then it will follow that there are more Eternals than One, which is a fair Step to *Polytheism* and *Idolatry*: The second is only an Impropriety of Speech; for we do not usually say of any Writing, that it is Created but Penned.

I can easily believe the manifold Descents of *Gabriel* from Heaven, when he brought down the

Hundred

Hundred and four Sheets of *Science* and *Faith*. But whether *Adam* had only ten of these Sheets, or one and twenty as some say; or whether his Son *Seth* had but twenty nine of them, or fifty according to others, is not material according to my Faith. It is possible *Edris* had no more nor less than thirty, and *Abrahim* our *Father*, just ten of these divine Manuscripts. Of these we are sure, that the *Volume* of the *Law* was sent to *Moses*, the *Psalms* to *David*, the *Gospel* to *Jesus* the Son of *Mary*, and the mighty *Alcoran* to *Mahomet* the Seal of the Prophets.

It is easy for me to believe the *Celestial Pen* with which all these Manuscripts were written, to be of some admirable Substance. But why it should be made of Pearls, rather than of Diamonds, or any other Jewels, I see no Reason; or that it should be a Journey of Fifty Years, for the swiftest Horse in *Arabia* to run from one End of it to the other. Yet if I have not Faith enough for these Things, I will not be angry with those that have. Let every May enjoy his Fancy.

But I cannot be so indifferent, when I hear Men tell me, that God has a Body like ours, with Eyes, Ears, Nose, Hands, Tongue, and all other Members and Organs of Life, Sense, Speech and Motion; that he is subject to Passions of Love, Hatred, Anger, Grief, and all the Affections that are common to Mortals. Yet thou knowest there is a Sect of *Mussulmans*, who believe all this, and preach it to others with great Assurance. What is this, but to set up an Idol in the Place of GOD? For the Original of all *Idolatry* was the vain Presumption of Men, who represented the incomprehensible Divinity, under some uncommon visible Figure of Men or Beasts.

If we must assign a Body to God, it would seem more rational to adhere to their Opinion among the *Sephatim*, who say his Body is Infinite, Uncircumscribed, and beyond all Form. Neither is it of

any

any Import, that the *Western Philosophers* assert, It is of the Essence of all Bodies to be Circumscrib'd and Finite. Since though this may be readily granted true of particular Bodies, yet must it ever be deny'd of the immense and universal Body out of which the World is form'd: unless they will allow it unlimited and interminate unbody'd Space, which is more unintelligible and absurd. Doubtless, if the Eternal Mind has a Body, 'tis expanded wide as the endless *Æther*, and equally present in all Places: Neither can this Body be any more circumscrib'd, confined, or shut up in any Place, than the Light of the Sun can be restrain'd within a Room, or separated from its Source by drawing of a Curtain. For all the World is pervious to this infinite Body, which is altogether indivisible into Parts, even as that which we call a *Spirit*. In a Word, we must conceive it to be simple and uncompounded, the finest and fairest Matter of the Universe.

But if thou wilt have my Opinion, all this is infinitely too low and narrow an Idea of that eternal and most exalted Essence, that intellectual Beauty, which no mortal Eye has seen, no Tongue nor Pen can describe; the smallest Glimpse of whose ineffable Majesty, falling on the Thoughts of holy Men and Prophets, snatch away their Souls in sacred Passions and divine Ecstasies, whilst their Bodies are in the Custody of the Angel of *Death*. At such Times they are carried up through the *Seven Heavens*, beholding all the Wonders, and the *Purple Sea* which divides the *first Heaven* from the *Second*. They pass by the *Orbs*, where Fire, Hail, Snow and Thunder are prepar'd, and kept in Reservatories against the Day of Calamity; being guarded by Spirits of Vengeance, who are created to punish Infidels. Then they ascend to the *Fourth Heaven*, where dwell innumerable Armies of *Holy Ones*. Next to the *Fifth*, where are the Angels of *Intercession*

ceſſion. Then to the Sixth, which is the Reſidence of Arch-Angels, the Internuncio's or Meſſengers of the Eternal Majeſty. And laſt of all they are introduced into the Preſence of the moſt ſublime Potentates and Principalities, who wait before the Receſs of the Creator in the Heavens above all Heavens, whoſe Height tranſcends the Power of eternal Intellects to Meaſure.

O *Dgnet*, when I have ſaid all I can, 'tis nothing to the Purpoſe! For no Words nor Thoughts can reach that *Infinite above all Infinity*. Nothing but pure unbodied Minds can have Acceſs to the Skirts and Borders of that endleſs Region of Light.

Therefore let us not ſtreech our vain Imaginations, nor greedily pry into thoſe Secrets which for ever fly from human Thought: But keeping ourſelves within the Bounds of Reaſon and Sobriety, let us adore GOD and believe his *Prophet*, obey the Law of Cleanneſs and Purity without injuring Man or Beaſt; and that's the Way, if there be any, to aſcend to the Viſion and Enjoyment of that Happineſs, which at preſent is hid from us.

Paris, *5th of the 11th Moon, of the Year* 1657.

LETTER XXIII.

To the Aga *of the* Janizaries.

I Received the Diſpatch coming from valorous Hands, an Expreſs perfum'd with *Narciſſus*, full of honourable Words, and exhibiting a Command worthy of an *Ottoman General*. May the Angel of Fortitude conduct thee in all thy Expeditions againſt Infidels, Rebels and Hereticks.

Thy

Thy Conceptions of the present State of *Europe* are very proper and lively: Yet in some Things 'tis possible thou hast been misinformed. The Affairs of *Italy* are inconsiderable, when compared with the more important *Wars* of the North That *Quarter* is at present the *Theatre* of the most remarkable Actions; yet the Campaigns in *Flanders* this Year have made some Noise in the World.

But all the Discourse at present is, of the famous Siege, and taking of *Frederick-Ode* by the *Swedes*. This is a Fortress belonging to the King of *Denmark*, and esteemed one of the strongest in *Europe*. Yet it was taken by Storm; wherein the *Danes* lost Ninety three principal *Officers*, and about Three Thousand common Soldiers; Thirty three Colours; Seventy seven great Guns of Iron and Brass; Three hundred and eighty two Barrels of Powder; Forty thousand Musquet Bullets; Six hundred Granado's; Three thousand Pikes, and Two thousand two hundred Suits of Armour.

This Victory makes the *Swedes* appear terrible to their Enemies; and they are looked upon as the only flourishing Nation in the *North*, as *France* is in the *West*. Yet to shew that there's no unmix'd Happiness here below, their Interest has been much lessen'd by the Desertion of the *Brandenburghers*, who now seem to favour the Cause of King *Casimir*.

That Monarch had an Interview lately with the *Elector* of *Brandenburgh*, at a Place call'd *Broomberg*; where they embraced one another, banquetted together, and buried all the Memoirs of Enmity in generous *Compotations*: For this is the Way of the *Northern Princes* of *Europe*, who live in so cold a *Climate*, that nothing less than a Debauch of Wine can thaw their frozen Souls, and melt them into an obliging Humour.

As for the *State* of *England*, I perceive thou know'st the *Character* of *Oliver*, the new Sovereign

of

of that Commonwealth. Yet I can inform thee, that he begins to change his Temper. There are Persons in his Court, who give constant Intelligence to the King of *France* of all his Secrets. And as the exiled King of *Scots* could not snuff a Candle in a *Passion*, but that *Usurper* had Knowledge of it; so neither can *Oliver* have a *Dream*, but some spightful Mercury carries the News into Foreign *Countries*. His Sleep is interrupted with fearful *Visions* of *Plots* and *Treasons* against his Life; which makes him change his Bed five or six times a Night. They say he is metamorphos'd from a Hero to a perfect Coward. And this is not the Report of the Multitude, who take Things upon Trust; but it is the Sport of the *French Grandees*, who wish well to the *Son* of the late murther'd *English* King.

I must be irregular in my Method of Writing, that I may oblige thee with military Remarks. A more particular Account of the *Storm* of *Fredericks-Ode* is just come to my Hands, wherein we are assured, that it was taken at the first Assault, which much redounds to to the Honour of General *Wrangle*; and that the Crown-Marshal of *Denmark*, with many *Senators* and *Grandees*, fell by the Edge of the *Sword*; and that Two thousand Captives were driven yok'd in Couples like Beasts, as an Augmentation of the Conqueror's Triumph.

Thou wilt not be displeased at the little Coherence and Order of these Memoirs, considering that it suits well enough with the *Subject*; for I write *a la Campagne*, as the *French* say, and so am oblig'd to entertain thee with broken Detachments of News, from several Parts, as Occasion offers.

The *Spaniards* are stark mad, for the Loss of *Mardike*, which was taken by the *English* and *French* in the 9th *Moon*, and all the Garrison sent Prisoners to *Calais*. They swear they will have this important Place again, whatever it cost them. The *Prince*

of

of *Conde* lies dangerously sick of a *Fever* at *Gant*: Whilst *Don John* of *Austria*, labours under a Malady of another Nature, being much distress'd for Want of Money to pay his Soldiers. This is look'd upon as a very bad Symptom in a *General* of an Army.

The great City *Cracow* in *Poland*, is surrendered by the *Swedes* to King *Casimir*. That Monarch begins to find a Turn of his Affairs; and it is thought he will draw half the Princes of *Europe* into a League against the King of *Sweden*.

It will be of no great Importance for thee to know, that the Siege of *Munster* is rais'd, and a Peace concluded between that City and their *Bishop*: Yet it is convenient, that this should be related to the *Ministers* of the *Divan*, who are the Judges of human Events. Besides, in one of my Letters, I mentioned this Quarrel and Siege.

Illustrious *Aga*, I have obey'd thy Commands, in sending thee an Abstract of all the most remarkable Transactions in *Europe*, during the last three or four *Moons*. I wish 'twere as agreeable to any of my Friends to send me the News of our Armies and Navy.

But I am more obliged to Strangers and Infidels, for the Intelligence I have of the *Ottoman* Affairs than to any of the *True Believers*

Brave *Commander*, may GOD preserve thee from the common Vices of a Soldier's Life, and make thee as renown'd as *Cassim Hali*, who was present in 25 pitch'd Battles, received 48 Wounds, and yet lived to the 63d Year of his Age.

Paris, *27th of the 12th Moon*,
of the Year 1657.

The End of the Third Book.

LETTERS

Writ by a

SPY *at PARIS.*

VOL. V.

BOOK IV.

LETTER I.

To Cara Hali, Phyſician *to the* Grand Seignior.

MOST of my Letters to the *Grandees* of the *Porte*, carry News of Wars, Sieges, and Battles among the Chriſtians. Now I'll tell thee, who art my Friend, I'm at War with myſelf; One potent Paſſion takes the Field againſt another; Oppoſite Armies of Affections are embattled in my Breaſt: My Heart is block'd up; Here lies Intereſt entrench'd; There, Honour diſplays its Standard. One Minute, Nature

Nature and Self-Preservation made a Sally; the next, they are beat back by Generosity and Love. The worst of it is, that these contrary Factions in the Soul, are so blended together by a secret Correspondence, that it is almost impossible to discern which is which.

Would'st thou know what the meaning of this is? I'll tell thee in Brief; I'm in a Controversy with my self, whether I'd best die or live.

Wonder not at the Expression, as if 'twere in any Man's Power to make this Choice; since according to the *Mussulmans* Fatih, we cannot hasten or retard the Moments decreed by Fate. Assuredly Predestination does not in the least interfere with what is called Man's Free-will. Every the most *voluntary Action* of our Lives complies as exactly with the Appointment of eternal Destiny, as the accidental Fall of a Tile of a House, or the more regular and constant Descent of Rain, Snow and Hail, from the Clouds. And for ought I know, we may as properly call it the *Free Will* of a River to run toward the Sea, as for a Man to pursue the various Currents of his own Reason or Appetite. For so a Fountain frequently divides itself into many Streams, before it falls into the Ocean, which is its Center. And Man himself notwithstanding the boasted Freedom of his Will, is as much confin'd to act according to his Principles, Prepossessions, Prejudices, Passions and Habits, as the different Rivulets issuing from the same Spring are restrained each within the Banks of its proper Channel.

But not to entertain thee with more Allegories; both thou and I, and all Men, find ourselves violently carry'd away by certain Inclinations so forcible as no Power of our Will is able to resist: Sometimes our Love, Hate, Joy, Grief, and so the Rest of human Passions, are as involuntary, as the Motions of our Pulse. And though in the most important

Actions

Actions of our Lives, we generally form some regular Design, as their Scope and Center; yet we do many Things without Reflection as *Musicians*, are said sometimes to play excellent *Tunes*, without so much as regarding or thinking what they are about. By all which it is evident, that our *Will* has little to do in the Conduct of our Lives. We, like all other Creatures, act according to certain *secret Impulses* of *Nature*. The very same Faculty which we call Instinct in the Beasts is no other than what we term *Reason*, *Wisdom*, *Knowledge*, *Discretion*, and *Forecast* in *ourselves*. And I think it is no *Solecism* to say, That that was a prudent *Dog*, who perceiving his *Master* making ready a Rope to hang him, slily slipt away, and never came near him more.

Suffer me to make yet a farther Digression, and ascribe it to *Fate*. For I'm on a sudden strangely interrupted in my Thoughts, by a most furious Tempest; a Medly of Hail, Rain, Lightning and Thunder: And this last, though not over-noisy and loud, yet it was the most singularly terrifying, that ever I heard in my Life. There is a Sort of *Thunder* which they call the *Drum*, because it approaches near the Sound of that warlike Instrument, making a lively, fierce rumbling in the Air, like the Beat of an Alarm. There is another more surprizing, like the Roaring of *Cannons*; But this had a Touch in it of the most harsh, affrightning and irregular Noises that ever shook the *Welkin*.

I was possess'd with a deep Melancholy, as soon as I heard the horrid Clatter begin, and saw the Air darken apace, with a more than ordinary Gloominess: Then I felt some *religious* Passions struggling with my Reason. I was full of Fears, least GOD was angry with me, for my counterfeited Life among the *Christians*: and imagined no less, than that this *Tempest* was raised on purpose to destroy me; and make me an Example to all *Mussulmans*, who dare

dare deny the holy Prophet, to ſerve the Intereſt of the *Grand Seignior*, as much a Mortal as themſelves. Or, at leaſt, I concluded I ſhould taſte my Share of the Wrath of Heaven at this cholerick Juncture. Nay, and all the *Philoſophy* I could muſter together ſerv'd but to raiſe my diſmal Expectations of the *Fatal Blaſt*. For I could not avoid thinking, that a wicked Man is a *Magnet* which naturally attracts the *Vengeance* of *Heaven*: And that I being ſuch in the higheſt Degree, could not fail of having my Soul ſcorch'd up at once to nothing, or *metamorphoſed* to a *Fury* (which is worſe) by ſome ſurprizing and inevitable *Flaſh*. For to paſs from this Life by Lightning, Poiſon, or an Earthquake, are the only Deaths I fear.

I fell on my Knees and Face, addreſſing my ſelf to GOD with the moſt humble and fervent Devotion I was capable of. I made my Application alſo to his Prophets. I ſaid and did all that I thought would procure a Reſpite of the Puniſhment I fear'd. At length, being tired and ſick of too much *Prayer*, I roſe and ſat down chearfully, remembring I was a *Muſſulman*, and reſign'd to the Will of Deſtiny. Conſidering alſo that I was an *Arabian*, of a noble Stock, I reſolved, if I muſt die, to prepare my ſelf with a Moderation worthy of my Blood, that ſo I might go to the *Inviſibles* like the *Grandſon* of an *Emir*.

Perhaps thou wilt impute this to Vanity: But I eſteem it a Point of Juſtice, for a Man to take care that he may live and die like himſelf, without degenerating from the *Vertue* of his *Anceſtors*, or bringing a Diſgrace on the *Tribe* to which he belongs: For though GOD has created all Men of the ſame Mould, yet he has diſtinguiſhed one Family from another, by more than *ſpecifick Characters* imprinted on them in their *Nativity*. And has ennobled ſome Mortals with peculiar Qualities and innate

Perfections which others are wholly Strangers to. So there are others remarkable for *hereditary* Vices.

Whether these Things depend on the Blood, or on the different Circumstances of Souls before they came into these Bodies, is a Question not soon resolved: But this I'm sure of, that I find in myself both some Virtues and Vices, which I could never yet discover so odly blended together in any other Mortal. I'm always campaigning on the Frontiers of Good and Evil; yet my Passions are not mercenary: No Price can tempt me to Treason or Perfidy. I am Master of a certain Fastness of Spirit, which no human Charm is able to dismantle. My Integrity cannot be warp'd by Gold: And 'tis for this Reason I a little value myself: Which makes me sometimes inclin'd rather bravely to sally forth into the unknown World, than tarry in this, where I meet with nothing but Contempt and Disesteem from the Slaves of him, for whose Sake I bear the Fatigue of Life. Surely, think I, wherever it be my Lot to go, after my Escape from this mortal Stage, the Spirits of that Region will be kind to me for the Sake of my incorruptible Trustiness; for they have Intrigues as well as we, and consequently, will be glad of faithful Agents.

In a Word, since all my Zeal and Loyalty is thought not to merit any Reward in this Life; I would fain try, whether at least I may not deserve to be a Ghost of Honour, if there be any such Distinctions in that World of Spirits.

Paris, *27th of the 12th Moon, of the Year* 1657.

LET-

LETTER II.

To Mustapha, Bassa.

I Shall acquaint thee with a late Transaction in this Kingdom, which I believe has but few Examples. The *Kaimacham* has already receiv'd a Dispatch from me, wherein I signify'd the Return of *Christina* Queen of *Sweden* into *France*: This Princess, since her Arrival at *Fontainbleau*, having discovered some secret Treachery in one of her Retinue, who was an *Italian* Marquis, pronounced a formal Sentence of Death on him: Which was accordingly executed on the 10th Day of the 11th Moon, by her own Officers, in a Gallery of her Palace, after he had been warn'd of it by her express Order, and had a Confessor sent to him to prepare him for another World.

When this was done, she immediately sent a Messenger to acquaint the *French* King with this Action, and the Reasons which induced her to it. Some of the *Courtiers* at first persuaded him, that the *Queen*'s Proceedings entrench'd on his Royal Prerogative, he being the sole Arbiter of Life and Death within his own Dominions: Whereupon *Monsieur de Chaunut* was sent to expostulate with her. I have formerly mentioned this Person in some of my Letters, when he was Ambassador from this Court to Queen *Christina*, then reigning in *Sweden*. He is a Gentleman of great Abilities: And for that Reason he has been employ'd in the most difficult Negotiations with the States of *Holland*, and other Countries.

Yet People censure variously; and the Case has been referr'd to the Doctors of the Civil Law, who pronounc'd this Sentence in her Favour, *That being an Independent Sovereign, and having the King of*

France's *Permiſſion to reſide in this Realm, the Rights of Sovereignty could not be deny'd her over her own Subjects: Such are to be eſteem'd all that are in her Service and take her Pay, except the Subjects of the State where ſhe reſides.*

The ſwift Execution of this Queen's Sentence on her Servant, in Part reſembles the Rigour of our *Eaſtern Juſtice*, which admits of no Delays in puniſhing of criminal Perſons, and removing Traitors out of the Way; neither is it to be diverted by any Fears of After-claps. And though theſe Weſtern Monarchs generally put no Man to Death without a formal Proceſs at Law; yet ſometimes they have leap'd over this Rule, and only given the Word of Command to ſome of their Officers, and the Buſineſs was done: As in the Caſe of the *Marſhal de Anchre*, and the *Duke of Guiſe*; the one falling by a Piſtol Bullet, the other by the Stab of a Dagger; and both in the King's own Palace, ſurrounded with their Servants and Friends. And there was no other Way for the Crown of *France* to ſecure itſelf from the Attempts of theſe dangerous Men, who were grown to a ſuch a height, as to monarch it almoſt as much as their Maſters.

Mighty *Baſſa*, the Charms of Sovereignty are very ſtrong, creating Envy and Ambition in Subjects, and Jealouſy in Princes. It is not ſafe for an eminent *Grandee* to appear too popular. For he that is inveſted with a Diadem, can never brook a *Rival*, or one whom he has Reaſon to ſuſpect for ſuch.

Paris, 15*th of the* 1*ſt Moon*,
of the Year 1658.

LET.

LETTER III.

To Muſtapha, Berber Aga.

THE *Spaniards* are all diſſolv'd in Joy for the Birth of a young Prince and Heir of that the declining Monarchy. 'Tis ſaid that the King his Father appointed a ſolemn Feſtival throughout all his Dominions, commanding his Subjects to celebrate it with the moſt exalted Demonſtrations of Joy: And on that Day, he himſelf wore the Ranſom of Kings in his Apparel; the very Diamonds and Pearls in his Hat being valued at three Millions of Gold: By which thou may'ſt gueſs at the reſt.

He has alſo communicated the joyful News to all Chriſtian Princes and States, his Friends and Allies. And indeed he he has ſome Reaſon to make a Noiſe of this good Fortune, being an old Man, and in all Men's Opinion not likely to have any more Children.

His *Ambaſſadors* in foreign *Countries* endeavour to imitate their Prince in all Manner of magnificent Triumphs, and particularly from *Holland* we have the following Account: That on a certain Day of this *Moon* of *January*, *Don Stephano da Gamara*, the *Spaniſh* Ambaſſador at the *Hague*, caus'd *Te Deum* to be ſung with excellent Voices and Muſick, whilſt fifty Pieces of Ordnance play'd continually. At Night a hundred and fifty Pitch-Barrels were lighted on ſeveral Scaffolds in the Streets, and all the Windows in the *Hague* were illuminated with Wax-tapers. And theſe Words were ſeen flaming in an artificial Fire-work for two Hours together.

ParVe, ut Magne PhILIppe.
Proſpere proCeDe, & regna.

I need not explain this *Inſcription* to thee who art vers'd in the *Roman Language*; and wilt find that all

the Salt of these Words lies in the Capital Letters pointing at the Year wherein the young Prince was born, *viz.* MDCLVII; except a little Pun upon his Name, which is *Philip Prosper*. On each Side appeared the Arms of the *Spanish* King; and underneath, the *Golden Fleece* so artificially contriv'd, that from it sprung Fountains of divers kinds of Wine, at which the Multitude drank liberally for some Hours: Whilst many new coin'd Pieces of Gold and Silver were scatter'd among them out of the Ambassador's Windows. They were stamp'd with an Olive-tree, having this Motto on one Side,

Crescente hac, Pax aurea crescet,

And on the other Side a Hand with this Inscription in a Label,

Dabit Populis Pacem.

The *French* ridicule this Motto, and say, the King of *Spain* will, e're long, deserve the Title of Peace-maker, when he shall be forced to sue for it, not being in a Condition to carry on a War.

Illustrious Officer, I know thou art well versed in the *Roman Histories*, having been educated under *Achmet Lala*, who was a learned Man. And 'tis probable, thou art no Stranger to the more modern Relations of *Europe*, and the diverse Characters of the People that inhabit it. Yet give me Leave to tell thee, that *Rome* in all its victorious Bravery, never saw firmer Soldiers in a Battle, than the *Spaniards* are at this Day; but the *French* have finer Wits, more Money, and better Fortune; and 'tis this makes them insult. Besides, Destiny over-rules all Things. Every Kingdom and Empire has its Climacters, wherein it droops, declines, and at the grand critical Period falls to Ruin.

The *Greeks* had Money enough when the great Sultan *Mahomet* besieged *Constantinople*: But they had

had not Wit to use it for their own Preservation; and so that City, the last considerable Stake of the Empire, was lost to the *Ottomans*, who soon after became Masters of all the rest.

Thou hast Wealth in abundance, and Discretion to manage it: Slip no Opportunities, but remember the old *Arabian Proverb*, which says, God *has given whole Days to the Fortunate, but to the Unhappy he affords only some Hours.*

Paris, *17th of the 1st Moon, of the Year* 1657.

LETTER IV.

To Pesteli-Hali, *his Brother*, Master *of the* Grand Seignior's Customs *at* Constantinople.

I Remember my Promise, though it be late. Thou know'st I have many Hindrances, and therefore wilt not tax me with feigning an Excuse. However, thy Letter came to me in a good Hour, to put me in Mind of these Things, and to enquire of our Mother's Health, who still resides in this City.

I have said nothing of her since my first Letter after her Arrival at *Paris*. And to tell thee the Truth, she has said little herself, being ignorant of the *French Tongue*, and too old to learn it. Therefore her chief Conversation has been with *Eliachim* and me above these three Years: For that *Jew* speaks indifferent good *Turkish* and *Arabick*.

If thou would'st know how she has spent her Time, 'tis divided between her Devotions and her Needle. She lives more Recluse than a Christian *Nun*; seldom or never stirring abroad, un-

leſs to take the Air of the Fields, and then ſhut up in a Coach with her Maid. In a Word, her Manner of Living is a fit Example for the *French* Women: For in all Things ſhe obſerves the Laws of her Education, and the modeſt *Cuſtoms* of the *Eaſt*.

No Argument can perſuade her to change her *Grecian* Garb, or dreſs herſelf after the looſe Mode of *Weſtern* Females. Neither will ſhe eat or drink any where, but in the Houſe of *Eliachim*, for fear of infringing the Precepts of the *Alcoran*, and diſobeying the Meſſenger of GOD: For ſhe eſteems the Diet of the *Jews* pure, and free from Pollution. In her pious and motherly Zeal, ſhe rebukes me for eating and drinking with *Infidels*: And I've nothing to ſay in my Defence, but the Neceſſity I lie under of preventing Suſpicion, that ſo I may ſerve the *Sultan* with greater Succeſs, and that I have the *Mufti*'s *Diſpenſation* for this and many more Irregularities. When ſhe hears this, ſhe lifts up her Eyes to *Heaven*, lays her Hand upon her Breaſt, and appears reſign'd: Yet ſhakes her Head, and ſeems to pity my Caſe; not without ſome Reflections on the Corruption of the Times, the Impiety of the *Seraglio*, and Want of Zeal for the *holy Prophet*.

She has her Health to a Miracle: And, excepting the firſt two *Moons* after ſhe came to *Paris*, I never heard her complain of the leaſt Indiſpoſition. 'Tis poſſible, the Change of Air, with the Inconveniences of Travelling ſo far by Sea and Land, might incommode her at firſt. She was for a while troubled with *Rheums*, *Obſtructions*, and a *Dyſentery*: But ſhe ſoon overcame theſe Diſtempers, and has ever ſince been perfectly well.

We often diſcourſe together of thee, and thy Travels in the *Eaſt*. Sometimes I read part of thy *Journal* to her, which affords her infinite Delight. She congratulates herſelf, and thy good Fortune in eſcaping ſo many Perils and Deaths, as every where

where threaten a Stranger: And takes a particular Delight to hear thy Adventures with the *Indian* Lady, at the Court of *Raja Hulacu*. Thou may'ſt be aſſur'd, our Mother bears a ſingular Affection to thee; for we never meet without wiſhing thee in our Company. She rejoices mightily to hear of thy Proſperity and Advancement in the Favour of the *Grand Seignior*, and his principal Miniſters; wiſhing thee every Day a new Step of Honour and Intereſt. Thou may'ſt alſo reſt ſatisfied that *Mahmut* comes not ſhort of the Affection he owes to ſuch a Brother.

At other Times we talk of our Couſin *Iſouf*, who is now in the frozen Regions of the *North*. His itinerary Memoirs are alſo very pleaſant; and we paſs ſome Hours in reading and comparing them with the Diſpatches which I frequently receive from *Mehemet* an exil'd *Eunuch* in *Egypt*: For *Iſouf* is more large in his Deſcription of that Country, and his Remarks on his Antiquities, than on any other Part of *Africa*. Yet he ſays enough of all that *Southern* Quarter.

As to what I promis'd to inform thee concerning the *Pyramids*, *Mummies*, and other Singularities of *Egypt*, know that our Kinſman *Iſouf* is a great *Critick*, and gives the Lye to *Herodotus*, *Diodorus*, *Strabo*, *Pliny* and other Writers of *Greece* and *Rome*. Neither will he conſent in all Things to our *Arabian* Hiſtories.

He ſays, the *Pyramids* are neither ſo high, nor does their Baſis take up ſo much Ground, as is reported by the Antients. He laughs at thoſe who affirm they caſt no Shadows at Noon, having experienced the contrary when the *Sun* was in *Capricorn*. And we may believe him in this, on good Ground: For it is recorded of *Thales Mileſius*, who liv'd above Two thouſand Years ago, that he took the Height of theſe *Pyramids* by their Shadows.

There are three of these admirable Structures not far from *Caire*, and about eighteen more in the Desarts of *Lybia*. It is generally supposed, that they were built for Sepulchres of the *Egyptian* Kings, some of them before the *Flood*, the rest after. There are not wanting *Historians* who assert the greatest of the *Pyramids* to be the Tomb of *Seth*, the Son of *Adam*.

Isouf was within this mighty Fabrick, and attests, that after he and his Company had descended and ascended through certain Galleries, they came at last to a square Chamber, wall'd about with pure *Thebaick Marble*; in the Middle of which was a Chest of the same Stone, which when struck with the Foot, sounded like a musical Instrument. It is believed that in this Chest was laid the Body of the King who built that *Pyramid*.

The ancient *Egyptians* were of Opinion, that even after that which we call Death, or the Separation of the Soul and Body, there were certain Arts to retain 'em together; if not in so strict and intimate an Union as before, yet in a very familiar Correspondence for many Ages. So that the Soul should always take delight to hover about the Body, and to exercise its Faculties in the Place where that was reposed.

For this Reason, in the first Place, they took out the Bowels, and whatsoever was most liable to Corruption: And having wash'd the empty Belly with Wine of Palms, mix'd with aromatick Powders, they stuffed it with Myrrh, Cassia, and many costly Confections, and then sew'd it up. After this, they purify'd the whole Body with *Nitre*; and having drawn out the Brains by the Nostrils with a Hook, they fill'd up the Skull with melted Gums. And last of all, they swathed up the whole Body in Silk, smearing it over with rich Mixture of *Bitumen*, *Spices* and *Gums*, and so delivered it to the Kindred to be laid up in the Sepulchre.

These

These were the Preparations they made to court the Presence of the Soul, by rendring the Body for ever sweet and incorruptible. And that the Majesty of *Royal Ghosts* might never be interrupted or violated by the neighbourhood of *vulgar Spirits*, or the ruder Approach of Mortals; *Kings* built these *magnificent Piles*, as the *Palaces* of their *last Repose*. 'Tis therefore they were erected in desart and unfrequented places, and in such a Form as was esteemed the most durable and secure from the Injuries of *Time*, the Assaults of the *Elements*, and from the common Fate of all human Enterprizes. Each Stone of a prodigious Bulk, and rivetted to the next with a Bar of Iron; which with the Strength and invincible Fastness of the Cement, renders it a Thing impossible for any one of these *Pyramids* to be demolished, though all Mankind were set to Work for many successive Generations.

Al Mamun the *Caliph* of *Babylon*, attempted to do it, but in vain. For after he had set his Men to work, and been at vast Expences, they made but one small Breach so inconsiderable, that being made sensible it would exhaust his Treasures to remove but the hundredth Part of the *Pyramid*, he desisted, full of Wonder at the Wisdom of the *Founders*.

If it be true, that the Soul may by such Allurements as these, be prevail'd on to remain with the *Body* in its *Sepulchre*, and that a Man's future Happiness consists in this, I should myself admire and imitate those *Egyptian Sages*. I would in my Life-time build me a small *Mausoleum*, according to my Ability, and order in my *last Will* and *Testament*, that my *Body* be embalm'd and condited for a perpetual Duration. But if none of these Arts can alter the Decrees of Destiny, or force an *immortal Spirit* from ranging where it pleases; I must conclude with *Pliny*, that this celebrated Wisdom of the *Egyptians*, was no other than glorious Follly, and all

the Magnificence of their Kings in building ſuch coſtly *Sepulchres*, but *Royal* Waſte.

They themſelves in thus cautiouſly providing to ſecure the Soul's Abode, with the Body after Death, tacitly own'd, That by the Courſe of Nature it would immediately paſs into ſome other. Nay the Tranſmigration of Souls was an eſtabliſh'd Doctrine in *Egypt*. How then could they be ſo blind as to imagine a *dead Carcaſs*, however perfum'd and fenced againſt *Corruption*, was more inviting than an *Embrio* form'd to live? Or that it was more eligible for the Soul to be impriſon'd in a dark *Dungeon* (for no better are the Inſides of the *Pyramids*) than to enjoy the Light of the *Sun*, *Moon* and *Stars*, and the various Sweets of the *Elements*? Brother, in my Opinion, 'twere better to be a Bird, a Worm, a Fly, or any living Thing, than to be thus immur'd for many Ages, and have no other Companion, but an old ſalted *Mummie*.

Iſouf has made ſome Remarks on the River *Nile*, to which he ſays *Egypt* owes not only its Corn and Fruits, but alſo the very Soil which brings 'em forth. For every Year, at the Time of Inundation, that River brings along with it from *Æthiopia*, or ſome other *Regions* through which it paſſes, abundance of Slime, and Mud, with which it covers all the *Land* of *Egypt*, leaving it behind at the Decreaſe of the Waters; ſo that the Soil of *Egypt* is borrowed from other *Countries*. And if this be true, for ought we know, the Place of its Situation may be borrowed from the Sea, according to the Opinion of ſome antient Philoſophers.

Herodotus, *Pliny* and others were of this Perſuaſion, grounding their Conjectures on the nearer Approaches of the *Continent* to the *Iſland Pharos*, from the Time of *Homer*, who exactly calculated its Diſtance. And they concluded, that the immenſe Quantities of Slime which the *Nile* tranſports from the-

the mountainous *Regions* of *Africa*, might in the Space of two *Miriads* of Years have filled up all that Part of the Sea, which is now firm Land, and call'd *Egypt*.

If this be true, it seems to be very strange, that the *Egyptians* should boast of greater Antiquity than any other Nation in the World, though their Country itself be the youngest of all the Regions on Earth, an abortive Spot of Ground, hatch'd by a River in the Depths of the Sea, and ever since cherished by that River as by a Parent or Nurse, which ceases not to convey to it yearly a convenient Proportion of Aliment, whereby the Country itself grows in Bulk, and the Inhabitants are maintain'd. O admirable Providence of Nature, who can penetrate into thy mysterious Conduct! O *Egypt* abounding in Prodigies and Wonders! Where the Land and Water, with all other Elements, conspire to render thee all over miraculous.

Dear *Pesteli*, I am transported when I think of that *Region*, and could relate a thousand more Presages, both out of *Isouf*'s Memoirs, and from the Mouths of others, who have travell'd thither to observe so many Miracles. But I believe, thy Patience will be sufficiently tir'd with the Length of this Letter. Besides, my Mother is just come to visit me, and desires me to recommend her unfeigned Affections to thee.

Be assur'd also that *Mahmut* loves thee with the Integrity of a Man and the Tenderness of a Brother: And he serves thee in all Things without repining.

Paris, 17*th of the* 1*st Moon*,
of the Year 1656.

LET-

LETTER V.

To the Kaimacham.

THE *Venetians* are very angry for the Loss of *Tenedos*; and not without Reason; for that Island is a delicate Spot of Ground, abounding in rich Wines, and other Products of Nature: Besides, it commands the Avenue of the Shining City, the Refuge of Mortals.

They variously relate the Manner of its being taken from 'em, by the Arms which no earthly Power is able to resist. Endeavouring in all their Rumours, to disguise the Truth as much as they can, and misrepresent the Bravery of the *Ottomans*; that so the Actions of their own *Generals* may make the greater Figure.

These *Nazarenes* have a bad Cause, and therefore are compelled to make use of Shifts and Equivocations to support it. They are quite degenerated from the Integrity of the *Primitive Followers* of *Jesus*. In a Word, they make good the Character of the ancient *Candiots*; of whom a certain *Poet* says, *they are thorough-pac'd Liars, rav'nous Beasts, and gluttonous Drones.*

It is believ'd in these *Parts*, that when the *Venetians* quitted the Island, they departed not without Revenge, setting Fire to a Mine, and blowing up several Hundreds of *Mahometans* into the Air.

However, they have for ever proscrib'd and excommunicated *Girolamo Loredan* and *Giovanni Contarini*, in whose Custody the chief Fortresses of the Island were, accusing them of Cowardise and Treachery: Offering also Two thousand *Sequins* to any that seizes on them within the Dominions of *Venice*, and Three thousand to him that kills them in another Country.

I know 'tis in the Power of the All-commanding *Porte* to protect these *Exiles* if they are within the Territories of our Sovereign; much more, if they shel-

shelter themselves in that Sanctuary of the Distressed. But thou, and the other supreme Ministers, are best able to judge whether these *Infidels* merit so great a Favour.

Perhaps their Case may be like that of *Nadast*, *Governor* of *Buda*, when *Solyman* the Magnificent besieged that City. For *Nadast* was a Man of invincible Courage and Fidelity, but was betray'd by the Soldiers, who bound him in Chains, and deliver'd up the City and Castle to the *victorious Sultan*. That brave *Hero* understanding their Treachery, and the Resolution of *Nadast*, set him at Liberty, and presented him with noble Gifts; but commanded the perfidious Garrison to be cut in Pieces; A due Reward of their Treason. For tho' Princes often make use of Traytors to serve their own Designs; yet when the Work is done, they commonly pursue the hated Instruments, with the Effects of a just Contempt and Indignation.

Plutarch the *Greek* Historian, abounds with Instances of this Nature, so does *Herodian* and other *Roman* Authors. But no Example of Punishment in this Kind seems so proportionate, regular and ingenious as that which *Brennus* King of the *Gauls* caused to be inflicted on a *Virgin* of *Ephesus*, who when he besieged that City, promised to deliver it into his Hands, on Condition that his Soldiers would bestow on her all the *Ornaments* of *Gold*, which they had plunder'd in the Wars of *Asia*, and wore about them as Trophies: For when she had performed her Contract, the wise *General*, to do his Part, caused this *Virgin* to sit down on the Ground; and then every Soldier in his Army casting his Plate into her Lap, she was oppressed with the insupportable Weight, and buried alive in a Heap of Gold.

I do not mention this, as if the like were due to the *Venetian* Captains. I refer the Judgment of such things to my Superiors, Ministers of the Blessed Sanctuary of Mankind.

'Tis

'Tis possible the *Vizir* of the *Bench* thought me dead or turned *Renegado*, because theyhave not received any News from me these five Moons. But I tell thee, neither Men nor Devils can corrupt thee Faith of *Mahmut*. But by the GOD of my Vows, there is not a more trusty Man in the Universe.

All the Reason of my Silence, was the Height of the Waters, which seem'd to threaten the Earth with a *Second Deluge*. *Germany* was a Sea, and *Flanders* a Lake for above three Moons together; so that 'twas impossible for the *Post* to travel. There were seen also strange Spectres of Fire in the Air; and the People of *Brabant* were alarm'd with uncouth Noises in the Elements.

Perhaps, illustrious *Kaimacham*, these are the last Preparations to the *grand Cholick* of *Nature*; when Wine, Water and Fire shall strive to turn this World into its old *Chaos*.

Paris, 3*d of the* 6*th Moon*,
of the Year 1658.

LETTER VI.

To Solyman, *his* Cousin *at* Constantinople.

MORE Melancholly still? Wilt thou have no Compassion on thy exil'd *Uncle*, but harrangue him to Death with thy *religious Jargon?* Believe me, thy Letters of this Kind are as irksome to me as the continual Din and Babling of *Boys* is to a poor weary *Pedagogue*. I forbid thee not to write to me, and that as often as thou wilt: 'Tis a Comfort in my Banishment, to hear from those of my *Blood*. But let me beg of thee to alter both thy Theme and Stile. Leave *spiritual* Things to the *Mollahs* and *Imaums*; and let thy Thoughts be taken up in Things

Things belonging to thy Trade. In that be as inquisitive as thou can'ſt. Bend thy Mind wholly to make new Diſcoveries and Improvements in that, and it will turn to thy Advantage. At thy Hours of Leiſure I counſel thee to read *Hiſtories*, and ſometimes go into Company: There is much to be gain'd by converſing with Men of Senſe. Such will ſerve as Mirrours, wherein thou may'ſt behold Humanity in its proper Figure, and the Deformity of that Vizard, with which Error and Superſtition diſguiſe our Nature. They will correct thy Miſtakes without putting thee to a Bluſh. Wit and Reaſon ſhall flow from their Tongues, as ſoft Harmonies breath from the Pipes of an *Organ*, which clear the Spirits, and ſerene the Heart that was clouded wth Sadneſs.

The *Imperial* City is full of ſuch, both Natives and Strangers. Cull them out from the mix'd Multitude, and make them thy Companions, without regarding the Difference of *Religion*, whether they be *Muſſulmans*, *Franks*, *Armenians*, *Jews*, or others. Above all Things, ſhun the Society of *Bigots*; and number not thyſelf among thoſe who are opinionated, becauſe they profeſs the *True Faith*: For what ſignifies that, if their Lives be vicious? I tell thee, they are worſe than the *Infidels*. Give no heed to *Fortune-Tellers*, and ſuch as pretend to *Aſtrology*; For whilſt they boaſt of knowing other Men's Fates, they are ignorant of their own. And if there be any Truth in that *Science*, one may ſay, their Ignorance in it affronts the *Stars*, and often provokes them to haſten their own Ruin. Aſſure thyſelf, they only amuſe the World with portentous Stories, to get Fame and Money.

Aſſociate thyſelf with none but prudent and moderate Men, whoſe Morals are not leaven'd with a too furious Zeal; who look not ſuperciliouſly and with Diſdain on a *Frank* as he walks along the Streets, much leſs offer him an Indignity, when he goes

goes about his honeſt Buſineſs, under the Protection of the *Grand Seignior*. It becomes none but *Janizaries* and *Ruffians* to be guilty of theſe Incivilities to Strangers. The *Law* of *Nations*, and the particular Commands of our *Holy Prophet*, oblige us to treat ſuch with all Humanity and Tenderneſs. Beſides 'tis reflecting on the *Juſtice* and *Hoſpitality* of the *Magnificent Porte*, which is the *Refuge* and *Sanctuary* of all the Earth, that a Stranger cannot walk the Streets in Peace. Deſpiſe no Man on the Score of his *Religion*; for there are no Factions in *Paradiſe*: But conſider, that whilſt thouſands of *Muſſulmans* ſhall go to *Hell* for their wicked *Lives*, ſo an equal Number of thoſe we call *Infidels*, may be received into the *Manſions* of the *Bleſſed* for their *Virtues*.

Thou ſeemeſt to be much concerned for thy *Soul*; thy *Letter* abounds with *overmuch* Care in this *Point*. In being too ſolicitous, it is evident thy *Faith* is ſmall. Every Line is tinctur'd with ſad Expreſſions about the Perils, Snares, Ambuſhes, Hooks, Gins, and I know not what other Devices the *Devil* has to ruin thy *poor Soul*, (as thou call'ſt it.) *Couſin* doſt thou know what the Soul is, about which thou keep'ſt ſuch a Pudder, if thou doſt, 'tis more than I do; and yet I have been ſearching and prying into it above theſe thirty Years; I mean, from the Time that I firſt began to *think* and *conſider* of *Things*: but am as far to ſeek as ever I was. Neither could all the *wiſe Men* of *Old*, the *Philoſophers* and *Sages*, for ought I perceive, agree in their Verdict about this *myſterious* Thing which we call the *Soul*.

One will have it to be, *Only the fineſt part of Matter in the Body*, another ſays, *'Tis the Air which the Lungs ſuck in and diffuſe thro' all our Members*. A third Sort affirm it to be, *A mixture of Air and Fire*. A Fourth, *Of Earth and Water*; A Fifth call it, *A Complection made up of the Four Elements, a Kind of Quinteſſence*, and I know not what. The *Egyptians* call'd

call'd it, *A certain moving Number* : And the *Chaldeans*, *A Power without Form itself*; *yet imbibing all Forms*. *Ariſtotle* call'd it, *The Perfection of a natural Body*. All theſe agreed, That it was Corporeal, and as it were extracted from Matter. The beſt Definition among them is not worth an Aſper.

But there were Men of ſublime Speculations, who affirm the Soul to be, *A Divine Subſtance, independent of the Body*. Of this Opinion were *Zoroaſter*, *Hermes Triſmegiſtus*, *Orpheus*, *Pythagoras*, *Plutarch*, *Porphyry*, and *Plato*. This laſt defin'd the *Soul* to be a *Self-moving Eſſence, endu'd with Underſtanding*. But when they have ſaid all, I prefer the Modeſty of *Cicero*, *Seneca*, and others who acknowledg'd they were altogether ignorant what the *Soul* is.

There was no leſs Diſagreement among the *Philoſophers*, about the Seat of the *Soul*. *Hippocrates* and *Hierophilus* placed it in the *Ventricles* of the *Brain*. *Democritus* aſſign'd it the *Whole Body*. *Strabo* was of Opinion, it reſides between the *Brows* ; *Epicurus* in the *Breaſt*. The *Stoicks* lodg'd it in the *Heart*, and *Empedocles* in the *Blood*. Which laſt ſeems to be the moſt current Opinion of the *Eaſt* to this Day : In regard both *Moſes* the *Law-giver* of the *Jews*, and *Mahomet* our *Holy Prophet*, aſſerted the ſame, and for that Reaſon forbid Fleſh to be eaten with the Blood.

But be it what it will, either Corporeal or Incorporeal, a Subſtance or an Accident ; whether it dwell in the Head or in the Feet, within or without the Body, there is no Certainty of theſe Things, neither can we be aſſured, what will become of it after Death. Therefore, 'tis in vain to diſquiet thy ſelf in Search of a Myſtery that is hid from Mortals : And equally fooliſh it will be, to frighten thy ſelf with an Imagination of Hooks, Gins, and ſuch like Chimera's, which thou ſuppoſeſt the Devil is buſie with to entrap thy Soul. 'Tis a Wonder thou art

not

not afraid to sleep, lest he should catch thee Napping, and steal thy Soul from thee. I would fain know, what sort of Tools he must use, to take hold of a Substance more thin and imperceptible than a Shadow, or how he will be able to seize and run away with a Being, active and free as Thought?

Cousin, serve GOD after the manner of thy Forefathers; Love thy Friends, pardon thy Enemies, be Just to all Men, and do no Injury to any Beast. If thou observest this Rule, thou may'st defy the *Devil*, for thy Soul is in safe Custody. GOD is nearer to thee than thou art to thyself. He is in the Centre of every Thing, and is Himself the Centre of all Things: In a Word, He is All in All.

Paris, *3d of the 6th Moon, of the Year* 1658.

LETTER VII.

To Asis, Bassa.

NOW the Scenes are changed in *Europe*, Enemies are become Friends, and those who professed a mutual Friendship are at open Defiance. Constancy is a Vice in Politicks; and a dextrous Way of shifting from one Engagement to another for Interest, is esteem'd the only *State-Virtue*.

I have already intimated to the *Divan*, the *War* which broke out last Year between the *Swedes* and *Danes*. The latter began it by a solemn Proclamation, sending a *Herald at Arms* to the *Swedish Court*, and dispatching *Embassadors* to all his *Allies* in *Christendom*, to give them an Account of his Proceedings. Now I shall entertain thee with a short *Idea* of

of this War, which thou wilt comprehend, That the *Danes* are either much degenerated from the Valour of their Anceſtors, who formerly made the moſt terrible Figure of all the Nations in the *North:* Or elſe they are leſs obliged to *Fortune*, who has not favoured them with ſo many Succeſſes and Triumphs of late, but rather expoſed them to the Inſults of their Enemies, and the Contempt of all Men.

When the King of *Denmark* firſt proclaimed this War, he had a fair Advantage of the *Swedes*, who at that Time were ſorely intangled between the *Polanders*, *Germans*, and *Muſcovites*, and had more need of Helps than Hindrances. Yet King *Guſtavus* turning part of his Forces into *Holſtein*, *Scoueland* and *Juitland*, he took one Part after another, till he had over-run thoſe Provinces in the Space of ſix Moons: and reduced the *Danes* to a Neceſſity of Compoſition, and that on ſuch diſhonourable Terms, as renders them the Scorn of their neighbouring Nations.

On the 13th of the 3d Moon, the two *Kings* had an Interview near *Copenhagen*, the Capital City of *Denmark:* For ſo far had the Fortune of the *Swediſh* Arms carried their Victories. They eat and drank together ſeveral Times, and converſed privately ſome Hours. At laſt, a firm Peace was concluded between them, and they concerted the Meaſures of a perfect Friendſhip.

But before this, the *Dane* had been forced to yield up *Schoneland*, with *Elſimberg*, which commands half the *Baltick Sea*. He ſurrendred alſo the Provinces of *Blakin* and *Halland*, with a very ſtrong Caſtle; the *Iſland* of *Burtholme*, ten *Ships* of *War*, and obliged himſelf to pay a Million of *Dollars*, and to maintain Four Thouſand Horſe and Foot in the King of *Swedeland*'s Service, and give free Quarter to all the *Swediſh* Forces till the 5th

Moon.

Moon. These are such dishonourable Articles, that the King of *Denmark* has quite lost himself in the esteem of all his Allies. They call him a poor-spirited Prince, not worthy of Support or Assistance.

In a Word, serene *Bassa*, it is like to fare with him, as with other unfortunate Men, who when they are once falling, every Body will help to throw them down. Therefore conserve thy Honour, as the only Bulwark of thy Interest and Life.

Paris, *3d of the 6th Moon,*
of the Year 1658.

LETTER VIII.

To the Mufti.

BY the Faith of a true Believer, I swear the *Christians* are Enemies to themselves, if they do not embrace the Project of a certain *Jesuit* They are no Friends to their *Messias*, if they reject so regular an *Idea* so reform'd a Model of the *Nazarene Empire*, as this *Sage* has lately proposed to the *Pope* and the *Cardinals*.

He lays his Foundation very deep, and draws his Examples from the Practice of *Peter*, the Prince of the first twelve *Christian Caliphs*, whom the *Franks* call the Apostles of JESUS, the Son of *Mary*. For, according to their Traditions, the *Messias* before he ascended to Heaven, left an exact Pattern of the Empire he designed to establish on Earth. He divided this Empire into twelve distinct Provinces, according to the Number of his Apostles and Vicars, assigning to each that Quarter of the World where he was to preside, as *Moses* had formerly cantoniz'd the holy Region of *Palestine* among the Twelve Tribes, that descended from *Jacob*. But

But the happy Son of *Mary* being a far greater Prophet than *Moſes*, or any that had gone before him: they ſay, he would not be content with diminutive *Territories*, or *Dominions* diſproportionate to his ineffable Deſcent and Original. Therefore he reſolv'd on the Conqueſt of the whole Earth; commanding his *Vicegerents* to diſperſe them through all Nations, according to a certain Method, and proclaim his Laws to every Creature on the *Globe*.

Venerable Preſident of the Faithful, I relate theſe Things, as I receive them from the Mouths and Pens of learned *Chriſtians*, who may be preſumed to know their own Hiſtory. Thou wilt perhaps expect to hear of Armies immediately raiſed; of Camps, Battles, and Sieges; of Devaſtations by Fire and Sword; Storming of Cities, and famiſhing of the more impregnable Fortreſſes: In a Word, I believe thou lookeſt for a Relation of Campaigns and Victories, more glorious than the Atchievements of the *Roman Cæſars*, more fortunate than the Succeſſes of *Alexander the Great*: But, I tell thee, all the Regiſters and Archives of the primitive Chriſtians cannot furniſh us with any Memoirs of this Nature.

Their Goſpel mentions no warlike Undertakings, not ſo much as the drawing of the Sword by the Son of *Mary* or any of his Followers, unleſs in a private Rencounter, when *Peter* the Lieutenant of the *Meſſias*, enflamed with a Paſſion to ſee his Maſter betray'd by *Judas* his *Kahyah*, or *Teſterd*, and rudely aſſaulted by *Malchus*, a *Slave* of the *Jewiſh Mufti*, the valiant Apoſtle drew his *Cymetar*, and cut off the Fellow's Ear.

Believe me, O myſterious Doctor of the *Muſſulmans*, I have perus'd the four Hiſtories of the Life of *Jeſus*, written by thoſe who were Eye-witneſſes of his Actions: and I find indeed, that he once ſaid to them of his Retinue, *I come not to ſend Peace*

on

on Earth but a Sword. Yet, by the Sequel it is evident, That when he examined what Weapons his Followers had, and they told him, *but two Swords*; he seem'd to be well satisfied, saying, *It is enough*; tho' a Moment before, he bid him among them that had no *Sword*, sell his Robe and buy one.

And I have seen a Dispatch sent by *Paul*, one of the *Primitive Christian Caliphs*, to the *Nazarenes* at *Ephesus*; wherein he councils them to put on compleat Armour, as *Helmet*, *Brea-stplate*, *Shield*, *Buskins*, *Sword*, and the rest.

Besides these Passages, or such like, there is no *military* Discourse throughout the Book of the *Gospel*; much less any Relation of Battles, Sieges, or any martial Exploits. And the *Christian Mollahs* or *Doctors*, interpret that Letter of *Paul*'s in a *mystical Sense*.

Wilt thou know then, how the *Messias* and his Apostles subdu'd the World; I tell thee, it was by exemplary Virtue and good Works, by Miracles and evident Demonstrations of a *Supernatural Power* assisting them. For, they spake all *Languages*, yet were most of them *illiterate* Persons; they cur'd the Deaf, the Blind, the Lame and the Paralytick, without the Methods of *Surgery* or *Physick*. They cast out *Devils*; rais'd the Dead. And finally, perform'd such and so many stupendous *Actions*, that the *World* became captivated to their *Doctrines* and *Laws*, and willingly submitted to a yoke, which seem'd to come from Heaven. With divine Eloquence, and the *Dint* of irresistable Reason, *Peter* the Prince of the *Christian Caliphs*, subdu'd the Minds of his astonish'd Auditory one Day in *Jerusalem*; so that before the Sun went down, he gain'd five Thousand *Proselytes*. The Fame of these Things was soon spread through the adjacent Countries, and divers remote *Provinces*; and the Number of the *Convents* was proportionably increased. In a Word,

all

all that embraced the Faith of *Jesus*, surrender'd both themselves and their Estates to be entirely dispos'd of at the Pleasure of the *Apostles*. So great and unreserv'd an Attach had they for the *Vicars* of their GOD.

Now the forenam'd *Jesuit* considering these Things, and comparing the State of those devout Times, with the Libertinism, Divisions, Wars, and general Contempt of the Priesthood among the *Christians* of succeeding Times, and especially in this present Age: attributes the Source of all these Evils to the ill Conduct of the *Apostles* themselves, and their Successors in the Primitive Times, who did not sufficiently improve the Advantages they were possess'd of, when the pious Multitude would willingly have made them Lords of All Things. For says he, by the same Methods and Reasons might they have claim'd the Dominion o'er the Estates of Kings and Emperors themselves, as o'er the Goods and Lands of the meanest Proselyte: Since they were all equally Sons of the Church, and Subjects to the Discipline and Laws of *Jesus*.

This Ecclesiastick Politician therefore mightily blames Pope *Sylvester*, who sat in the Chair of *Peter*, when *Constantine* the *Great* became a *Christian*, being the *First* of the *Roman Emperors* who embraced that Faith. He accuses him, I say, of Weakness, and a mean Spirit, for accepting of that *Donation*, which to this Day is call'd the Patrimony of the *Church*, and comprehends all the Temporal Estate the *Roman* Pontiffs can boast of. Whereas he ought to have claimed an entire Resignation of the whole *Roman* Empire into his Hands, as supreme *Vicar* of GOD on Earth. This would have been a Pattern, says he, to all the Kings and Princes of the Earth, who thought fit to turn *Christians*. And so the Dominions of the World had all fallen to the Share of the Priests.

Neither could it appear difficult in his Opinion, to have reduced the greateſt Monarchs to ſuch a Forgetfulneſs and Contempt of their Royal Birth, and all the potent Charms of a Crown: Since the ſame Rhetorick which perſuaded them to be Followers of the *Meſſias*, would have alſo convinced 'em of the Vanity of all earthly Enjoyments; and of the Obligation they had to be mortify'd, and to purſue their Claims to Diadems of a more exalted Degree, the ineffable *Regalia* of *Paradiſe*.

But ſince Things are thus in their preſent State, and the Chriſtian Princes retain their Sovereignty, without any other Dependance on the *Pope*, ſaving in Matters purely religious; this *Jeſuit* propoſes, that the *Roman Pontiffs* would either firſt reform their own Lives and Court to the Height of that Primitive and Apoſtolical Purity, which ſhines ſo eminently in the earlieſt Governours of the Church; and by that Means perſuade all the Monarchs in Chriſtendom to become their Subjects: Or elſe compel them by force to take the Order of *Prieſthood*, and ſo turn their Crowns into Mitres, their Kingdoms into Eccleſiaſtical Commonwealths, where all the Publick Offices of State, Seats of Judicature, and in fine, the whole Syſtem of the Civil and Political Adminiſtration ſhould be managed by the Prieſts in a ſubordinate Dependence one of another, according as their ſeveral Characters ſrequired. By which means all Chriſtendom would be toon united into one Eccleſiaſtick Empire, whereof he *Pope* ſhould be the ſupreme Head in Temporals as well as Spirituals.

What I have related, is not only this Man's private Project, but the univerſal Aim of his *whole Order:* And thouſands of other Prieſts and Derviſes are caballing in all Courts and Countries of *Europe* to bring it to paſs.

Venerable Eſad, if GOD ſhould ſuffer their Contrivance to take Effect, it is to be feared our Wars with

with the Christians would be as expensive and troublesome, if not more fatal to the *Mussulman* Interest, than when these Infidels formerly, laying aside their private Feuds, banded together to conquer the *Holy Land*.

Paris, *25th of the 7th Moon, of the Year* 1658.

LETTER IX.

To Abdel Melec Muli Omar, President *of the* College *of* Sciences *at* Fez.

I Receiv'd the Pacquet of venerable Import, containing sacred Counsels and acceptable Intelligence, repleniſh'd with noble Memoirs, and illustrious Remarks, sage Precepts, and refin'd Improvements in Philosophy and the mysterious Sciences of Nature.

With abundance of Affection and Joy I read the Character of *Musu Abu'l Yahyan*, and the Encomium of his Wisdom and Vertues. May a Constellation of such Lights always adorn that renowned College, and from thence disperse their learned Influence and Rays, not only through *Africa*, but over all the Earth; that *Fez* may be numbred among the Cities whose Fame is sweet; that may it be rank'd with *Jerusalem* the Holy; *Masre* the ancient; *Medina Talnabi* the chaste, and the salutiferous *Babylon*, acquiring a peculiar Title of Honour, an Attribute worthy of Respect, when Men shall every where call it *Fez*, the Mother of *Sciences*.

My Soul has been very inquisitive and restless for many Years, and I think this is owing to my Captivity in *Palermo*: For before that, whilst I lived at

Eaſe in the *Seraglio*, basking under the warmer Influence of *Royal Majeſty*, the ſacred Preſence of the *Grand Seignior*, who like the Sun gives Motion, Heat and Life to all Things; I ne'er regarded Books, or once apply'd my Mind to ſtudy any thing, but how to acquit myſelf in my Station, and ſtrengthen my Intereſt at the Court: Eſteeming all other Learning as barbarous, which conduced not to this End.

Foreign Hiſtories and Languages were equally contemptible to me: I thought it beneath a *Muſſulman Courtier*, to give his Tongue and Mind the Fatigue of any other *Dialect*, ſave the *Perſian*, *Arabick* and *Turkiſh*: Or to load his Memory with the Records of other Nations, deſigning to be the Slaves of True Believers.

As to the ſpeculative *Sciences*, I was naturally deſirous enough of Knowledge. But I either had not Leiſure, or wanted Books and other Advantages of Study. So that all the Knowledge I could then boaſt of, conſiſted only in ſome looſe Notions of *Logick* and *Metaphyſicks*, which I had got by reading an old *Arabick Manuſcript*. And I thought myſelf Hiſtorian enough, after I had peruſed the *Annals* of the *Ottoman* Empire, and now and then caſt an Eye on the *Turkiſh* Tranſlation of *Herodotus* and *Plutarch*.

'Tis true, indeed, by converſing frequently with the *Greeks*, I ſoon learn'd their *Vulgar Dialect*: But this is far from the polite Language of the ancient *Grecians*: And a Page of the Treaſury taught me the Rudiments of *Sclavonian*; which afterwards I learn'd more perfectly, hoping it would be of ſome Service to me one Time or other.

All theſe were very ſuperficial Accompliſhments; yet I thought myſelf happy enough, without ſearching any farther. The Pleaſures and Gayeties of a Courtly Life, took from me the Edge and Guſt, with which I have ſince purſued more ſolid Studies, and look'd into the Wiſdom of the Ancients.

But

But when once Misfortune had chang'd the Scene of my Life, and instead of the honourable Post I had in the *Grand Seignior*'s Service, Fate had render'd me a miserable abject Slave in *Sicily*, I began to grow very Thoughtful and Pensive. The continual Drudgery and Labour I underwent, soon mortified my former Passions, and wean'd me from all Hopes of worldly Honour: And the cruel Stripes I daily receiv'd from that barbarous *Infidel*, my Master, so broke my Spirits, that Servitude became familiar to me; and despairing to be happy in this World, I was only ambitious to be Wise.

I grew very contemplative: And having acquainted myself with an honest Carpenter in the Town where we liv'd, who had a great many Books in's Custody, he lent me several choice Treatises; and I borrowed all the Hours I could from Sleep, to peruse them with Attention and Profit. That Carpenter pitied my Condition, and did me many good Offices of Friendship, without other Hopes of Reward, save what he expected from God. By his Means I contracted a Familiarity with two or three learned Men, who spar'd no Pains to instruct me in the *Roman* and antient *Greek* Languages, as also in the Principles of *Philosophy*. My Master often beat me for this, attributing the Neglect of his Business to my Bookishness (as he call'd it) and keeping the Priests Company. But all his Severity could not abate my ardent Thirst after Knowledge. I still continued studying at certain Seasons, till the happy Hour of my Redemption; and then I frequented the *Academies*. Ever since which Time, I have neglected no Opportunities of my improving my Reason; yet find myself at this Day much in the Dark. There appears no Certainty in any *Science* but the *Mathematick*: All the rest are entangled with a thousand Controversies and Riddles; which has made me turn *Sceptick* in most Things. Only I

retain an inviolable Faith for the *Alcoran*, and the Book of prophetick Doctrines and Traditions. Next to these, I pay a profound Respect to the Writings of *Porphyry* the Philosopher, who seems to approach nearest to Reason of all the ancient Sages. His true Name was the same as thine [*Melech*] which thou knowest in the *Syriack* signifies [*King.*] Whence his *Tutor Longinus*, taking Occasion from the usual Colour of Royal Robes, call'd him *Porphyrius*, which in the *Greek* signifies, one clad in *Purple*. He was born at *Tyre*, the Metropolis of the ancient *Phœnicians*. His Pedigree was noble, and his Education generous. Nature had also form'd him for a Sage, and Fortune favour'd him with Advantages enough. For besides his first *Tutor*, whom I have already mentioned (who was the greatest Grammarian and Orator of his Time;) *Porphyry* went to *Rome*, where he gain'd the Friendship of *Plotinus*: And that Philosopher accomplished him in the Perfection of all *Science*: So that he had Power over the *Dæmons*, and expell'd the *Genius Atan* which infested certain Baths in *Rome*. In a Word, his Doctrines appear'd Divine, and his Actions more than Human. Yet he himself before his Death publish'd a Reverse of his former Writings: Which is a sufficient Argument, that there is no Stability in the Thoughts of Mortals.

Therefore, since the Wisest of Men contradict themselves, and turn Scepticks, tell me, O Oracle of the Age, why may not I?

Paris, *29th of the 8th Moon*,
of the Year 1658.

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LETTER X.

To Murat, Baſſa.

THere has been ſomething lately tranſacted between the *French* and the *Engliſh*, which ſeems a Myſtery. No Body here underſtands the Meaning of it, but the very Privado's of the Cabinet. Yet every one gueſſes 'tis a a fetch of *Mazarini*'s Wit. That Miniſter has more Meanders in his Brains, than an old *Turkiſh* Gameſter at *Cheſs*; who foreſees no leſs than nine unavoidable Conſequences before he makes one bold Motion: And to be ſure, the laſt ſhall be to his own Advantage. In a Word, *Dunkirk*, the ſtrongeſt and moſt important Sea-Town of all the *Weſt*, is ſurrender'd by the *Spaniards* to the *French*; and by theſe, as an earneſt of Friendſhip, is put into the Hands of the *Engliſh*.

The little Politicians of the City are amaz'd at it; and the greateſt *Machiavels* of the Court either cannot, or will not inform them of the true Secret.

You ſhall ſee two or three grave Citizens brooding Thoughts together over a *Box* of *Polvita*, and ſneezing out their Sentiments without Reſerve. Yet after all their wiſe Conſult, they part as great Fools as they met, and only ſatisfy themſelves with nodding Wiſdom to each other, at the laſt *Conge*; wherein is comprehended the whole Syſtem of the Politicks.

It was generally thought to be ſome extraordinary Overture this *Court* would make to the *Engliſh*, when a little before the Surrender of *Dunkirk*, the Duke of *Crequi*, *firſt Gentleman* of the *Bed Chamber*, and *Monſieur Mancini*, the *Cardinal*'s Nephew, were ſent with a ſpendid Retinue of *French* Nobles to

England. Every Body gueſs'd ſome ſurprizing Action would follow; and that it muſt needs be a Myſtery of Grand Importance, which could not be truſted to Perſons of leſs Note than the Two chief Favourites of the *Cardinal Miniſter*. And now 'tis come out, they know not what to make on't. Neither can I poſſibly learn as yet, the true Reaſon of putting the *Engliſh* in Poſſeſſion of ſuch a Town as this, which commands all the *Northern Seas*, and has coſt ſo much Sweat and Blood to take from the *Spaniards*. I have ſet *Oſmin* the *Dwarf* to work, and laid Traps to get the Secret from ſeveral other Countries. But I might as well have attempted to find out the Body of *Moſes*, which cauſed a Quarrel between *Michael* and the *Devil*. Time perhaps will diſcover the Secret. And I dare at preſent conclude that the *Engliſh* are the only *Nation* in *Europe*, whoſe Friendſhip the *French* think worth courting.

The King has been very ill of a Fever, and in great Danger of his Life: But is now recovered again, which occaſions abundance of real Joy among his Friends and loyal Subjects. As for the reſt, they know how to counterfeit.

I had almoſt forgot to tell thee, that the *Spaniards* endeavouring to relieve *Dunkirk*, were encountered by the *French* and routed; about two Thouſand of their Men being kill'd, and as many taken Priſoners.

Sage *Baſſa*, the Succeſſes of this Monarch are ſo conſtant, that they have given Birth to a Proverb: For when they would encourage any Man's Hopes, or make a ſtrong Aſſervation, they uſually ſay, *As ſure as the* Great Lewis *will get a Town or Two in* Flanders *this Campaign*.

Mareſchal Turenne is a brave General, and the *French Victories* are in a great Meaſure owing to his Conduct. He is very expeditious in his Undertakings.

takings. There were but a few Days between the Surrender of *Dunkirk*, and his taking of *Bergen*, *Furnes*, and *Dixmude*, three ſtrong Fortreſſes in *Flanders*: And, 'tis thought, 'twill not be long before he takes others.

The *French* King is in a fair way to the Empire of the *Weſt*. But this will not be for the Intereſt of the *Grand Seignior*: For then he will have a new Enemy of an old Friend, and one more potent than he had before. Yet Deſtiny over-rules all Things.

Paris, *13th of the 8th Moon, of the Year* 1658.

LETTER XI.

To Mahamed, *the* Eremite *of* Mount Uriel *in* Arabia.

I Have often troubled thee with important Addreſſes, O matchleſs Mortal: Permit me once more to unboſome my Thoughts, as to my *Confeſſor*, or rather as to an Oracle.

Surely, this Hour the Stars of my Nativity ſuffer a mighty Change. I ſeem to myſelf like one newly awak'd out of a deep Sleep, or from the Deluſions of a long Dream: For ſo methinks have my paſt Years gone away like a Night, wherein my labouring Spirit has encounter'd with nothing but Phantaſms, Viſions and Darkneſs.

My infant Days I eſteem the moſt happy, when my Ignorance of Vice had greater Influence on my Actions, and preſerved me more free from Blemiſh, then could afterwards all my acquired Knowledge of the Precepts and Maxims of Virtue. For no ſooner

was I enjoyed the Study of Morality, and taught to distinguish between Good and Evil; but my Curiosity prompted me to examine the Nature of the Latter more closely than by bare Speculation. I found my self more forcibly carry'd away by a secret Pleasure, to make Experiment of what was Forbidden, than to practise what was Commanded: So prone is Man to be jealous of his *Tutors*, and to suspect those *Laws* as *Impositions*, which put a *Restraint* on his *native Liberty*.

Besides this, there are certain genial Inclinations in every Mortal, which the *Youngest*, and he that is in his *Nonage*, thinks he has as much right to gratify as the wisest *Senior*. Nor can any Reason easily persuade him to part with this Privilege, but under the Notion of being highly wrong'd; since every Man naturally places his Interest and Happiness in pursuing the Motions of his own Will.

'Tis true, I never was prone to any enormous *Vices*, or such as for their Singularity would make the most harden'd *Libertine* blush, did he practise them to the Knowledge of Men.

I ever had an unconquerable Abhorrence for those specifick Acts of Lasciviousness, which ought not to be nam'd, and whose very *Idea* makes the Thought recoil: Yet am naturally Amorous, and cannot but pay to Beauty the Sentiments and Passions which are due from *Platonick* Love. I admire Symmetry and Elegance wherever I discern them; and can stand gazing whole Hours together on a *Flower*, a *Tree*, or a *Peacock*. I am enamour'd with the Brightness of the Sun; and like another *Endymion*, I languish for a more intimate Acquaintance with the *Moon*. The lesser Beauties of the Night, the Stars, enflame me with a thousand Passions. I make my Court to the whole *Host* of *Heaven*, yet I hope commit no *Idolatry*. In fine, I am in Love with the *Universe*; and die hourly, when I contemplate

template the Glory of that transcendant Essence, which is the Root and Source of All Things.

These are Passions not unbecoming a *Mussulman*. But I have also some Emotions for beautiful Women, more violent than all the rest, more Dangerous and Fatal. Tell me, O pious *Sylvan*, how I shall gratify my Love, without offending Virtue or the Gravity of a Man.

These Creatures seem to be created for our Perplexity; since a Man can neither well be happy with, or without them. They are perfect *Riddles*: And to love them or hate them too much, is an equal Solecism. 'Twere a Question worthy of a *Philosopher*, Whether this *Sex*, among all the necessary good Offices they do us, were not sent into the World as Spies and Trepans, to observe our Councils and Actions: And by mixing Smiles with Frowns, Flatteries with Reproaches, Sullenness with more obliging Favours, to keep us in a perpetual Maze and Labyrinth, lest the aspiring Wit of Men should, if left to themselves, attempt something more audacious than the *Poets* feign of the Sons of *Titan*, or the *written Law* records of *Nimrod* and his Companions, who built the Tower of *Babel*.

But whether they be Spies or faithful Assistants, Enemies or Friends, I tell thee plainly, I have not been able to forbear loving them excessively. And this is Part of the Dream or Trance out of which I am just now awak'd.

Another Scene is that of *Honour*. This is a Phantom also, a mere Vapour, a Shadow. I never haunted after Glory, nor courted popular Applause: Yet being intrusted with the sublime Secrets, and commanded to serve the *Grand Seignior* in this Station, I would fain acquit myself without Disgrace. Nay, like other Mortals in such Post, I would willingly have the Smiles of my Sovereign, and the Caresses of Happy Ministers who serve him, if

it shall be my Lot ever to return to the *Seraglio*. Nothing appears to me more terrible, than at such a Time to encounter with rugged, furrow'd Visages, or cold and faint Embraces of my fellow Slaves.

This puts me upon a thousand Inquietudes; makes me swear to Contradictions; utter Lies and Blasphemies which would turn the *Devil* to a *Saint* for Fear. In a Word, I stumble at no Vice or Immorality, which may promote the Cause I am engag'd in: And all this for the sake of a fair Character at the *Porte*: Whilst I'm cajoling myself as well as others with a Persuasion, that 'tis only on the Score of Honesty, and to acquit myself a good Man. Thus I pursue a Blast, a Bubble, the Idea of Nothing, mere Vanity, and an empty Dream. And 'tis harder for me to shake off this Enchantment, than that of Love.

Yet all this while I have not taken the *French* Method to gain *Honour*. I never was guilty of Oppression and Cruelty, nor bath'd my Hands in human Blood. No *Widow* or *Orphan* mourns for what I've taken from 'em. Nor do I ever dragoon any Body into Compliance with Reason. All the Parts I've acted in this Nature were defensive; Pure Efforts of Self-preservation; which thou knowest, is a Principal natural to all Men, and even to the Worms of the Earth. These little Reptiles, when they are trampled on, will turn again. And nothing more do I, unless in the *Sultan*'s Cause.

This puts me in Mind of my Integrity; for I must tell thee my Virtues as well as my Vices. Neither *Arabia* nor all the *East* have ever brought forth a Man more true to his Trust, than honest loyal *Mahmut*. I will for ever boast of this, in an Age so full of Treachery. This alone will carry me safe to *Paradise*, in spite of the *Mollahs*. As for the rest, they are only venial Signs, easily dropt off on the Bridge of Trial. And so long as no Body

Body can say, Iv'e betray'd my Master's Secrets, I'm safe as an Angel that is not oblig'd to stand Centinel at the lowest Post of Heaven: For there he's within Gun-shot of the *Devil*.

Just as I drew my Pen from that Word, a sudden Noise in the Streets call'd me to the Window; Where turning my Eyes from the Earth to the Moon and Stars, (for 'twas a very serene Sky) I observ'd a small swift Cloud to glide along from *South* to *North*, much in Appearance like a Bale of Silk. It cleft the Element like a fly *Arab* Thief that swims for Booty on the River *Tygris*. Wond'ring at this, when all the Firmament was clear, and not another Cloud above the *Horizon*; I soon concluded, 'twas the Chariot of some airy God, a *Mercury* or Messenger sent with speedy News to the High Lords, Commanders of the *Artick Regions*, to bid them be upon their Guard, or some such weighty Matter. Perhaps, thought I, a War is commenc'd between the Spirits of the Poles: Or it may be, King *Æolus* has sent a summons to the Northern Winds, being resolved to play some Royal Pneumatick Freaks upon the Sea.

In good earnest it made me reflect on our Ignorance of the Laws and Constitutions of the Elements. It put me in Mind of the Fogs and Mists which sometimes envelop the Globe in Darkness; on purpose, for ought we know, to hinder us from seeing what is transacting at such Seasons in the higher Regions of the Air. The Spirits of those serener Tracts may then be frolicking in visible Forms, celebrating solemn Festivals, and kindling all the Meteors of the Upper *Welkin*, as natural *Fireworks* and *Illuminations*, not fit for Mortals to behold, lest we should learn too much, and grow as wise as they. However, it made me very contemplative, to see a singular solitary Cloud thus glide along the Air: And I could have wish'd for Wings

to

to purſue its Motions, becauſe the Appearance was not common.

Thou that haſt meaſur'd the whole Frme of Nature, and taken the true Dimenſions of the World, that haſt penetrated into the Secrets of the Elements, and art always buſy'd in the moſt ſage and ſolid Scrutinies; wilt ſmile at the Vanity of common Mortals, ſuch as I who when we are intelligible to ourſelves, yet preſume to comprehend the Ways of the Omnipotent, who is perfect in Knowledge.

As for me, who have ſtudied in the *Academies*, and read *Ariſtotle*, *Avicen*, *Plotinus*, *Averroes*, with other *Philoſophers*, I eſteem myſelf ſtill but at the Bottom of *Plato*'s Cave, converſing with Shadows, miſtaken in every Thing but the Idea of thy Sanctity and immenſe Wiſdom, which is imprinted on my Soul, as thoſe which the *Philoſophers*, call *Firſt Principles*, becauſe they are *Self-evident*.

I deſign'd to have ſaid more to thee, but a ſudden Indiſpoſition and extreme Faintneſs has taken away my Spirits. My Limbs tremble, my Head is giddy, my Heart fails me: In a Word, I ſeem like one between a *Mortal* and a *Ghoſt*.

Paris, *29th of the 8th Moon, of the Year* 1658.

LETTER XII.

To Achmet Padiſhani Culligiz, Baſſa.

THY Surname argues thee a Favourite at the *Seraglio*: And for that Reaſon, I know thou art accuſtom'd to receive infinite Submiſſions and Flatteries: But I muſt be as blunt with thee, as I was with the new *Mufti*, when I congratulated his

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Accession to the chief *Patriarchate*. I told that Prince of the *Mussulman Prelates*, that I had no Encouragement to welcome him to a *Dignity*, which tho' in it self sacred and inviolable, yet could not secure him from the Persecutions of *popular* Envy, any more than it did his *Predecessor*. And the same I must say to thee.

Darnish Mehemet, *Bassa*, is fallen a *Victim* to the Rage of the Multitude; and thou hast got his *Seat* on the *Bench*. May'st thou enjoy it long, and never be Mob'd out of thy Honour and Life as he was. Some Years ago he forbad me to write any more to him. What his Reason was, I know not, neither did I ever enquire. However, I obey'd his Injunction, being indifferent to whom I send my Intelligence, provided I do the *Grand Seignior* any Service: For to that End I am placed here.

Illustrious Bassa, I shall now acquaint thee with two the most principal Points of News stirring in *Europe*. One is, the *Election* of *Leopoldus Ignatius Josephus*, King of *Hungary* and *Bohemia*, to the *German Empire*. They have been canvassing this Business eleven *Moons*: And at last the *Austrian* Faction carried it: This was done on the 8th of the 7th *Moon*: And he was solemnly *Crown'd* on the 22d of the same. This has heighten'd the Quarrel between the Duke of *Bavaria*, and the Prince *Palatine*. The latter was so far transported with Passion at the Diet of *Frankford*, that he threw a Standish of *Ink* at the *Bavarian* Ambassador: Which is resented as an Unpardonable Affront: And the Duke is marching with an Army to revenge it, or demand Satisfaction. The Elector of *Mentz* has deny'd him Passage through his *Principality*. And they are all like to be embroil'd in a Civil War about it. This is no bad News for the *Mussulmans*.

But that which makes yet a greater Noise, is the Death of *Oliver*, the Protector of the *English* Commonwealth

monwealth; who, whilst living, was the Terror of all *Europe*. The Superstitious and such as regard Signs say, This was presag'd three *Moons* ago, when a great *Whale*, nine Times as long as a tall Man, was taken in a River of *England*, near the Capital City, forty Miles from the Sea. I know not whether these Kind of Observations are worthy of Credit. Yet it seems the Annals of that Nation take Notice, That the unusual Appearance of a *Whale* so far within Land, has always prognosticated some mighty Change. Perhaps the Fate of illustrious Personages affects Nature with a more than ordinary Passion, puts the Elements into Disorder, and inspires the Brutes with Sympathy.

We are assured, that on the Day of this Prince's Death, and at the very Hour of his Departure, there was so violent a Tempest of Wind, Rain, Hail, Thunder, and Lightning, as had never been known by any Man then alive in that Nation: Which some interpreted to his Dishonour, as if he were a Magician, or at least a very wicked Man; and that this Hurricane was rais'd by the Devils, who transported his Soul to Hell. Whilst others affirm'd this mix'd Storm to be only the Sighs and Tears of Nature, the mournful Passions of the Guardian Spirits of *England*, for the Loss of so great and fortunate a Hero; and that the very inanimate Beings condol'd his Death. As for me, I look on all these Things as pure Accidents, the Effects of Chance. I have an equal Opinion of another Circumstance, much observ'd both by his Enemies and Friends; That he died on the same Day, whereon he had formerly gain'd some notable Victories. The One descanting on this to his Reproach, the Other drawing from it Arguments of Honour. 'Tis difficult to say any Thing of him without appearing partial. He had great Virtues and no less Vices. He was a valiant General, and wise Statesman:

Yet

yet a Traitor to his Sovereign. As for Religion, tho' he profeſs'd himſelf a Zealot, yet 'tis thought he was as indifferent as other Princes; who for Reaſons of State, and to pleaſe their People, make a Shew of Piety, but in their Hearts adore no other God but *Fortune* and *Victory*.

He was eſteem'd one of the greateſt Politicians of this Age; and none could match him but *Mazarini*. Yet I cannot but ſmile, when I call to mind, how both theſe eminent Stateſemen were cheated this Year, by two or three *Fugi ives*.

A certain *French* Captain nam'd *Gentilot*, that had ſerved under the *States* of *Holland* in the Wars, and on that Account had often paſs'd through the Sea-Towns in *Flanders*, obſerv'd a Weakneſs in one Part of the Walls of *Oſtend*, by which the Town might eaſily be ſurpriz'd. At his Return to *Paris*, he acquainted *Cardinal Mazarini* with this; and gave him ſo great Encouragement, that the Cardinal reſolved to try ſome Stratagem in order to gain that important Place, without the Coſt and Hazards of a formal Siege.

To this End he commands *Gentilot* to ſeek out ſome Perſons fit to be engag'd in the Plot: Men of Reſolution, Conduct, and Secreſy. This Captain therefore knowing two or three *Fugitives* in *Paris*, who were forced to fly out of *Flanders* to ſave their Lives, having committed Murthers, and other Crimes againſt the *Spaniſh* Government, breaks the Buſineſs to them, promiſing Mountains of Gold, if they would aſſiſt in carrying it on.

They ſeem'd to embrace his Propoſals with abundance of Readineſs, and were introduced into the Cardinal's Cabinet; where that Miniſter being ſatisfied in their Characters, and the Offers they made to ſerve him in this Affair, ſeconded the Promiſes which *Gentilot* had made them, with many additional Encouragements. In a Word, they conſulted

ſulted together frequently; were late every Night in the *Cardinal*'s Lodgings: And at laſt having adjuſted all the neceſſary Meaſures that are to be taken, the *Fugitives* were diſpatch'd away into *England*, with Letters from *Mazarini* to *Oliver*, the *Engliſh Protector*: Wherein he acquainted them with the Deſign, requiring the Aſſiſtance of ſome *Engliſh* Ships to tranſport Men into the Haven of *Oſtend*.

Theſe *Agents* went accordingly, but with a Reſolution to put a Trick both on the *Cardinal* and the *Projector*; and by doing their Country ſo conſiderable a Service as the ſaving this Town, to merit a Repeal of the Sentence pronounc'd againſt them, that ſo they might return home in Peace, and enjoy their Eſtates and native Liberty.

Oliver receiv'd them very kindly, and embraced the Motion with ſome Warmth. But upon ſecond Thoughts, try'd to out-bribe *Mazarini*, and hire theſe Perſons for himſelf. *Oſtend* was too ſweet a Bait in his Eye, to let it fall tamely into the Hands of the *French*, for want of a few larger Promiſes and Offers of Gold. Wherefore he ply'd theſe *Agents* briskly with all the effectual Oratory he could, to win 'em over to his own ſeparate Intereſt; engaging to beſtow great Preferments on them in *England*, with Two hundred thouſand *Sequins*, as ſoon as the Buſineſs was accompliſhed.

The three *Flemings* deſired no better Sport than thus to cajole two the ableſt Stateſmen in *Europe*. They Poſſeſſed *Oliver* with an entire Belief of their Zeal and Fidelity in his Service: And it was agreed on between them, to hold *Mazarini* in Play, and that *Oliver* ſhould ſend him an Anſwer, refuſing to meddle in an *Intrigue* which ſeem'd to carry ſo little Probability of Succeſs.

From *England* theſe *Agents* paſſed over into *Zealand*, it having been ſo concluded before they parted from *Cardinal Mazarini*; that ſo they might

there

there gain more Confederates, and lay all the neceſſary Trains to bring this *Intrigue* to the deſired Iſſue. But, inſtead of doing either the Protector or Cardinal *Mazarini* this Service, they went immediately, and revealed the whole Secret to the Governor of *Flanders*.

He having duly examined all Circumſtances, and being ſatisfy'd in the Truth of their Relations, and in their Loyalty to the King of *Spain*, commanded them to proceed in deluding both the *French* and the *Engliſh*, as long as they could, with fair Hopes of accompliſhing their Aims: Whilſt he took Care to ſecure *Oſtend*, and other Parts of *Flanders*, from all Attempts of this Nature.

In fine, the Protector falling off again, being frighted by Cardinal *Mazarini*'s Threats, who had diſcover'd his under-hand Dealing, theſe *Agents* applied themſemſelves cloſe to the *French*, who were now made ſo much more eager, by *Oliver*'s Deſign to interlope 'em. They ſpun out the *Intrigue* ſeveral *Moons*, brought the *French* King to ſign *Articles* and to paſs his Word for the Payment of near a Million of Gold; cajol'd his General in *Flanders*, and at one Time made him believe, 'Twas his Intereſt to lie ſtill for ſix Weeks together, when all the World expected he would purſue his Conqueſts in that Province. At another Time, cauſed him to march with ſo much Precipitation, when the Ways were impaſſable, that he was forc'd to leave moſt of his Cannon, and a thouſand *Waggons* plunged in the deep *Roads*, with the Loſs of three thouſand Men, who were either drown'd or ſtarv'd: And all this for the Sake of gaining *Oſtend*. When after all, they were not only cheated of their Hopes in that Point, but moſt ſhamefully expoſed to the Deriſion and Contempt of all *Europe*. For Cardinal *Mazarini* repoſed an entire Confidence in the Fidelity of his *Flemiſh Agents*: So that whatſoever they propoſed as an Expe-

Expedient to compass the Design, was a Law. Hence it was, that the *French* General in *Flanders* receiv'd express Orders to embark Part of his Army on certain Vessels that lay before *Dunkirk*, and, on a prefix'd Day, to sail into the Haven of *Ostend*, there to land his Men, and take Possession of the Town, in the Name of his Master: Being made to believe, That the Gates would be opened to him, and that the *Spanish* Garrison should march out in his Sight.

All this was carried on with so much Artifice and subtle Management, that when he entered the Haven with ten Vessels, he thought himself secure of the Place: Yet no sooner landed his Men to the Number of fifteen Hundred, but they thunder'd upon them such Vollies of great and small Shot from the Walls, that two hundred of them fell immediately, as many threw down their Arms, and the Citizens making a vigorous Sally, the rest were either kill'd or taken Prisoners, he himself not escaping that Misfortune.

By this thou may'st discern, how easy 'tis for an Agent of any Prince to embarrass his Master's Affairs: And, that a publick Minister can never commit a greater or more dangerous Error than in being too credulous.

Serene *Bassa*, let not *Mahmut*'s Name sound harsh at the *Porte*, nor his Honour be traduced by *Sycophants*; since his Loyalty is Proof against all Temptations; and this the Ministers of the *Divan* know by twenty Years Experience.

Paris, *5th of the 10th Moon, of the Year* 1658.

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LETTER XIII.

To Pesteli Hali, *his Brother*, Master *of the* Grand Seignior's Customs *at* Constantinople.

I Have receiv'd a Dispatch from our Cousin *Isouf*. He has been in a Cold Region, within the Arctick Circle, but now is at *Stockholm* in *Sweden*. The Parts he has visited are the farthermost Tracts of our Continent to the North They may be call'd, The Territories of Night and Darkness; for they have but one Day in a whole Year. The Sun appears but Once above their Horizon, during his Annual Progress through the Zodiack: Yet he makes them amends by the long continued Light he affords them at that Season: For that one Day is, without the *Miracle* of *Joshua*, prolong'd the Space of four, five, or six *Moons*, according to the proportionate Distance of each County from the Pole.

Isouf relates strange Things of those dark Countries, and such as seem almost to surpass Credit, were they not confirm'd by many grave and learned Writers. He says that in some Parts of *Norway* no Tree is to be seen, by Reason of the violent Force of the Winds, which blow down all before them, carrying away even the Roofs of Houses, and scattering them at a great Distance. So that the Inhibitants are forced to dwell in Dens and Caves, and burn the Bones of Fishes for want of better Fuel; since it is impossible for any Plant to grow in those Parts. Neither can Men travel safely on Horses, or a Foot, at certain tempestuous *Seasons*: For the Wind will either throw down Horse and Man to the Ground, or catch them up into the Air.

But

But when he describes the horrible Coldness of these Regions, the very Idea of it is enough to make one quake. He says, Cold is an active Quality, and reigns under the *North Pole*, as in its proper Kingdom or Center, from whence it darts its freezing Rays through the Earth. Yet, others are of Opinion, that Cold is only a Privation of Heat, a bare *passive* Disposition of the Elements; and therefore more sensibly felt in those Climates that are farthest from the warm Influence of the Sun, whose Beams give Life and Vigour to all Things. Be it how it will, its Effects are very remarkable in these Northern Regions.

All the Rivers, Lakes, and Seas there are frozen up during the Winter. Men, Horses, Waggons, Coaches, and even whole Armies, pass as commonly over the Ice, as before Ships sail'd there, or as we travel o'er the firm Land. And last Winter, the *Baltick Sea* was the Road of Ice, over which the King of *Sweden* march'd with his Army of Horse and Foot into *Zealand*, to prosecute the War in those Parts. They also raise strong Forts of Snow, able to sustain the Battery of Bullets, and Engines of War, with all the Violence of the fiercest Assauls. They build *Carvanſera*'s on the frozen Seas and Lakes, for the Convenience of Travellers; and set up Branches of Firs or Juniper, as Marks to distinguish the Holes and Fissures of the Ice, from that which is solid and secure; for there are High-ways on those congealed Waters; and Officers appointed to survey them, and take all necessary Orders for the Security of Travellers: And sometimes they fight pitch'd Battles on the frozen Element.

Our Kinsman also has made curious Remarks on the Triumphal *Obelisks*, and Funeral Monuments of ancient Hero's among the *Goths* and *Swedes*: For these Nations boast of Giants and famous Warriors. These Monuments, tho' of Stone, and exquisitely

shaped,

shaped, yet were never cut, by the Hand of Man, but are so many Splinters of Rocks and Mountains, torn from the main Body by the Violence of Earthquakes, Thunders or the like Motions of Nature, and falling down in the Forms of *Pyramids*, and other artificial Figures, were of old set up by the *Graves* of *Giants*, and other renowned Persons. Having also *Inscriptions* on them, signifying the particular *Hero* who there lies buried. Such as these.

I Uffro, *Fighting in Defence of my* Country, *with my own Hand kill'd thirty two* Giants; *and at last being kill'd by the* Giant Rolvo, *my Body lies here.*

And,

I Ingolvas, *that subdu'd all Oppressors, and defended the Poor and Weak; Now grown Old, Poor and Weak myself, yet having my Sword girt to my Thigh, am forc'd to yield to Death, (who conquers all Things) and to go down to this Sepulchre, which I prepar'd for my last Retreat.*

It seems there are infinite Numbers of these *Tombs* all over the Deserts, Mountains, and Vallies of the *North*; which is an Argument, that however contemptible these People may seem to the *True Believers*; yet they have not been wanting in valiant Men and Heroes. Doubtless, God has dispens'd his Virtues and Graces to Men of all Nations: He is not partial in his Gifts. We ought to praise him in the Beginning and End of all our Actions.

And

And if we contemplate his Honour in the Middle of our Affairs, we shall not do amiss; since, as he is the First and the Last of the Universe, so he is the Center of every Thing.

I had not these Relations only from *Isouf*, but out of the *Historians* themselves, who write of these *Countries:* Yet our *Kinsman* informs me of some Things, which are omitted by those *Authors*. Every Traveller is singular in his Observations: For all Men have not the same *Genius*. And thy *Journal* of the *East* abounds with Remarks which are not common with other Writers.

Brother, if I may advise thee, it shall be, to do nothing by Imitation; but pursue the Dictates of thy own Sense, and the peculiar Bent of thy Soul. For whatever is forced and affected, is nauseous.

LETTER XIV.

To Zeidi Alamanzi, *a* Merchant *in* Venice.

THE *Kaimacham* has informed me, that thou art appointed to succeed *Adonai* the *Jew* in *Italy*. He has also acquainted me with other Matters relating to thy Charge. I am glad they have found out a *Mussulman* capable of that important Trust, and that we shall not always stand in need of *Jews* to serve the *Grand Seignior*, Emperor of the Faithful. Though some of that Nation are very honest and loyal, yet 'tis better to be without them.

Thou

Thou and I are Strangers to each other: But 'tis necessary for us to be speedily acquainted, and hold a mutual Intimacy by Letters, that so we may serve our Great *Master*, without interfering or clashing in our Intelligence. I have been here these twenty Years and made no false Steps in my Sovereign's Business, whatever I have done in my own: Yet have encounter'd a thousand Difficulties and Perils; suffered Imprisonment many *Moons* in *Paris* for my Fidelity; whilst my Enemies at *Constantinople* persecuted me as a Traytor and an Infidel.

'Tis impossible to avoid these Crosses, in the Course of human Life: they are natural as the Wind or the Rain. All that we can do is by a prudent and dextrous Management of Contingencies, to wind ourselves out of Trouble as well as we can. And above all, rather to be our own Executioners, than betray the least Secret committed to us.

I question not, but thou hast had the same Instructions given thee by the Ministers of the happy *Porte*. What I say, is only to confirm thee in thy Fidelity and Care. Write to me with the same Frankness, and let nothing make thee reserv'd to thy Fellow Slave. We are both Followers of the *Prophet*: We worship One GOD after the same Manner, and equally reverence the *Alcoran*. We serve one Master; and tho' in different Stations, yet let our Affections and Interests be united as Friends. Let no little narrow Passions or Emulations corrupt our Integrity, nor teach us to unman ourselves.

I know not thy Original, whether thou art of *Mahometan* or *Christian* Parents. 'Twould be very obliging to send me a short History of thy Life, and how thou learnedst the *Italian* Tongue: For without that, I judge they would not have sent thee into that Country.

As for me, I am an *Arabian* by Birth, brought up in the *Seraglio*, from thence sent to Sea, there taken

Captive by the *Chriſtians*, ſold in *Sicily*, where I underwent a tedious Servitude, yet at length gain'd my Freedom: and having paſs'd thro' various Fortunes, at laſt was ſent hither, to obſerve the *ſecret Counſels* of the *Chriſtians*; eſpecially of this Court.

I now grow Old, having ſeen near fifty Years; yet, tho' the Strength of my Body fails, I feel not the leaſt Decay in my Zeal for the *Muſſulman* Faith, or my *Maſter*'s Service, I am ſtill *Mahmut* the *Loyal Slave* of the *Porte*; and thy Friend, ſo long as thou art ſo to thyſelf.

Paris, 30*th of the* 1*ſt Moon.*
of the Year 1659.

LETTER XV.

To the Kaimacham.

IT rejoices me to hear, that *Adonai*'s Place is ſupplied by a *Muſſulman*, in whom the *ſublime Porte*, may put more Confidence, than in any of the *Jewiſh* Race. 'Twill be Encouragement to the *true Faithful*, and a precedent of good Import. For no Nation loves to ſee their Prince beſtow Offices of Truſt on Strangers, when his own People are as capable of Employment as they. 'Tis generally taken as an Affront, and Contempt of their Abilities or their Virtue, and has often produced ill Conſequences.

I deny not, but there are many honeſt and wiſe Men among the Hebrews, Perſons of Merit and Honour, from whence the *Sultan* receives no ſmall Services, but this ought not to diminiſh the Reputation of thoſe who are of the ſame Faith with their Sovereign. Doubtleſs *Arabia* and *Turkey* are not barren of good Soldiers, prudent Stateſmen, and dextrous Miniſters.

I know

I know not the Character of *Zeidi Alamanzi*, whether he be a natural born *Turk*, a tributary Son of a *Christian*, or a voluntary Renegado. However the Choice that is made of him convinces me, that the unerring *Divan* esteem him a Man fit for the Business committed to his Charge.

He ought to be perfectly skilled in *Italian*, or at least in some other Language of the *Nazarenes*; that so he may pass the better unsuspected among the People where he resides, who are more jealous of Strangers, than any other Nation in *Europe*. 'Tis a Crime thought worthy of Imprisonment, for a *Venetian* to converse with a Foreigner too frequently, and in private: For they are afraid, lest by that means a dangerous Correspondence should be establish'd betwixt some ill-affected Subjects of that Commonwealth and its Enemies: Whereby their Secrets may be betray'd, and Measures taken to ruin them.

For this Reason also they have forbid *false Hair* or *Perukes* to be worn by any in their Dominions, lest this might serve as a Disguise for Villains and Traitors. Yet nothing is more common in *France* and other Countries of *Europe*, than for Men to wear on their Heads, Ornaments of Womens Hair, instead of their own.

As to Religion, I believe they will not much trouble him, being no Zealots themselves. And provided he does but profess himself a *Christian* and a *Catholick*, they'll make no farther Inquisition.

The *Italians* in general are much like the ancient *Romans* in their Humour: Men of grave Aspect and Carriage, and much more composed in both than the *French*, who appear ridiculous through the Levity of their Discourse and Actions. The former abound in sage Precepts of Morality, and politick Aphorisms, which serve as a Rule whereby to square the Course of their Lives: The latter only affect some flashy Improvements of Wit and Conversation,

ſtudying rather how to pleaſe Women than Men; coveting to be perfect in external Accompliſhments, and the Graces of the Body, whilſt they ſlight the more valuable Endowments of the Mind. In a Word, they are mere Apes and Mimicks. On the contrary, the *Italians* are Men of an awful and majeſtick Behaviour, ſolid Judgment, and deep Reach. If you ſee them ſmile, you ſhall ſeldom or never hear 'em laugh: Whereas the Motion of a Feather will ſet the *French* a braying like Aſſes. Theſe will contract a warm Friendſhip with any Man at firſt Interview, heighten it with a thouſand Compliments, make him their Confeſſor and unboſom all their Secrets. Yet a ſecond Encounter ſhall extinguiſh this Paſſion, and a third ſhall revive it again: Whereas thoſe are cautious and ſlow in the Choice of their Friends; and when once that Knot is diſſolv'd, 'tis never to be faſten'd there again: They are irreconcileable in their Hatred and Revenge.

But there are Men to be excepted in both Nations, who fall not under theſe general Characters. *France* affords many wiſe and learned Perſons; and *Italy* not a few Fools and Idiots. Virtues and Vices are ſtrangely mix'd in all People. War, Commerce and Travel, with other human Occurrences, alter Men's natural Diſpoſitions, and give the Lye to the exacteſt Obſervations that can be made. Beſides, Time changes all Things; and the Qualities which this Age remarks in the *Italians*, may in the Next be transferr'd to the *French*. For there is no Conſtancy in any thing under the Moon.

Zaidi will find great Examples of Frugality among the *Venetians*, in the neceſſary Expences of their Perſons and Families; yet abundance of Magnificence in whatever relates to the Publick, which the Subjects of that Commonwealth ſerve with open Purſes and free Hearts.

Indeed

Indeed they are not so remarkable for their Temperance, as some other Parts of *Italy*. Libertinism and Voluptuousness reign uncountroul'd in *Venice*. Women and Wine are there almost as common as the Elements. Yet 'tis observ'd, that Strangers generally debauch more with both than the Natives. God preserve *Zeidi* from their Temptations.

If it be his Fortune or Duty to visit *Padua*, he ought not to make to long an Abode in that Nest of Philosophers and Physicians, lest they first anatomize his Soul, and discover the Secrets of his Commission, and then turn his Body to a Skeleton; as they once serv'd a *Moor*, whom they dissected alive, to make Experiment, perhaps, whether a *Mahometan*'s Blood circulated the same Way as a *Christian*'s.

Those *Italian* Physicians are very cruel, and think it no Sin to try Poisons, and other fatal Tricks on the Poor, that so they may be the better able to keep the Rich on the Rack at their Pleasure, and make their Market of them.

I know not *Zeidi*'s appointed Station, or what Cities he is to see: But where-ever he goes, 'twill be necessary for him to use abundance of Caution; for the *Italians* are the closest, slyest and most judicious People in the World.

But I forget that he is chosen by the *Divan* for this Employment, to whom the Characters of all Nations are known, and who penetrates into the most interior Recesses of Men's Spirits.

Therefore I lay my Hand upon my Mouth in profound Submission, and acquiesce to my Superiors: Still praying, that the *Grand Seignior* may have faithful and Wise Ministers at Home, and no Novices for his Agents Abroad.

Paris, 3*d of the* 2*d Moon*,
of the Year 1659.

LETTER XVI.

To William Vospel, *a* Recluse *of* Austria.

THere is a Street in *Paris*, which they call the *Street* of *Hell*. The Reason of this Name is said to be, because at one End of it, there formerly stood an old House possess'd by *Devils*; who were so troublesome, that, as the Records of *Paris* affirm, an Edict of Parliament was pass'd, to remove all the Inhabitants out of their Houses in that Street, and shut up the Entrance with a Wall. Since which, these *Demons* were expell'd by the *Carthusians*, who built a Monastery in the Place. If this Story be true, it redounds much to the Reputation of that Order, and of all your Monasticks in general, who by your Exorcisms are able to subdue the *infernal* Spirits. But I have heard so many silly Tales of Houses being haunted by *Ghosts* and *Hobgobblins*, that I know not how to give Credit to this.

Besides, when I consider the Nature of incorporeal Beings, it seems ridiculous to think that they can take Delight to play the *Anticks*, to frighten poor Mortals; or confine themselves to an old ruin'd Castle (for such was this House) for the Sake of a little Sport; when according to the ancient *Philosophers*, every *incorporeal Being* is far more excellent than the most *perfect Body*, and can be *every where*: Neither are they at any Time *locally* present in *Bodies*, but only by Propension or Habit are inclin'd to them: And this they mean of *living Bodies*. What Charms then can there be in an old rotten *Fabrick* of *Stone* and *Wood*, to allure and detain *immaterial Substances*?

Certainly the *Nature* of these *separate Essences* is very remote from all *compounded Beings*. I have been often at a Loss, in *contemplating* the Soul of Man. Sometimes it seems no otherwise distinguish'd from the

the Souls of *Brutes* than by being united to a Body of different Organs; which causes us to shew more evident Tokens of Reason than they, in the Faculty of Discourse, and in our Actions. Yet when I consider more attentively the Operations of our Mind and Intellect, I cannot but conclude, there is a vast Distinction between our Souls and those of the Beasts. I have with Pleasure observ'd the Excellency of human Intellect in *Madmen* and *Dreamers*; who being *come to themselves* (as we usually say) relate many Things of which they were before ignorant, and comprehend Things surpassing their former Imaginations.

It appears therefore more rational to me, That the Soul is every where and no where, as the *Ancients* say, than that it is shut up and imprison'd in the Body, as a wild Beast in his Den, or Liquor in a Glass. However by an ineffable Production of itself, it is present in every part of the Body, as the Light of the Sun is diffus'd through the Air, and can as soon withdraw itself, as that Light, when interrupted by a Cloud. In a Word, I conceive the Soul to be a very Free Agent, and that it is here and there and every where. It united itself to a Body by its own Choice, and can retire again from it at Pleasure.

One, closely pursu'd, Act of *Contemplation*, will at any Time carry thee or me to the *Invisibles*, whenever we go resolutely about it.

Paris, *1st of the 4th Moon, of the Year* 1659.

LETTER XVII.

To the Venerable Ibrahim Cadilesquer *of* Romeli.

THere has not a Year escap'd, since my arrival at *Paris*, wherein I did not send to the Ministers of the ever happy and excellent *Porte*, constant Intel-

Intelligence of Battles, Sieges, Storming of Towns; and such other Occurrences of War, as happen'd between the Kingdoms of *France* and *Spain*. But now I believe my future Dispatches must contain other Matters. For, in all Appearance, this War, which has lasted four and twenty Years, is in a fair Way to be ended. The *King* of *Spain* grows weary of his continual Losses in *Italy*, *Flanders*, and *Catalonia*: And he of *France* seems glutted with perpetual Victories and Conquests. In a Word, these two potent Monarchs laying aside their Quarrels, are making diligent Preparations this Year for a Campaign of Friendship and Love.

They are both in Arms, yet commit no Acts of Hostility. Whilst Cardinal *Mazarini*, on the part of this Crown, and *Dom Louis d' Haro de Gusman*, First Minister of *Spain*, are gone to meet each other on the Frontiers of both Kingdoms, as Plenipotentiaries for their respective Masters, to concert the Measures of a lasting Peace, and treat of a Marriage between the King of *France*, and the Infanta of *Spain*.

All *Europe* is amazed at this surprizing Change. And the *French* and *Spaniards*, who border on each other, can hardly believe their own Senses, whilst they find a mutual Commerce restored between their Frontier Towns and Villages, which had been interrupted ever since the Year 1635, about sixteen Moons before I came to this City.

But, tho' they are thus disposed to Peace here in the *West*, the *Northern* Monarchs are pushing the War forward in *Sweden*, *Denmark*, and *Poland*, with all imaginable Vigour and Animosity. The coming over of the Elector of *Brandenburg* to the *Danish* Interest has made a great Alteration in their Affairs. For, whereas Fortune seem'd before in all Things to favour the *Swedes*; now they lose Ground, and find their Attempts unsuccessful. Four thousand of their Men fell before the Walls

of

of *Copenhagen*, in three Nights and two Days; Which caus'd King *Guſtavus* to raiſe the Siege. Whilſt the Duke of *Brandenburgh* retook *Fredrickſode*, and thereby reſtor'd to the King of *Denmark* the *Provinces* of *Holſtein*, *Jutland*, and *Ditmarſen*.

The *Hollanders* alſo have had a Combat with the *Swedes* at Sea, and ſunk Fourteen of their beſt Ships: Beſides what they burnt and took.

Theſe Events have ſtirred up ſeveral Princes to mediate a Peace. And 'tis not improbable, but in a little Time we may ſee all the *Chriſtians* good Friends: And then 'twill be time for the *Muſſulmans* to be upon their Guard.

As for *Mahmut*, he will not fail to pry into the Counſels of theſe *Infidels*, and ſend timely Notices to the *Porte*; leaving the reſt to the Wiſdom of his Superiors, and the Pleaſure of Deſtiny.

Paris, *29th of the 6th Moon, of the Year* 1659.

LETTER XVIII.
To Muſu Abu'l Yahyan, Alfaqui, Profeſſor *of* Theology *at* Fez.

THE Character which the great and illuſtrious *Abdel Melec Muli Omar*, *Preſident* of *Preſidents*, *Grace* and *Ornament* of *ancient Learning*, *Oracle* of *Africa*, and *Reſtorer* of *obſolete Truth*, has given me of thy profound Wiſdom and Science, fills me with Reverence and ſacred Love. I am raviſhed with Wonder and Joy to hear, that in this Age, wherein the *Muſſulman* Theology has ſuffer'd ſo many Innovations, there yet ſurvives a Man who dares, and is able to aſſert againſt all Oppoſers, not only the Primitive and Original Truth, brought down from Heaven by the Hand of *Gabriel*, but alſo the real

and

and indubitable Sayings, Sermons, Counsels, and Actions of the Prophet, whilst he was was on Earth, conversing with Mortals, before his Transmigration to the Gardens of eternal Repose and Solitude. Thou art the *Enoch*, the *Hermes Trismegistus* of the *Age*

I have seen many Copies of the *Zune*, or the *Book* of *Doctrines*; each pretending to comprize the whole *System* of that *divine Philosophy* and *Wisdom*, which dropt from the Lips of our incomparable and most holy *Lawgiver*, and were attested by his Wife, the holy *Ageesha*, Mother of the Faithful, and by his Ten Disciples. Yet all these various Transcripts differ both in their Sense and Manner of Expressions.

I have perused the *Books* entituled *Dabif*, or *Imperfect*, which contain the Memoirs of his other Wives; and the Manuscripts called *Maucof*, or *Fragments:* Being only a Collection of some select Sentences, Aphorisms and Parables of the Sent of God. But these have no Authority to back them, save the Credit of some learned Scribes, who were not familiar with the Divine Favourite, only living in his Time, and taking Things on Report.

In fine, I have met with several Parchments of *Zaquini*, or pretended Traditions of *Abu Becre*, *Omar*, and *Othman*; but these I esteem as spurious, corrupted, and full of Errors

What shall I say? The Zeal of *Omar Ebn Abdi'il-Aziz*, the Ninth *Caliph* of the Tribe of *Merwan*, is not unknown to me. I am no Stranger to his singular Piety, not to be match'd among Crowned Heads: For, of him it is recorded, That as he descended from the Throne at the Time of his *Inauguration*, he gave the Robe from his Back, as an Alms to a poor Man: And, that during his whole Reign, he spent but two Piasters a Day on himself. And so great was his Resignation to Destiny, (an admirable Vertue in a *sovereign Emperor*) that when he was on his Bed in his last Sickness, and was coun-

counsel'd to take Physick, he answer'd, " No; If I " were sure to heal my self only by reaching my Fin- " ger to my Ear, I would not: For the Place to which " I am going, is full of Health and Bliss.

This *Caliph* was a Miracle of Humility, and his Charity always kept him Poor: *Mostema Ebn Abd'il Melec* relates, that going to visit *Omar* on his Death-bed, he found him lying on a Couch of Palm-leaves, with three or four Skins instead of a Pillow, his Garments on, and a foul Shirt underneath. Seeing this, *Mostema* was griev'd, amd turning to his Sister *Phatema* the Empress, he said, " How comes it to pass that " the Great Lord, Commander of the Faithful, appears " in so squalid a Condition." She reply'd, " As thou " livest, he has given away all that he had, even to " the very Bed that was under him, to the Poor, and " only reserv'd what thou seest, to cover his Nakedness. Then *Mostema* could not refrain, but burst forth into Tears, saying, " God shew thee Mercy upon Mercy, " thou Royal Saint: For thou hast pierced our Hearts " with the Fear of his Divine Majesty. This *Caliph* was numbered among the *Saints*.

He it was, that perceiving the Contradiction and Disputes of the *Mussulmans*, the Darkness and Confusion in the various Copies of the *Zune*, or *Book* of *Doctrine*, assembled a *General Divan* of *Mollahs* and learned Men at *Damascus* from all Parts of the Empire: Commanding that all the Manuscripts of the *Zune*, which were extant, should be brought into this Assembly, on Pain of Death to him that should detain one. This being done, he commanded Six of them to be chosen out of the whole Number, by Vote; Men eminent for Learning and Piety; and that these Six should severally collect, out of all the Multitude of Copies, each Man a Book, containing what he thought to be the most *genuine Discourses* of the *Prophet*, concerning this World, and that which is to come.

When this was executed according to his Will, he commanded all the old *Books* to be burn'd, in a Field near *Damascus*.

Yet after all the *religious* Care of this *holy Caliph*, to restore the *Writings* to these *primitive* Integrity, the *Mussulmans* soon fell into new Contentions, about the *Sense* and *Interpretation* of these *corrupt Copies* of the *Zune*. From whence sprung the *Four Cardinal Sects*, on which all the innumerable, lesser, and latter Divisions among *True Believers* are founded.

I cannot therefore but inwardly rejoice, and from my Heart highly applaud the Method taken by those of your renowned *College*, to discern the True Doctrines and Sayings of the *Holy Prophet*, from those which are suppositions, by comparing all the *Books* that are extant together, and reducing Matters of Divine Revelation to the Analogy of the *Alcoran*: Those of Philosophy and Moral Regards, to the Standard of Experience and Reason; for it is impious to believe, that the *Divine Apostle* would impose any thing on our *Faith*, repugnant to the Sense of Men, or thexx press Will of Heaven. By the Soul of *Pythagoras Mahomet* said nothing but what was rational, and evident to any unprejudic'd Mind. But the greatest Part of these Sectaries are besotted. They form to themselves false Notions of GOD and his Prophet, and think to merit Paradise by their Stupidity.

Reverend *Alfaqui*, I have much more to say to thee, and many Questions to ask; but Time and the *Grand Seignior*'s Service force me to conclude abruptly, wishing thee Perfection of Bliss.

Paris, *29th of the 6th Moon of the Year*, 1659, *according to the* Christian *Style*.

The End of the Fifth Book.